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THE LITERARY READER



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THE AMERICAN SCHOOL READERS

THE LITERARY READER

FOR HIGHER GRADES

BY

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AND

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LITERATURE," "GUIDE BOOKS TO ENGLISH," "THE GILBERT
ARITHMETICS," ETC., ETC.

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PREFACE

THE American School Literary Reader is the crowning book of this unusual series. It is planned especially to meet the needs of the older pupils in rural schools, of higher grade classes in graded schools, and of students undertaking the serious study of literature in the first year of the high school.

It is intended also for use, not merely as the highest book of the American School Readers Series, but as an independent textbook and source book for the study of English literature by young people. Its aim is to introduce the pupils using it to an appreciative and friendly acquaintance with a large number of the greatest authors of the language through selections adapted to the comprehension and the taste of boys and girls.

The literature presented is not difficult to read. It is, on the contrary, easy of comprehension. It has a high ethical quality, tending to cultivate a love for the right and a love for country. The scope of selection is very wide, including most of the leading American authors, and also a goodly array of the best English writers, as well as the Bible.

In its selection of themes this book is most catholic, and in this respect is unique among the books of literature available for young people. The four great divisions of literature are all well represented; there

is much good poetry; there are stories; there are essays; and there are orations: —all of a sort to interest boys and girls. With this book in use the "School Speaker" is not necessary.

Although the Literary Reader contains representatives of the four great divisions of literature, the selections are grouped rather by authors, each group being preceded by a biographical sketch of the author, accompanied by a portrait in all cases in which it was possible to secure one.

The authors put forth their book in the hope that it may bring at least to some of the boys and girls a love for the classics of our literature, and thus save them from the debasing influence of the commonplace.

The authors beg leave gratefully to acknowledge the valuable criticism of the manuscript by Professor Charles W. Kent, of the University of Virginia.

The authors beg to acknowledge the courtesy of William H. Hayne in granting them permission to use his own poems, *The Screech-Owl* and *A Cyclone at Sea*, and also *Macdonald's Raid* by his father, Paul H. Hayne, also for copies of photographs of himself and of his father; of Mrs. Janey Hope Marr for permission to use *Three Summer Studies* by her father, James Barron Hope, and for a photograph of Mr. Hope; of Mr. Alexander M. Stephens for a portrait of his uncle, the late Alexander H. Stephens, and for permission to use one of his orations; and of The Macmillan Company for permission to use *The Months* by James Lane Allen.

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THE LITERARY READER

LITERARY READER

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

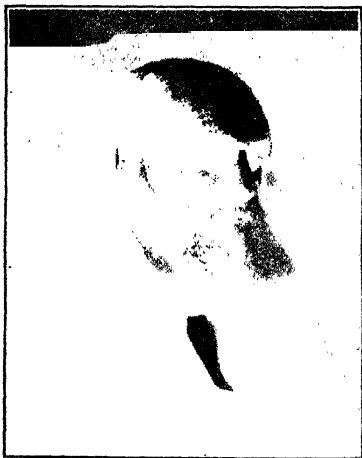
(1822-1909)

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston, April 3, 1822. He came of a distinguished family. Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary hero, was his father's uncle. Edward's mother was a sister of the famous orator and publicist, Edward Everett, for whom the boy was named.

He was graduated from Harvard College in 1839, at the age of seventeen.

In 1856 he assumed the pastorate of the South Congregational Church in Boston. Dr.

Hale held his pastorate in Boston for forty-seven years. In 1903 he finally resigned his pastorate to become chaplain of the United States Senate.



This position he filled until his death in June, 1909, at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

Dr. Hale's presence was commanding, his manner most attractive. All through his life he radiated cheerfulness, kindliness, benevolence, and optimism. Young people especially gathered around him, to find in him the wisest of counselors and the most helpful of friends.

Among his friends and associates were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Emerson, Webster, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Sumner, Whittier, Phillips Brooks, Freeman Clarke — a brilliant circle, of whom he was by no means the least, though he was the last, for with him died an era in New England's history.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

This is one of the most remarkable realistic stories in all literature. It ranks in verisimilitude with Defoe's *History of the Great Fire in London*. Its obvious motive is to arouse a spirit of patriotism in the youth of the nation. It deserved and won tremendous success.

The story is pure fiction; it is supposed to be told by an officer of the United States Navy who had charge of Nolan. It was suggested to Dr. Hale, the author, by the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. It occurred to Dr. Hale, while considering the imprisonment of Napoleon on St. Helena, that if a Napoleon could have been kept on the sea, passed from one ship to another, much trouble might have been spared.

I suppose that very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement:

"NOLAN, *Died*, on board U. S. Corvette ¹ *Levant*,⁵ Lat. 2° 11' S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, PHILIP NOLAN." . . .

My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are ¹⁰ hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11, THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY." For it was as "The Man without a Country" that poor Philip ¹⁵ Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. . . .

There can now be no possible harm in telling this ²⁰ poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. . . . ²⁵

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way

¹ Corvette, a wooden ship of war.

of showing young Americans of today what it is to
30 be *A Man without a Country*.

PHILIP NOLAN ¹ was as fine a young officer as there
was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western
division of our army was then called. When Aaron
Burr ² made his first dashing expedition down to
35 New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere
above on the river, he met, as the devil would have
it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow, at some
dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to
him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage
40 in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the
next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan.
He occasionally took advantage of the permission
the great man had given him to write to him. Long,
high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and
45 rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in
reply from the gay deceiver. The older boys in the
garrison sneered at him. . . . But one day Nolan
had his revenge. This time Burr came down the
river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his
50 office, but as a disguised conqueror. . . . It was a

¹ Philip Nolan was the name of a real man who moved to Texas after the trial of Aaron Burr. But it is needless to say that the Nolan of the story is fictitious.

² Aaron Burr, a brilliant, unscrupulous character of the early days of the nation. At times he rendered efficient and patriotic service. Again he conspired to establish a nation of his own in the southwest and seduced many young men to join the traitorous enterprise. It was Burr who forced Alexander Hamilton into a duel and shot him dead.

great day — his arrival — to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said, — really to seduce him; and by the 55 time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do . . . is none of our business just now. . . . One and another of the colonels and 60 majors¹ were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough, — that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march any whither with any 65 one who would follow him, had the order been signed, “By command of His Excellency, A. Burr.”

The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped, — rightly for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have 70 heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close, whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy :

75

“Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!”

¹ This refers to the army officers who were seduced by Burr to join his conspiracy and were afterward tried for it.

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court.
80 Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly¹ cursed in his madness. . . .

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked.
85 If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:
90 "Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old
95 Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added, "Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans² in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval
100 commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner.
105 Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mit-

¹ Cavalierly, thoughtlessly. ² Orleans, New Orleans.

chell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day."¹ 110

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington city, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them, — certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say 115 they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country. 120

The plan then adopted was substantially the same that was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy, . . . was requested to put 125 Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; 130 and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his

¹ Without day, a term used in courts, meaning finally, not to be again assembled.

first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was intrusted . . . regulated the etiquette and the
135 precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I
140 did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

“Washington” (with the date, which must have been late in 1807).

“Sir,

“You will receive from Lieutenant Neale the per-
145 son of Philip Nolan, late a Lieutenant in the United States Army.

“This person on his trial by court martial expressed with an oath the wish that he might ‘never hear of the United States again.’

150 “The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

“For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this department.

“You will take the prisoner on board your ship,
155 and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

“You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel
160 on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangement agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner. 165

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this 170 rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will 175 receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Resp'y yours,

"W. Southard, for the

"Sec'y of the Navy."

.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I 180 have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or the prospect of return, of politics or of letters, of peace or of war, — cut off 185 more than half the talk men liked to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should

never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by.

With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn.

According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom,—he always had a stateroom,—which was where a sentinel, or somebody on the watch, could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alex-

andria. We had leave to make a party and go to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and some one told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. 220

As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. 230

He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod.¹ Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough, and more than enough, to do 240

¹ Hesiod, a Greek Poet.

245 with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. 250 They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in 255 these, was quite a windfall. Among them was the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*,¹ which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long.

Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of any- 260 thing national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas² ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon 265 when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others;

¹ *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Sir Walter Scott's poem.

² *Bermudas*. In Shakespeare's play *The Tempest* reference is made to a phrase in the play "the still vexed Bermuthes," which has led some critics to imagine that the scene of the play was the Bermudas.

and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the 270 circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without thought of what was coming: 275

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,” —

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously 280 or mechanically:

“This is my own, my native land!”

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on: 285

“Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand? —
If such there breathe, go, mark him well.” —

By this time the men were all beside themselves, 290 wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

295. “For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,”

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, “and by Jove,” said Phillips, “we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him.”

That story shows about the time when Nolan’s braggadocio¹ must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. . . .

315 A happier story is of the war.² That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways, — and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate
320 duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the

¹ Braggadocio, display of bravery.

² The war, the War of 1812.

enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew.

Now you may say what you choose about cour- 325 age, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, 330 and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority, — who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him, — perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and all is going 335 to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck,¹ — sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he 340 was exposed all the time, — showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, — making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders, — and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked 345 forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

“I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir.”

¹ **Struck**, “**struck colors**,” surrendered.

350 And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; that the Commodore said, —

“I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir.”

And after the whole thing was over, and he had
355 had the Englishman’s sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter deck, he said:

“Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here.”

And when Nolan came, the captain said:

“Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today;
360 you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches.”

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan
365 cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards, on occasions of ceremony, he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore’s.

370 The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore
375 the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan’s imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home. . . .

All that was nearly fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when ³⁸⁰ he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal ³⁸⁵ way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. . . .

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war with England, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. ³⁹⁰ . . . From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain, — a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was ³⁹⁵ a "Plain Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, ⁴⁰⁰ I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about *the man without a country* one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on ⁴⁰⁵ board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that

some one might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when
410 the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to in-
415 terpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go. When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness be-
420 yond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off, and,
425 for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every possible
430 dialect, and *patois*¹ of a dialect.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make

¹ *Patois*, an incorrect form of a language, used in some particular locality.

these wretches understand something? The men 435 gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English." 440

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.¹

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and 445 tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish," — that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes 450 as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clenching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshhead by way of spontaneous² worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina*³ of the occasion. 455

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."⁴

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them

¹ Fernando Po, an island off the coast of Africa.

² Spontaneous, natural, undirected.

³ *Deus ex machina*, directing force.

⁴ Cape Palmas, a promontory on the western coast of Africa.

as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*" and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."¹

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting in the fervent heat, and that something was to pay some-

¹ Barracoon, slavepen.

where. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said: 490

"Tell them 'yes, yes, yes'; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then 495 they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and 500 the men gave way, he said to me:

"Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you 505 and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy, forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk 510 about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it, when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for 515

that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters
520 you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and a government, and people even, there is the Country
525 Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, — "O if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!" . . .

535 So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful: it is the fate reserved for those men who have to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and have at the same time to see the
540 prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. . . .

Poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy

of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me, that, when Texas¹ was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it, — from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American Station.

We were lying in the La Plata,² and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half wild horses of Buenos Ayres.³ Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of

¹ Texas, Texas was annexed in 1845.

² La Plata, a great river flowing through Argentina.

³ Buenos Ayres, the chief province of Argentina.

spirit; so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously:

575 "Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard
580 a word of Texas for nearly twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin¹ began his settlements; so that,
585 while he read of Honduras² and Tamaulipas,³ and, till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other,
590 and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Waters was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And
595 I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you

¹ Austin, a Texas pioneer from whom the capital of the state was named.

² Honduras, a Central American republic.

³ Tamaulipas, a state of Mexico, bordering on Texas.

seen Captain Back's¹ curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's² Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we 600 became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he 605 could his self-appointed punishment, — rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear 610 old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, . . . I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes 615 all my doubts about telling this story. . . .

"Levant, 2° 2' S. and 131° W.

"DEAR FRED:

"I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him 620

¹ Captain Back, Admiral Sir George Back (1796–1878), an Arctic explorer and a writer.

² Sir Thomas Roe (1581–1644), an English voyager who, upon returning from a journey to Sweden and Poland, made a triumphant entry into London.

on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near.

625 The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom, a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, — the

630 first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, — and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay

635 in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a pic-

640 ture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a

645 country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States as he had drawn it from memory, which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana

Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana 650 Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I 655 cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now. Stop! Stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America — God bless her! — a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man 660 who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There never has been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know 665 by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me, tell me 670 something, tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I, that I should have been acting the tyrant all this 675 time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated,¹ in his whole manhood's life, the mad-

¹ Expiated, paid.

ness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi; that was where Fort Adams is; they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross near where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; — that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a great deal besides furs.' Then he went back — heavens, how far! — to ask about the *Chesapeake*,¹ and what was

¹ *Chesapeake*, a war vessel of the United States, fired upon by the British ship *Leopard* in 1807, for refusing to submit to be searched for British seamen.

done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again, — and he ground 705 his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, ‘God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.’ Then he asked about the old war, — told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the ‘Java’ — asked about 710 dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years. How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the 715 English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked who was in com- 720 mand of the ‘Legion of the West.’ I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, ‘Where was Vicksburg?’ I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred 725 miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. ‘It must be at old Vick’s plantation,’ said he; ‘well, that is a change!’

“I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to con- 730 dense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I

told him, — of emigration, and the means of it, — of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, — of
735 inventions, and books, and literature, — of the colleges and West Point and the Naval School, — but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

740 “I remember he asked all of a sudden, who was president now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln’s¹ son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old
745 Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. ‘Good for him!’ cried Nolan; ‘I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular
750 successions in the first families.’ Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. . . .

“And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of
755 water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the *Presbyterian Book of Public Prayer*, which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place, and so it did. There was his double red mark down

¹ **Lincoln**, General Benjamin Lincoln, was a Revolutionary soldier.

the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated 760 with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness,' — and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the 765 end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority,' and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' 770 said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away. 775

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a 780 smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.¹

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly: where- 785

¹ **Order of Cincinnati**, an order formed in 1783 by officers of the Revolutionary Army. Its membership has always been limited to such officers and their oldest descendants in the direct line in each generation.

fore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and
790 I love it. But will not some one set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"In Memory of

795

"PHILIP NOLAN,

"Lieutenant of the Army of the United States.

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Find out as much as you can about the life of Aaron Burr and his place in American history. (Line 34.)

Find and tell the story of the annexation of Texas. (Line 549.)

Does *The Man Without A Country* seem like a true story?

Point out the features that make it more realistic.

Are they the great events, or the details about little things?

Observe the first few sentences. Do they arouse interest in what is to follow? Do they add to the

feeling of reality? Remember that the beginning of a narrative is very important.

Does the story move rapidly or slowly? Point out passages that answer this question.

Every tale should have a climax. Where is the climax?

Does anything show the character of the one who is telling the story? Is this important?

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(1807-1882)

Longfellow shares with Whittier the honor of being the most popular of American poets, and with Poe that of being the greatest. His poetry, most of it,



is simple and direct, and from the heart. It is of high ethical quality and appeals to the average reader to whom perhaps Browning, for example, appears unreadable.

The poet's life was singularly beautiful and his character of great charm. Born in Portland, Maine, he was graduated from Bowdoin College, where he was later a professor. Afterward he removed to Cambridge and became a professor in Harvard. Here he spent the greater part of his life in association with Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, and Holmes, and others of this great group of American literary lights.

He wrote some prose, but chiefly poetry. His longer poems, *Hiawatha*, *Evangeline*, and *Miles Standish*, are standards, read by all school children, and deservedly. Many of his shorter poems have really more of charm than these longer ones.

Longfellow was especially the friend of children, as is shown by his poems. One of the most touching proofs of his popularity was the movement by Cambridge people to preserve for him his favorite view of the Charles River; which was in danger of being obscured by buildings. His friends bought the lands and made a public park of it so that the poet might still look out upon his loved Charles.

EXCELSIOR

Excelsior was first published in 1841. It was written on the back of a note from Charles Sumner, and is dated at the close: "September 28, 1841. Half past 3 o'clock, morning. Now to bed." The suggestion for the poem

came from seeing a part of the heading of one of the New York journals, bearing the seal of the State of New York, — a shield, with a rising sun, and the motto in heraldic Latin, “Excelsior.” Longfellow’s imagination took hold of this, and the striking story of the youth scaling the Alpine heights resulted. To a friend the poet wrote that his intention in writing it was “no more than to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose.”

Poe says: “It depicts the earnest upward impulse of the soul — an impulse not to be subdued even in death. Despising danger, resisting pleasure, the youth, bearing the banner inscribed ‘Excelsior!’ (‘higher still!’) struggles through all difficulties to an Alpine summit. Warned to be content with the elevation attained, his cry is still ‘EXCELSIOR!’ and, even in falling dead on the highest pinnacle, his cry is still ‘EXCELSIOR!’ There is yet an immortal height to be surmounted — an ascent in Eternity. The poet holds in view the idea of never ending progress.”

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore ’mid snow and ice
A banner with the strange device,

Excelsior.¹

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,

¹ **Excelsior**, higher. This stands for no *definite* goal. The soul strives continually to advance. It has no fixed point to attain; it must always be moving upward. The possibilities are infinite, hence the limitless desire.

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior ! 10

In happy homes he saw the light ¹
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior ! 15

“Try not the Pass !” the old man said ;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide !”
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior ! 20

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior ! 25

“Beware the pine tree’s withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !”
This was the peasant’s last Good night,
A voice replied far up the height,
Excelsior ! 30

¹ The first temptation is to quiet, unambitious domestic life.
For the others refer to the questions at the end.

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard¹
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
35 Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
40 Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
45 Excelsior!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Name the various temptations described in the different stanzas, telling what is meant by each picture.

Which was the strongest?

What enabled the youth to resist them?

Was it worth while?

¹ **St. Bernard**, a monastery high up in the Alps, whose monks watched for snowbound travelers, and kept the famous St. Bernard dogs to hunt for them and save them.

Did he attain his end? Why?
Was it possible of attainment?
If it had been possible of attainment, would it
have been as well worth the effort?

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon¹ calls the Blithe-heart
King;
When on the boughs the purple buds expand, 5
The banners of the vanguard of the spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee; 10
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said: 15
“Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread!”

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet

¹ Cædmon (Cadmon), a famous poet of the early Saxons.

Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
20 The village with the cheers of all their fleet;
Or quarreling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street,
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish¹ frightening girls and boys.

25 Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
30 Cassandra² like, prognosticating³ woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town meeting was convened straightway
To set the price upon the guilty heads
35 Of these marauders, who, in lieu⁴ of pay,
Levied blackmail⁵ upon the garden beds
And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds;
The skeleton that waited at their feet,
40 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.

¹ Gibberish, unmeaning talk.

² Cassandra, a prophetess of ancient Troy, who always foretold evil.

³ Prognosticating, foretelling.

⁴ In lieu, instead. ⁵ Blackmail, forced tribute.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august^{and} and splendid sight !
Slowly descending with majestic tread,
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, 45
Down the long street he walked, as one who
said,
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me
Can have no lack of good society !"

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill; 50
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
And read with fervor "Edwards¹ on the Will";
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In summer on some Adirondack hill;
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane, 55
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60
And all absorbed in reveries profound
Of fair Almira in the upper class,
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water and as good as bread.

¹ Edwards, a famous New England theologian who wrote a book on "The Will."

65 And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neckcloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was
slow;
There never was so wise a man before;
70 He seemed the incarnate¹ "Well, I told you so!"
And to perpetuate his great renown
There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
75 The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
80 Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked around bewildered on the expectant throng;
85 Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,
And quite determined not to be laughed down.

¹ Incarnate, in the flesh, embodied.

- "Plato,¹ anticipating the Reviewers,²
 From his Republic banished without pity 90
 The Poets; in this little town of yours,
 You put to death, by means of a Committee,
 The ballad singers and the Troubadours,³
 The street musicians of the heavenly city,
 The birds, who make sweet music for us all 95
 In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.
- "The Thrush, that carols at the dawn of day
 From the green steeples of the piny wood;
 The oriole in the elm; the noisy jay,
 Jargoning⁴ like a foreigner at his food; 100
 The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
 Flooding with melody the neighborhood;
 Linnet and meadow lark, and all the throng
 That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.
- "You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain 105
 Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
 Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
 Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
 Searching for worms or weevil after rain!
 Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet 110

¹ Plato, the most famous of Greek philosophers.

² Reviewers, those who write criticisms of new books, supposed commonly to be very severe with writers of poetry.

³ Troubadours, a school or body of poets and singers of France in early days.

⁴ Jargoning, making confused sounds like speech.

As are the songs these uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these?
Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
115 The dialect¹ they speak, where melodies
Alone are interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught!
Whose habitations in the tree tops even
120 Are halfway houses on the road to heaven!

“Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals² of love!
125 And when you think of this, remember too
’Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds!
230 Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams
As in an idiot’s brain remembered words
Hang empty ’mid the cobwebs of his dreams!
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds
Make up for the lost music, when your teams

¹ **Dialect**, language of a particular region or class.

² **Madrigals**, songs.

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more 135
The feathered gleaners follow to your door?

“What! would you rather see the incessant stir
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,
And hear the locust and the grasshopper
Their melancholy hurdy gurdies play? 140
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl
Of meadow lark, and her sweet roundelay,
Or twitter of little fieldfares, as you take
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake?

“You call them thieves and pillagers; but know, 145
They are the wingèd wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious¹ foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,
Renders good service as your man at arms, 150
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, 155
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?” 160

¹ *Insidious, secret, wily.*

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
165 Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
170 Who had no voice nor vote in making laws,
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause.
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
175 Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee,
O fair Almira, at the Academy!

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade¹ of terror ran.
180 Dead fell the birds, with bloodstains on their breasts,
Or wounded crept away from sight of man,
While the young died of famine in their nests;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew² of Birds!

¹ Fusillade, many shots together.

² St. Bartholomew, from a certain "St. Bartholomew's Day," when many people were put to death in France.

The summer came, and all the birds were dead; 185

The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed

Myriads¹ of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod,² was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down 195

The cankerworms upon the passers by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little cry;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

The farmers grew impatient, but a few

Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For, after all, the best thing one can do

When it is raining is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew 205

It would not call the dead to life again;
As schoolboys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

¹ **Myriads**, tens of thousands.

² **Herod**, the king of the Jews in the time of Jesus.

That year in Killingworth, the autumn came
210 Without the light of his majestic look,
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
The illumined pages of his Dooms-Day Book.¹
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their
shame,
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
215 While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air.

But the next spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
220 If some dumb animal had found a tongue!
A wagon, over-arched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were
225 brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
230 Were satires to the authorities addressed.
While others listening in green lanes averred
Such lovely music never had been heard.

¹ **Dooms-Day Book**, book of judgment.

But blither still and louder caroled they

Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know

It was the fair Almira's wedding day, 235

And everywhere, around, above, below,

When the Preceptor bore his bride away,

Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,

And a new heaven bent over a new earth

Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Explain line 6 ; lines 11, 12 ; 96 ; 193-195 ; 204 ; 211, 212 ; 213, 214.

Describe the Squire, lines 43-48 ; the Parson, lines 49-56 ; the Preceptor, lines 59-64 ; the Deacon, lines 65-72.

How many of the birds named by the poet do you know ?

Are birds friends or foes of the farmer ?

Do you know of any exceptions ? If you think you do, discuss them.

What was the schoolmaster's main argument ? Was this the argument that finally appealed to the farmers ?

Memorize lines 126-128.

What do they mean ?

CHARLES DICKENS

(1812-1870)

There is happily at the present time a revival of enthusiastic interest in the writings of Dickens. Among English novelists his position is unique.



The question as to who is the greatest novelist, whether Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, or some other, is idle. He is great in his own right, and in his own way. Dickens's chief subjects were the simple lives of "common people," and these he idealized, surrounding them

with a halo, making almost impossible characters. It has been said that he is a caricaturist rather

than a realist. In a sense, it is true, he exaggerated all his people; that is, each character in Dickens stands especially for a single characteristic, but the charm is ever present.

Dickens's early life was one of considerable hardship. He was born of poor parents and was one of a large family. It is generally supposed that in Mr. Micawber he represented his own father, and in David Copperfield himself. When only eleven years of age he was taken out of school and put to work in a blacking factory, but later he was put to school again, but at a most unhappy school. In many of his books he shows the evils of the educational system prevailing at his time in England, and this is supposed to be the result of his own unfortunate experiences.

As he grew to manhood, he began to write for periodicals and soon blossomed out as a novelist, and quite early became one of the great novelists of the world.

THE CHILD'S STORY

The following story shows one of Dickens's many styles. It is pathetic and philosophical and without the humor so characteristic of many of his writings. It is a dream story and gives in a beautiful allegory the life history of a man.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It

was a magic journey; and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half-
5 way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting anything, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child, "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I
10 am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So he played with that child, the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, and the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely,
15 and they heard such singing birds and saw so many butterflies, that everything was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents.

When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind,
20 and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home — where was that, they wondered! — whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when
25 it snowed, that was best of all; for, they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon
30 the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world,

and the most astonishing picture books: all about scimitars¹ and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and Bluebeards and bean stalks and riches and caverns and forests³⁵ and Valentines and Orsons:² and all new and all true.

But one day, of a sudden, the traveler lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting anything, until⁴⁰ at last he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy, "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and⁴⁵ Juno,³ and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell — or he, either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed⁵⁰ upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; at prisoner's base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could⁵⁵ beat them. They had holidays, too, the Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced till midnight,

¹ Scimitars, short swords used by Arabs.

² Valentines and Orsons, the characters of a very old story.

³ Jupiter and Juno, the chief god and goddess of the ancient Romans.

and real theaters where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all
60 the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

65 Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy as he had lost the child, and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a young
70 man. So said he to the young man, "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So he went with that young man, and presently they come to one of the prettiest girls that ever was
75 seen — just like Fanny in the corner there — and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So the young man fell in love directly — just as
80 Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was teased sometimes — just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarreled sometimes — just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up,
85 and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking

out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmastime, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon — all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But the traveler lost them one day, as he had lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So he went on for a little while without seeing anything, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in Summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them, too. So they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens and working hard.

Sometimes they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying: "Father, father,

I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and
120 welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India," and another, "Father,
125 I am going to seek my fortune where I can," and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven rose into the golden
130 air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveler looked at the gentleman and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw,
135 too, that his hair was turning gray. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there
140 were no children left, and only the traveler, the gentleman, and the lady went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow; and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall. So, they came to an avenue that was darker

than the rest, and were pressing forward on their ¹⁴⁵ journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!" ¹⁵⁰

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said: "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But the voice cried, "Mother, mother!" without ¹⁵⁵ minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and tears were on his face.

Then the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue and moving away with her arms still around his neck, kissed him, and said, ¹⁶⁰ "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveler and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood; so near, that ¹⁶⁵ they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveler lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he ¹⁷⁰ passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So he said to

the old man, "What do you do here?" And the old
175 man said with a calm smile: "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So the traveler sat down by the side of that old man, face to face with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him.
180 The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, the mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch
185 them all, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveler must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because this is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

CHARLES DICKENS.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What does the story mean?

What time of life is shown by lines 8-36? Lines 40-64? Lines 70-91? Lines 95-138? Lines 140-187?

Who is the traveler? Who is each of the companions with whom he travels? Who is the old man, line 173?

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771-1832)

The measure of popularity of Scottish writers is divided between "Bobbie" Burns and "Sir Walter."

As to literary greatness, Sir Walter doubtless leads, as he is among the great literary figures of the world. During his lifetime his poetry roused both the Scotch and the English to great enthusiasm. He was descended from one of the old aristocratic Border families



of Scotland, and devoted the greater part of his life to telling in prose and verse tales of the Border.

Scott, as a child, was lame and delicate in health, and

being unable to play with other boys, devoted much time to reading and studying early Scottish history, which perhaps accounts for the fact that he devoted so large a portion of his time to writing the legends of early Scottish life. He first wrote poetry, the earliest of his great poems being the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which is followed by *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and others. Later, he wrote novels dealing with the same general class of subjects.

His later years were saddened by the failure of the publishing house with which he was connected, which left him poor, but he assumed all the financial responsibilities and set about paying off the debts, through his literary labors, and had nearly succeeded when he died, the universally worshiped hero of Scotland. His life was full of beauty and of charm. He loved his people, he loved children.

Scott's family life was very beautiful. His last words upon his deathbed were addressed to Lockhart, a son in law, who was afterwards his biographer. They were, "Be good, my dear." Scott's love of animals is famous, and his dogs are as well known as his castle.

COMBAT OF KING JAMES AND RODERICK DHU

The following descriptions of a personal combat between two Scotchmen is taken from Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*. King James of Scotland, "Fitz-James," is traveling unknown through his kingdom, as was his custom. He meets Roderick Dhu, or "Black Roderick," a noted outlaw, who leads a band of outlaws and robbers in the hills. Roderick has led the king safely through what he considers his land, because he had promised. The king does not know that he is facing the dreaded bandit, but he soon finds out, and although he tries to persuade the outlaw to submit without fighting, it is of no avail, and the battle follows.

Answered Fitz-James:

"I am by promise tied

To match me with this man of pride:

Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen

In peace; but when I come again,

5

I come with banner, brand, and bow,

As leader seeks his mortal foe.

For love-lorn swain in lady's bower

Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,

As I, until before me stand

10

This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

II

"Have then thy wish!" — He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;

- Wild as the scream of the curlew,
15 From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows.
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
20 From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow wand
Are bristling into ax and brand,
And every tuft of broom¹ gives life
25 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
30 Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
35 Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain side they hung.
The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's² living side,
40 Then fixed his eye and sable brow

¹ Broom, a plant of Scotland.

² Benledi, the mountain where they stood.

Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon, — I am Roderick Dhu!"

III

Fitz-James was brave: though to his heart
 The life blood thrilled with sudden start, 45
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly 50
 From its firm base as soon as I."
 Sir Roderick marked, — and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel. 55
 Short space he stood — then waved his hand:
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken,¹ heath, or wood;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow, 60
 In osiers² pale and copses³ low;
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
 The wind's last breath had tossed in air
 Pennon and plaid and plumage fair, — 65

¹ **Bracken**, a plant of Scotland.

² **Osiers**, willow.

³ **Copse**, thicket.

The next but swept a lone hillside
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive,¹ from targe² and jack,³
70 The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

IV

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition⁴ well might seem
75 Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
“Fear nought — nay, that I need not say —
But — doubt not aught from mine array.
80 Thou art my guest; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford;
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
85 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.⁵

¹ Glaive, sword.

³ Jack, leather coat for defense.

² Targe, shield.

⁴ Apparition, unnatural sight.

⁵ Saxon and Gael. The Gaels, or Gauls, were the early inhabitants of Scotland and the ancestors of Roderick and other “Highlanders.” The Saxons were originally from northern Europe and overran England and southern Scotland. The English and “Lowland” Scotch were called Saxons; King James was hence a “Saxon.”

COMBAT OF KING JAMES AND RODERICK DHU 65

So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
They moved; I said Fitz-James was brave 90
As ever knight that belted glaive,
Yet dare not say that yet his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,¹
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through, 95
Which yet by fearful proof was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round 100
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again. 105
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near, 110
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

¹ Flood, flow.

V

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
115 From Vennachar¹ in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle¹ the mouldering lines,
Where Rome,² the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
120 And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust,
125 This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
130 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless³ I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

¹ **Vennachar**, a lake, and **Bochastle**, a place familiar to Scotchmen, showing the course of the stream.

² The Roman army at one time overran Great Britain as far north as the scene of this tale.

³ **Vantageless**, without advantage.

VI

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed, 135
 When foeman bade me draw my blade;
 Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death;
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved: 140
 Can nought but blood our feud atone?
 Are there no means?" — "No, stranger, none!
 And hear, — to fire thy flagging zeal, —
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
 For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred 145
 Between the living and the dead:
 'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'
 "Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 "The riddle is already read. 150
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff, —
 There lies Red Murdoch,¹ stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James at Sterling² let us go, 155
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the king shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favor free,

¹ **Red Murdoch**, one of Roderick's clansmen.

² **James at Sterling**, himself in his royal castle. Roderick does not know that his opponent is the King.

I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
160 That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

VII

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye:
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
165 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
170 Not yet prepared? — By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
175 A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
180 Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown.
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,¹
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,

¹ Cairn (kârn), a heap of stones used as a landmark.

Of this small horn one feeble blast 185
 Would fearful odds against thee cast,
 But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw, 190
 Each looked to sun and stream and plain
 As what they ne’er might see again;
 Then foot and point and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

VIII

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu, 195
 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull hide
 Had death so often dashed aside;
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield. 200
 He practiced every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood, 205
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
 The gushing flood the tartans ¹ dyed.
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain; 210

¹ Tartans, plaids.

And, as firm rock or castle roof
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
215 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

IX

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
220 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
225 Like mountain cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round. —
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
230 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
235 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,

COMBAT OF KING JAMES AND RODERICK DHU 71.

From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright ! 240
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide.
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high, 245
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp ; 250
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Which of the combatants has your sympathy?
Why?

Has the poet shown his preference? Where?

Which was the braver man? The more gallant?

What made it possible for King James to win?

Was it a battle of superior skill against force?

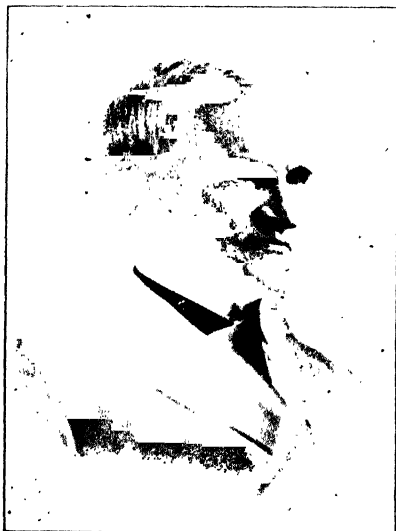
What common quotations do you find in the poem?

Explain " yawning hill," line 28; " warlike birth,"
line 63; " wont and tempered flood," line 93;
" vain carpet knight," line 172; " I have sworn."
etc., line 178.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

(1823-1893)

Parkman is one of the few really great historians that America has produced. His writings are limited



in the main to the accounts of the early history of the country, including Canada. Upon the writings of Parkman we rely almost wholly for our knowledge

of the struggles between France and England for the possession of America.

THE OGALLALLAH VILLAGE

This sketch is interesting as a description and as preserving for us characteristics that are fast disappearing from the North American Indians. The buffalo have already gone, and, while the Indians are increasing in numbers, they are gradually learning to follow the ways of civilization.

Such a narrative as this is hardly the place for portraying the mental features of the Indians. The same picture, slightly changed in shade and coloring, would serve with very few exceptions for all the tribes that lie north of the Mexican territories. But ⁵ with this striking similarity in their modes of thought, the tribes of the lake and ocean shores, of the forests and of the plains, differ greatly in their manner of life. Having been domesticated¹ for several weeks among one of the wildest of the wild hordes that roam over ¹⁰ the remote prairies, I had extraordinary opportunities of observing them. I flatter myself that a faithful picture of the scenes that passed daily before my eyes may not be devoid of interest and value.

These men were thorough savages. Neither their ¹⁵ manners nor their ideas were in the slightest degree modified by contact with civilization. They knew

¹ Having been domesticated, having lived.

nothing of the power and real character of the white men, and their children would scream in terror at
20 the sight of me. Their religion, their superstitions, and their prejudices were the same that had been handed down to them from immemorial¹ time. They fought with the same weapons that their fathers had fought with, and wore the same rude
25 garments of skins.

Great changes are at hand in that region. With the stream of immigration to Oregon and California the buffalo will dwindle away, and the large, wandering communities who depend on them for support
30 must be broken and scattered. The Indians will soon be corrupted by the example of the whites, abased by whisky and overawed by military posts; so that within a few years the traveler may pass in tolerable security through their country. Its danger
35 and its charm will have disappeared together.

As soon as Raymond and I discovered the village from the gap in the hills, we were seen in our turn; keen eyes were constantly on the watch. As we rode down upon the plain, the side of the village
40 nearest us was darkened with a crowd of naked figures gathering around the lodges. Several men came forward to meet us. I could distinguish among them the green blanket of the Frenchman Reynal.

When we came up, the ceremony of shaking hands
45 had to be gone through with in due form, and

¹ Immemorial, beyond memory.

then all were eager to know what had become of the rest of my party. I satisfied them on this point, and we all moved forward together toward the village.

"You've missed it," said Reynal; "if you'd been 50 here day before yesterday, you'd have found the whole prairie over yonder black with buffalo as far as you could see. There were no cows, though; nothing but bulls. We made a 'surround' every day till yesterday. See the village there; don't 55 that look like good living!"

In fact, I could see, even at that distance, that long cords were stretched from lodge to lodge, over which the meat, cut by the squaws into thin sheets, was hanging to dry in the sun.

"What chiefs are there in the village now?" said I. 60

"Well," said Reynal, "there's old Red Water, and The Eagle Feather, and The Big Crow, and The Mad Wolf, and The Panther, and The White Shield, and — what's his name? — the half-breed Chey- 65 enne."

By this time we were close to the village, and I observed that while the greater part of the lodges were very large and neat in their appearance, there was at one side a cluster of squalid, miserable huts. I 70 looked toward them, and made some remark about their wretched appearance. But I was touching upon delicate ground.

"My squaw's relations live in those lodges," said

75 Reynal, very warmly, "and there isn't a better set in the whole village."

"Are there any chiefs among them?" asked I.

"Chiefs!" said Reynal; "yes, plenty!"

"What are their names?" I inquired.

80 "Their names? Why, there's The Arrow Head. If he isn't a chief, he ought to be one. And there's The Hail Storm. He's nothing but a boy, to be sure; but he's bound to be a chief one of these days!"

85 Just then we passed between two of the lodges, and entered the great area of the village. Superb naked figures stood silently gazing on us.

"Where's the Bad Wound's lodge?" said I to Reynal.

90 "There, you've missed it again! The Bad Wound is away with The Whirlwind. If you could have found him here, and gone to live in his lodge, he would have treated you better than any man in the village. But there's The Big Crow's lodge yonder,
95 next to old Red Water's. He's a good Indian for the whites, and I advise you to go and live with him."

"Are there many squaws and children in his lodge?" said I.

"No; only one squaw and two or three children.
100 He keeps the rest in a separate lodge by themselves."

So, still followed by a crowd of Indians, Raymond and I rode up to the entrance of The Big Crow's lodge. A squaw came out immediately and took

our horses. I put aside the leather flap that covered the low opening, and, stooping, entered The Big Crow's dwelling. There I could see the chief in the dim light, seated at one side, on a pile of buffalo robes. He greeted me with a guttural "How cola!" I requested Reynal to tell him that Raymond and I were come to live with him. The Big Crow gave another low exclamation. If the reader thinks that we were intruding¹ somewhat cavalierly,² I beg him to observe that every Indian in the village would have deemed himself honored that white men should give such preference to his hospitality.

115

The squaw spread a buffalo robe for us in the guest's place at the head of the lodge. Our saddles were brought in, and scarcely were we seated upon them before the place was thronged with Indians who came crowding in to see us. The Big Crow produced his pipe and filled it with the mixture of tobacco and *shongsasha*, or red willow bark. Round and round it passed, and a lively conversation went forward. Meanwhile a squaw placed before the two guests a wooden bowl of boiled buffalo meat, but unhappily this was not the only banquet destined to be inflicted on us. Rapidly one after another, boys and young squaws thrust their heads in at the opening, to invite us to various feasts in different parts of the village. For half an hour or more we were actively engaged

130

¹ Intruding, forcing ourselves upon them.

² Cavalierly, rudely.

in passing from lodge to lodge, tasting in each of the bowl of meat set before us, and inhaling a whiff or two from our entertainer's pipe. A thunderstorm that had been threatening for some time now began
135 in good earnest. We crossed over to Reynal's lodge, though it hardly deserved this name, for it consisted only of a few old buffalo robes, supported on poles, and was quite open on one side. Here we sat down, and the Indians gathered round us.

140 "What is it," said I, "that makes the thunder?"
"It's my belief," said Reynal, "that it is a big stone rolling over the sky."

"Very likely," I replied; "but I want to know what the Indians think about it."

145 So he interpreted my question, which seemed to produce some doubt and debate. There was evidently a difference of opinion. At last old Mene Seela, or Red Water, who sat by himself at one side, looked up with his withered face, and said he had
150 always known what the thunder was. It was a great black bird; and once he had seen it, in a dream, swooping down from the Black Hills, with its loud roaring wings; and when it flapped them over a lake, they struck lightning from the water.

155 "The thunder is bad," said another old man, who sat muffled in his buffalo robe; "he killed my brother last summer."

Reynal, at my request, asked for an explanation; but the old man remained doggedly silent, and would

not look up. Some time after I learned how the 160 accident occurred. The man who was killed belonged to an association which, among other mystic functions, claimed the exclusive power and privilege of fighting the thunder. Whenever a storm which they wished to avert was threatening, the thunder 165 fighters would take their bows and arrows, their guns, their magic drum, and a sort of whistle, made out of the wing bone of the war eagle. Thus equipped, they would run out and fire at the rising cloud, whooping, yelling, whistling, and beating their drum, to 170 frighten it down again. One afternoon a heavy black cloud was coming up, and they repaired to the top of a hill, where they brought all their magic artillery into play against it. But the undaunted thunder, refusing to be terrified, kept moving straight 175 onward, and darted out a bright flash which struck one of the party dead, as he was in the very act of shaking his long iron-pointed lance against it. The rest scattered and ran yelling in an ecstasy of superstitious terror back to their lodges. 180

The lodge of my host, Kongra Tongo, or The Big Crow, presented a picturesque spectacle that evening. A score or more of Indians were seated around in a circle, their dark, naked forms just visible by the dull light of the smoldering fire in the center, the 185 pipe glowing brightly in the gloom as it passed from hand to hand round the lodge. Then a squaw would drop a piece of buffalo fat on the dull embers. In-

stantly a bright glancing flame would leap up,
190 darting its clear light to the very apex of the tall,
conical structure, where the tops of the slender poles
that supported its covering of leather were gathered
together. It gilded the features of the Indians, as
with animated gestures they sat around it, telling
195 their endless stories of war and hunting. It displayed
rude garments of skins that hung around the lodge;
the bow, quiver, and lance suspended over the resting
place of the chief, and the rifles and powder-
horns of the two white guests. For a moment all
200 would be bright as day; then the flames would die
away, and the fitful flashes from the embers would
illumine¹ the lodge, and then leave it in darkness.
Then all the light would wholly fade, and the lodge
and all within it be involved again in obscurity.

205 As I left the lodge next morning, I was saluted by
a howling and yelping from all around the village,
and half its canine² population rushed forth to the
attack. Being as cowardly as they were clamorous,
they kept jumping around me at the distance of a
210 few yards, only one little cur, about ten inches long,
having spirit enough to make a direct assault. He
dashed valiantly at the leather tassel which, in the
Dahecotah fashion was trailing behind the heel of
my moccasin, and kept his hold, growling and snarl-
215 ing all the while, though every step I made almost
jerked him over on his back. As I knew that the

¹ Illumine, light.

² Canine, of dogs.

eyes of the whole village were on the watch to see if I showed any sign of apprehension,¹ I walked forward without looking to the right or left, surrounded wherever I went by this magic circle of dogs. When 220 I came to Reynal's lodge I sat down by it, on which the dogs dispersed growling to their respective quarters. Only one large white one remained, who kept running about before me and showing his teeth. I called him, but he only growled the more. I looked 225 at him well. He was fat and sleek; just such a dog as I wanted. "My friend," thought I, "you shall pay for this! I will have you eaten this very morning!"

I intended that day to give the Indians a feast, 230 by way of conveying a favorable impression of my character and dignity; and a white dog is the dish which the customs of the Dahcotahs prescribed for all occasions of formality and importance. I consulted Reynal; he soon discovered that an old woman 235 in the next lodge was owner of the white dog. I took a gaudy cotton handkerchief, and laying it on the ground, arranged some vermilion,² beads, and other trinkets upon it. Then the old squaw was summoned. I pointed to the dog and to the handker- 240 chief. She gave a scream of delight, snatched up the prize, and vanished with it into her lodge. For a few more trifles I engaged the services of two other squaws, each of whom took the white dog by one of his paws,

¹ Apprehension, fear.

² Vermilion, bright paint.

245 and led him away behind the lodges, while he kept looking up at them with a face of innocent surprise. Having killed him, they threw him into a fire to singe; then chopped him up and put him into two large kettles to boil. Meanwhile I told Raymond 250 to fry in buffalo fat what little flour we had left, and also to make a kettle of tea as an additional item of the repast.

The Big Crow's squaw was briskly at work sweeping out the lodge for the approaching festivity. I 255 confided to my host himself the task of inviting the guests, thinking that I might thereby shift from my own shoulders the odium¹ of fancied neglect and oversight.

When feasting is in question, one hour of the day 260 serves an Indian as well as another. My entertainment came off about eleven o'clock. At that hour, Reynal and Raymond walked across the area of the village, to the admiration of the inhabitants, carrying the two kettles of dog meat slung on a pole between 265 them. These they placed in the center of the lodge, and then went back for the bread and the tea. Meanwhile I had put on a pair of brilliant moccasins, and substituted² for my old buckskin frock a coat which I had brought with me in view of such public occasions. 270 I also made careful use of the razor, an operation which no man will neglect who desires to gain the good opinion of the Indians. Thus attired, I

¹ Odium, offense.

² Substituted, put in place of.

seated myself between Reynal and Raymond at the head of the lodge. Only a few minutes elapsed before all the guests had come in and were seated on the 275 ground, wedged together in a close circle around the lodge. Each brought with him a wooden bowl to hold his share of the repast. When all were assembled, two of the officials called "soldiers" by the white men, came forward with ladles made of the 280 horn of the Rocky Mountain sheep, and began to distribute the feast, always assigning a double share to the old men and chiefs. The dog vanished with astonishing celerity,¹ and each guest turned his dish bottom upward to show that all was gone. Then 285 the bread was distributed in its turn, and finally the tea. As the soldiers poured it into the same wooden bowls that had served for the substantial part of the meal, I thought it had a particularly curious and uninviting color. 290

"Oh!" said Reynal, "there was not tea enough, so I stirred some soot in the kettle, to make it look strong."

Fortunately an Indian's palate is not very discriminating.² The tea was well sweetened, and that was 295 all they cared for.

Now the former part of the entertainment being concluded, the time for speech making was come. The Big Crow produced a flat piece of wood on which he cut up tobacco and *shongsasha*, and mixed them 300

¹ Celerity, quickness.

² Discriminating, particular.

in due proportions. The pipes were filled and passed from hand to hand around the company. Then I began my speech, each sentence being interpreted by Reynal as I went on, and echoed by the whole
305 audience with the usual exclamations of approval. As nearly as I can recollect, it was as follows:

I had come, I told them, from a country so far distant, that at the rate they travel, they could not reach it in a year.

310 "How! how!"

"There the Meneaska¹ were more numerous than the blades of grass on the prairie. The squaws were far more beautiful than they had ever seen, and all the men were brave warriors."

315 "How! how! how!"

Here I was assailed by sharp twinges of conscience, for I fancied I could perceive a fragrance of perfumery in the air, and a vision rose before me of white kid gloves and silken mustaches, and the mild and gentle
320 countenances of numerous fair-haired young men. But I recovered myself and began again.

"While I was living in the Meneaska lodges, I had heard of the Ogallallahs, how great and brave a nation they were, how they loved the whites, and
325 how well they could hunt the buffalo and strike their enemies. I resolved to come and see if all that I heard was true."

"How! how! how!"

¹ Meneaska, white people.

"As I had come on horseback through the mountains, I had been able to bring them only a very few 330 presents."

"How!"

"But I had enough tobacco to give them all a small piece. They might smoke it, and see how much better it was than the tobacco which they got from 335 the traders."

"How! how! how! how!"

"I had plenty of powder, lead, knives, and tobacco at Fort Laramie. These I was anxious to give them, and if any of them should come to the fort before I went away, I would make them handsome 340 presents."

"How! how! how! how!"

Raymond then cut up and distributed among them two or three pounds of tobacco, and old Mene Seela 345 began to make a reply. It was quite long, but the following was the pith of it:

He had always loved the whites. They were the wisest people on earth. He believed they could do everything, and he was always glad when any of them 350 came to live in the Ogallallah lodges. It was true I had not made them many presents, but the reason of it was plain. It was clear that I liked them, or I never should have come so far to find their village.

Several other speeches of similar import¹ followed, 355 and then this more serious matter being disposed of,

¹ Import, meaning.

there was an interval of smoking, laughing, and conversation; but old Mene Seela suddenly interrupted it with a loud voice.

360 "Now is a good time," he said, "when all the old men and chiefs are here together, to decide what the people shall do. We came over the mountains to make our lodges for next year. Our old ones are good for nothing; they are rotten and worn
365 out. But we have been disappointed. We have killed buffalo bulls enough, but we have found no herds of cows, and the skins of bulls are too thick and heavy for our squaws to make lodges of. There must be plenty of cows about the Medicine
370 Bow mountain. We ought to go there. To be sure, it is farther westward than we have ever been before, and perhaps the Snakes will attack us, for those hunting grounds belong to them. But we must have new lodges at any rate; our old ones will
375 not serve for another year. We ought not to be afraid of the Snakes. Our warriors are brave, and they are all ready for war. Besides we have three white men with their rifles to help us."

I could not help thinking that the old man relied
380 a little too much on the aid of allies, one of whom was a coward, another a blockhead, and the third an invalid. This speech produced a good deal of debate. As Reynal did not interpret what was said, I could only judge of the meaning by the features and ges-
385 tures of the speakers. At the end of it, however,

the greater number seemed to have fallen in with Mene Seela's opinion. A short silence followed, and then the old man struck up a discordant chant, which I was told was a song of thanks for the entertainment I had given them. 390

"Now," said he, "let us go and give the white men a chance to breathe."

So the company all dispersed into the open air, and for some time the old chief was walking round the village, singing his song in praise of the feast, after 395 the usual custom of the nation.

At last the day drew to a close, and as the sun went down the horses came trooping from the surrounding plains to be picketed before the dwellings of their respective masters. Soon within the great 400 circle of lodges appeared another concentric¹ circle of restless horses; and here and there fires were glowing and flickering amid the gloom on the dusky figures around them. I went over and sat by the lodge of Reynal. The Eagle Feather, who was a son of Mene 405 Seela, and brother of my host The Big Crow, was seated there already, and I asked him if the village would move in the morning. He shook his head, and said that nobody could tell, for since old Mahto Tatanka had died, the people had been like children 410 that did not know their own minds. They were no better than a body without a head. So I, as well as the Indians themselves, fell asleep that night without

¹ **Concentric**, having the same center.

knowing whether we should set out in the **morning**
415 toward the country of the Snakes.

At daybreak, however, as I was coming up from the river after my morning's ablutions,¹ I **saw** that a movement was contemplated.² Some of the lodges were reduced to nothing but bare skeletons of poles;
420 the leather covering of others was flapping in the wind as the squaws were pulling it off. One or two chiefs of note had resolved, it seemed, on moving; and so, having set their squaws at work, the example was tacitly³ followed by the rest of the village. One
425 by one the lodges were sinking down in rapid succession, and where the great circle of the village had been only a moment before, nothing now remained but a circle of horses and Indians, crowded in confusion together. The ruins of the lodges were spread
430 over the ground, together with kettles, stone mallets, great ladles of horn, buffalo robes, and cases of painted hide, filled with dried meat. Squaws bustled about in their busy preparations, the old hags screaming to one another at the stretch of their
435 leathern lungs. The shaggy horses were patiently standing while the lodge poles were lashed to their sides, and the baggage was piled upon their backs. The dogs, their tongues lolling out, lay lazily panting, and waiting for the time of departure. Each
440 warrior sat on the ground by the decaying embers

¹ **Ablutions**, washing.

² **Contemplated**, planned.

³ **Tacitly**, without comment.

of his fire, unmoved amid all the confusion, while he held in his hand the long trail rope of his horse.

As their preparations were completed, each family moved off the ground. The crowd was rapidly melting away. I could see them crossing the river, ⁴⁴⁵ and passing in quick succession along the profile of the hill on the farther bank. When all were gone, I mounted and set out after them, followed by Raymond, and as we gained the summit, the whole village came in view at once, straggling away for a mile ⁴⁵⁰ or more over the barren plains before us. Everywhere the iron points of lances were glittering. The sun never shone upon a more strange array. Here were the heavy laden pack horses, some wretched old women leading them, and two or three children cling- ⁴⁵⁵ ing to their backs. Here were mules or ponies covered from head to tail with gaudy trappings, and mounted by some gay young squaw, grinning bashfulness and pleasure as the Meneaske looked at her. Boys with miniature¹ bows and arrows were wander- ⁴⁶⁰ ing over the plains, little naked children were running along on foot, and numberless dogs were scampering among the feet of the horses. The young braves, gaudy with paint and feathers, were riding in groups among the crowd, and, often galloping, ⁴⁶⁵ two or three at once, along the line to try the speed of their horses. Here and there you might see a rank of sturdy pedestrians stalking along in their wide

¹ Miniature, small.

buffalo robes. These were the dignitaries of the vil-
470 lage, the old men and warriors, to whose age and
experience that wandering democracy yielded a silent
deference. With the rough prairie and the broken
hills for its background, the restless scene was strik-
ing and picturesque beyond description. Days and
475 weeks made me familiar with it, but never impaired
its effect upon my fancy.

As we moved on, the broken column grew yet more
scattered and disorderly, until, as we approached
the foot of a hill, I saw the old men before mentioned,
480 seating themselves in a line upon the ground, in ad-
vance of the whole. They lighted a pipe, and sat
smoking, laughing, and telling stories, while the
people, stopping as they successively¹ came up, were
soon gathered in a crowd behind them. Then the
485 old men rose, drew their buffalo robes over their
shoulders, and strode on as before. Gaining the top
of the hill, we found a very steep declivity² before
us. There was not a minute's pause. The whole
company descended in a mass, amid dust and confu-
490 sion. The horses braced their feet as they slid down,
women and children were screaming, dogs yelping
as they were trodden upon, while stones and earth
went rolling to the bottom. In a few moments I
could see the village from the summit, spreading
495 again far and wide over the plain below.

* * * * *

¹ Successively, in turn.

² Declivity, descent.

As we moved over the plains on the next morning several young men were riding about the country as scouts; and at length we began to see them occasionally on the tops of the hills, shaking their robes as a signal that they saw buffalo. Soon after some 500 bulls came in sight. Horsemen darted away in pursuit, and we could see from the distance that one or two of the buffalo were killed. Raymond suddenly became inspired. I looked at him as he rode by my side; his face had actually grown intelligent. 505

"This is the country for me!" he said; "if I could only carry the buffalo that are killed here every month down to St. Louis, I'd make my fortune in one winter. I'd grow as rich as old Papin, or Mackenzie, either. I call this the poor man's market. 510 When I'm hungry I have only got to take my rifle and go out and get better meat than the rich folks down below can get with all their money. You won't catch me living in St. Louis another winter." 515

"No," said Reynal, "you had better say that after you almost starved to death there."

Mention of the Mexican clergy introduced the subject of religion, and I found that my two associates, in common with other white men in 520 the country, were as indifferent to their future welfare as men whose lives are in constant peril are apt to be. Raymond had never heard of the Pope. A certain bishop, who lived at Taos

525 or at Santa Fé, embodied his loftiest idea of an ecclesiastical¹ dignitary. Reynal observed that a priest had been at Fort Laramie two years ago, on his way to the Nez Percé mission, and that he had confessed all the men there and given them absolu-
530 tion. "I got a good clearing out myself that time," said Reynal, "and I reckon that will do for me till I go down to the settlements again." Here he interrupted himself with an oath and exclaimed: "Look! look! The Panther is running an antelope!"

535 The Panther on his black and white horse, one of the best in the village, came at full speed over the hill in hot pursuit of an antelope that darted away like lightning before him. The attempt was made, in mere sport and bravado, for very few are the
540 horses that can for a moment compete in swiftness with this little animal. The antelope ran down the hill toward the main body of the Indians who were moving over the plain below. Sharp yells were given and horsemen galloped out to intercept his
545 flight. At this he turned sharply to the left and scoured away with such incredible speed that he distanced all his pursuers and even the vaunted horse of the Panther himself. A few moments after we witnessed a more serious sport. A shaggy
550 buffalo bull bounded out from a neighboring hollow, and close behind him came a slender Indian boy, riding without stirrups or saddle and lashing his eager

¹ Ecclesiastical, of a church.

little horse to full speed. Yard after yard he drew closer to his gigantic victim, though the bull, with his short tail erect and his tongue lolling out a foot 555 from his foaming jaws, was straining his unwieldy strength to the utmost. A moment more and the boy was close alongside of him. It was our friend The Hail Storm. He dropped the rein on his horse's neck and jerked an arrow like lightning from 560 the quiver on his shoulder.

"I tell you," said Reynal, "that in a year's time that boy will match the best hunter in the village. There, he has given it to him! and there goes another! You feel well, now, old bull, don't you, with 565 two arrows stuck in your lights? There, he has given him another! Hear how The Hail Storm yells when he shoots! Yes, jump at him; try it again, old fellow! You may jump all day before you get horns into that pony!" 570

The bull sprang again and again at his assailant, but the horse kept dodging with wonderful celerity. At length the bull followed up his attack with a furious rush, and The Hail Storm was put to flight, the shaggy monster following close behind. The 575 boy clung to his seat like a leech, and, secure in the speed of his little pony, looked round toward us and laughed. In a moment he was again alongside of the bull, who was now driven to complete desperation. His eyeballs glared through his tangled mane, 580 and the blood flew from his mouth and nostrils.

Thus, still battling with each other, the two enemies disappeared over the hill.

Many of the Indians rode at full gallop toward the
585 spot. We followed at a more moderate pace, and soon saw the bull lying dead on the side of the hill. The Indians were gathered around him, and several knives were already at work. These little instruments were plied with such wonderful address that
590 the twisted sinews were cut apart, the ponderous bones fell asunder as if by magic, and in a moment the vast carcass was reduced to a heap of bloody ruins. The surrounding group of savages offered no very attractive spectacle to a civilized eye.
595 Some were cracking the huge thigh bones and devouring the marrow within; others were cutting away pieces of the liver and other approved morsels, and swallowing them on the spot with the appetite of wolves. The faces of most of them, besmeared
600 with blood from ear to ear, looked grim and horrible enough. My friend The White Shield proffered¹ me a marrow bone, so skillfully laid open that all the rich substance within was exposed to view at once. Another Indian held out a large piece of the delicate
605 lining of the paunch; but these courteous offerings I begged leave to decline. I noticed one little boy who was very busy with his knife about the jaws and throat of the buffalo, from which he extracted some morsel of peculiar delicacy. It is but fair to

¹ Proffered, offered.

say that only certain parts of the animal are considered eligible¹ in these extempore² banquets. The Indians would look with abhorrence on any one who should partake indiscriminately³ of the newly killed carcass.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Describe the author's arrival at the village. (Lines 36-100.)

What tribe was this? (Line 324.)

How did they welcome him? (Lines 101-129.)

What notions did the Indians have of thunder? (Lines 145-180.)

Describe the gathering and the speeches in the tent. (Lines 260-354.)

Describe the moving. (Lines 416-477.)

Describe The Hail Storm's hunting of the buffalo. (Lines 535-563.)

Are there any Indians today as wild as those here described?

Where are the most highly civilized Indians found?

What are the proverbial traits of the Indian?

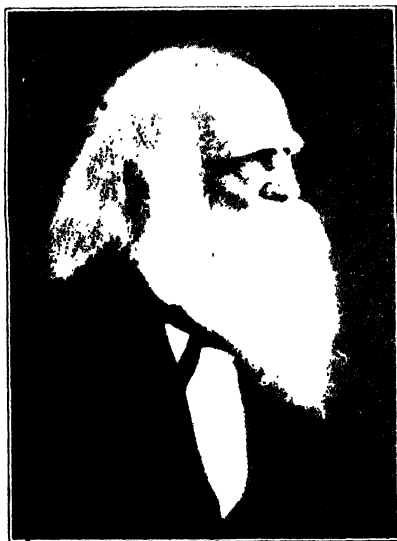
¹ Eligible, desirable. ² Extempore (ex-tém-po-re), offhand

³ Indiscriminately, treating all alike.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(1794-1878)

Bryant was the first American poet to win acknowledgment of the literary world. He was a New Englander, like so many of the earlier writers of this



country. He studied at Williams College, and even while a mere boy in college, wrote *Thanatopsis*, one of his greatest poems. In later years he devoted his life to editorship. He was the founder and, for a long period, the director of the *New York Evening Post*. His poetry is mainly poetry of nature, and has a serious cast.

Besides his original poems, Bryant wrote a translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

THANATOPSIS

"Thanatopsis" means "A view of death," a strange theme for a seventeen year old poet. The poem is full of beautiful figures of speech.

"*Thanatopsis* owes the extent of its celebrity to its nearly absolute freedom from defect, in the ordinary understanding of the term. I mean to say that its negative merit recommends it to the public attention. It is a thoughtful, well constructed, well versified poem. The concluding thought is exceedingly noble."

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides 5
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart, —
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around — 15
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
 Comes a still voice. — Yet a few days, and thee

The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
20 Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
25 Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
30 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
35 The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
40 The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all

Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings 50
Of morning, and the Barcan¹ desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon,² and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe 60
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come 65
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,

¹ **Barcan**, from Barca, a province of Tripoli in Africa, on the borders of the Desert of Sahara.

² **Oregon**, the Columbia River.

70 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
75 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
80 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 11. What do you understand by “the stern agony”?

Lines 17–30. What is the meaning of this passage?

Line 36. Why are seers (prophets) spoken of as hoary?

Line 40. In what sense are woods *venerable*?

Line 43. Is the ocean melancholy?

Line 73. Is *summons*, a term for an order by a court of justice, appropriate here? Note that “summons,” while apparently plural, is in fact singular.

Memorize from line 68 to the end.

This poem has no rhymes; it is called *blank verse*. Would rhymes be as well suited to its subject and style, or not ? Name other poems written in blank verse. How many accented syllables in a line of blank verse ? Are the greatest poems that you know rhymed or in blank verse ?

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

Addison is regarded, by many critics, as the greatest English essayist. He wrote with charm and



ADDISON.

humor, and yet with vigor. He is not excelled by any writer for grace or fitness in the choice of words. Though Addison lived in a time of tumult, especially a time disgraced by religious quarrels, he seems to have kept serenely aloof from the bickerings of his contemporaries. His life was devoted to literature. He was

sensitive, kindly, and serene. After being graduated from Oxford University he began his literary career. He wrote some poems, none of which have attained permanent fame.

His title to recognition among the great English writers is due to his charming essays, written in two periodicals, which he edited, *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. When these essays were first put out in little pamphlets, people eagerly awaited their arrival. They were the forerunners of the modern "magazine." Through these papers he became the founder of the modern English essay. In it he portrays humorously, but with keen analysis, the life and especially the foibles of his time. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley, representing the English country gentleman of the best sort, is Addison's greatest creation, and possibly his chief single contribution to literature. But many of his essays well repay reading. The one here given is among the most suggestive.

Thackeray says this of Addison:

"A life prosperous and beautiful, a calm death; an immense fame and affection afterwards for his happy and spotless name."

ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BURTHENS — A DREAM

This sketch is a parable. Its lesson is very plain.

I

Should Jove descend
And grant to every man his rash demand,

* * * * *

And, with these separate demands, dismiss
Each suppliant to enjoy the promised bliss :

5 Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Tho' proffered to be happy from above.

HORACE.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates,¹ that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into one public stock, in order to be equally distributed among
10 the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried his thought a great deal further in the motto of my
15 paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person could be in the case we could change conditions with him. ❄

As I was ruminating² on these two remarks, and

¹ **Socrates**, a great Grecian philosopher and moralist.

² **Ruminating**, thinking quietly (literally, *chewing the cud*).

seated myself in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell 20
asleep; when, on a sudden methought¹ there was a
proclamation made by Jupiter,² that every mortal
should bring in his griefs and calamities and throw
them together in a heap. There was a large plain
appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the 25
center of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the
whole human species marching one after another,
and throwing down their several loads, which
immediately grew up into a prodigious³ mountain,
that seemed to rise above the clouds. 30

There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape,
who was very active in this solemnity. She carried
a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was
clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with
several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered 35
themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her
garment hovered in the wind. There was some-
thing wild and distracted in her looks. Her name
was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the ap-
pointed place after having officiously⁴ assisted him 40
in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoul-
ders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow
creatures groaning under their respective burthens,
and to consider that prodigious bulk of human
calamities which lay before me. 45

¹ **Methought**, it seemed to me (an old form).

² **Jupiter**, the chief of the gods in the Latin mythology.

³ **Prodigious**, very large.

⁴ **Officiously**, importantly, with unnecessary fussiness.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel,¹ very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his
50 throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very
55 whimsical burthens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it;
60 but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy-laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women lay down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red
65 noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his
70 near approach that it was only a natural hump that he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers² of all sorts, though I could not

¹ **Fardel**, pack, bundle.

² **Distempers**, diseases.

but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take 75 notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people, this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made that there was not a single vice or 80 folly thrown into the heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast 85 their burthens, the phantom,¹ which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I 90 no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled by the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation.² The immoderate breadth of my features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from 95 me like a mask. It happened very luckily that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his own visage, which it seems was too long for him. It was; indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as 100

¹ Phantom, spirit, ghostly creature, fancy.

² Aggravation, increased size.

long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of
105 another person.

II

In my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species
110 thus delivered from its sorrows: though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and
115 blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos¹ of calamity, Jupiter
120 issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began to bestir herself, and
125 parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular

¹ Chaos, complete lack of order.

packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him, in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive that he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several changes that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking¹ a lock of gray hair for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions, there was not one

¹ Trucking, exchanging.

155 of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon
as she had got it into her possession, much more
disagreeable than the old one. I made the same
observation on every other misfortune or calamity,
which every one in the assembly brought upon
160 himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether
it be that all the evils which befall us are in some
measure suited and proportioned to our strength,
or that every evil becomes more supportable by our
becoming more accustomed to it, I shall not deter-
165 mine.

I could not, for my heart, forbear pitying the poor
humpbacked gentleman mentioned in the former
paper, who went off a very well shaped person, though
with a painful ailment; nor the fine gentleman who
170 had struck up this bargain with him, that limped
through a whole assembly of ladies who used to
admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over
his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure.
175 My friend with the long visage¹ had no sooner taken
upon him my short face, but he made such grotesque²
figure in it that, as I looked upon him, I could not
forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my
own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman
180 was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was
ashamed of what he had done: on the other side,
I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph,

¹ Visage, face.

² Grotesque, odd.

for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place and clapped my finger on my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceedingly prominent, I 185 gave it two or three unlucky knocks, as I was playing my hand about my face and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick 190 bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up in the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned around with it, while the other made such awkward 195 circles as he attempted to walk that he scarce knew how to move forward on his new supporters; observing him to be a pleasant kind of a fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a 200 line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a piteous sight, as they wandered up and down, under the pleasure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs 205 and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of 210 pleasure, after which the phantom which had led

them into such gross delusions¹ was commanded to disappear. There was sent, in her stead, a goddess of a quite different figure; her motions were steady
215 and composed² and her aspect serious but cheerful.

She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter; her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable,
220 able, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as before. She then returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious³ manner, he marched off with it contentedly,
225 being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn
out of this vision, I learnt from it never to repine
230 at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints. but to regard the
235 sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humility and compassion.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

¹ Delusions, false notions.

² Composed, quiet.

³ Commodious, convenient, easy.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What did Jupiter grant to mortals? (Lines 19-25.) What did they do? (Lines 26-85.) What did he then grant? (Lines 118-123.) What did they then do? (Lines 124-173.) Did it make them happy? (Lines 202-206.) How were they relieved? (Lines 206-227.)

Did you ever try to imagine yourself in another's place?

If you are to take all things into consideration, is there any one with whom you would exchange everything?

What does this parable teach?

Which of the incidents narrated seems to you the most real?

Is this because of the way it is told, or because it describes something familiar to you?

ODE

This is a great religious poem, drawn from nature. It is one of the very few of Addison's poems that will live.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original¹ proclaim;

¹ Original, Creator, God.

5 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
10 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
15 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What though no real voice or sound
20 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688–1744)

Alexander Pope, during his life and for many years afterward, was regarded as one of England's great poets. He is now more commonly and more properly



considered as a clever rhyming essayist, the author of many quotable philosophical bright remarks. There is little in his writing that is genuinely poetical. He said, however, very clever things in good verse.

He says of himself that he “lisp’d in numbers for the numbers came,” and apparently he could say little except by the use of meter, but that is a very different thing from being a poet.

Personally, he was a notable figure in the days of Queen Anne, a dwarf, deformed, and feeble in health, querulous, disagreeable, and impertinent; but yet, by his cleverness in writing, he attained a prominent, and, on the whole, an honorable, position in his time.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER

Pope’s *Universal Prayer* is intended to voice the religious aspirations of all people, whatever their creed or specific beliefs.

Father of all! in ev’ry age,
In ev’ry clime ador’d,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

5 Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin’d
To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind:

10 Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
 To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do;
This teach me more than Hell to shun, 15
That more than Heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives:
T' enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak unknowing hand 25
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay; 30
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied, 35
Or aught thy goodness lent.

- Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see :
That mercy I to others show,
40 That mercy show to me.
- Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death !
- 45 This day be bread and peace my lot :
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.
- To thee, whose temple is all space,
50 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise,
All Nature's incense rise !

ALEXANDER POPE.

THOMAS MOORE

(1779-1852)

Thomas Moore, familiarly known as Tom Moore, is one of those fascinating characters such as only



Ireland produces, brilliant, passionate, an imaginative poet; at times dwelling in the field of unalloyed

fancy, at others rushing into the thick of battle, and again writing the most inspiring religious poetry; a many sided genius who unfortunately is read less now than formerly.

He was a particular friend of Lord Byron, though unlike him in many ways. He is perhaps best known by some of his songs, which were formerly popular, such as "Oft in the Stilly Night" and the "Last Rose of Summer."

THOU ART, O GOD

This also is one of the great religious poems or hymns of the language. Its inspiration is drawn from the beauties of nature.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.

5 Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine!

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Eden,
And we can always think we gaze,
10 Through golden vistas into Heaven —
Those hues, that make the Sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, LORD! are Thine.

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume 15
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes —
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, LORD! are Thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh: 20
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine.

THOMAS MOORE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Which of these three hymns do you like best? Which is the most "singable"? Which the most "devotional"? Which appeals most strongly to the religious feelings? Which treats the most definitely of conduct? Which uses the finest figures of speech?

Would you say that Pope's hymn has more to do with conduct than the others, while they have more religious sentiment than Pope's? Memorize at least one stanza of each.

In reading aloud such poems as these what kind of voice should be used?

DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL)

(1822-1908)

Mr. Mitchell is one of the minor writers of America, chiefly because he wrote comparatively little. What he wrote is all worth reading. Some have called him a literary descendant of Irving. He has much of the same charm. His best known book, *Reveries of a Bachelor*, is a classic for the young, from which the following selection is taken.

RAIN IN THE GARRET

In reading this prose poem bear in mind that the author is representing an older person looking back upon the pleasures of childhood.

It is an old garret with big brown rafters; and the boards between are stained darkly with the rain-storms of fifty years. And as the sportive April shower quickens its flood, it seems as if its torrents
5 would come dashing through the shingles upon you, and upon your play. But it will not; for you know that the old roof is strong, and that it has kept you, and all that love you, for long years, from the rain

and from the cold; you know that the hardest storms of winter will only make a little oozing leak, that 10 trickles down the brown stains — like tears.

You love that old garret roof; and you nestle down under its slope with a sense of its protecting power that no castle walls can give to your maturer years. Aye, your heart clings in boyhood to the roof tree 15 of the old family garret with a grateful affection and an earnest confidence that the after years — whatever may be their successes, or their honors — can never re-create. Under the roof tree of his home the boy feels SAFE: and where in the whole 20 realm of life, with its bitter toils and its bitterer temptations, will he feel *safe* again?

But this you do not know. It seems only a grand old place, and it is capital fun to search in its corners, and drag out some bit of quaint old furniture, with 25 a leg broken, and lay a cushion across it, and fix your reins upon the lion's claws of the feet, and then — gallop away! And you offer sister Nelly a chance, if she will be good; and throw out very patronizing¹ words to little Charlie, who is mounted 30 upon a much humbler horse, — to wit, a decrepit nursery chair, — as he of right should be, since he is three years your junior.

I know no nobler forage ground for a romantic, venturesome, mischievous boy, than the garret of 35 an old family mansion on a day of storm. It is a

¹ Patronizing, "talking down," as a superior.

perfect field of chivalry. The heavy rafters, the dashing rain, the piles of spare mattresses to carouse upon, the big trunks to hide in, the old white coats
40 and hats hanging in obscure corners, like ghosts, — are great! And it is so far away from the old lady who keeps rule in the nursery, that there is no possible risk of a scolding for twisting off the fringe of the rug. There is no baby in the garret to wake up.
45 There is no “company” in the garret to be disturbed by the noise. There is no crotchety old Uncle, or Grandma, with their everlasting “Boys, boys!” and then a look of such horror!

There is great fun in groping through a tall barrel of
50 books and pamphlets, on the lookout for startling pictures; and there are chestnuts in the garret drying, which you have discovered on a ledge of the chimney; and you slide a few into your pocket, and munch them quietly, — giving now and then
55 one to Nelly, and begging her to keep silent, — for you have a great fear of its being forbidden fruit.

Old family garrets have their stock, as I said, of castaway clothes of twenty years gone by; and it is rare sport to put them on; buttoning in a pillow
60 or two for the sake of good fullness; and then to trick out Nelly in some strange shaped headgear, and old fashioned brocade petticoat caught up with pins; and in such guise¹ to steal cautiously downstairs, and creep slyly into the sitting room, — half

¹ Guise, dress, fashion.

afraid of a scolding, and very sure of good fun, — 65
trying to look very sober, and yet almost ready to
die with the laugh that you know you will make.
And your mother tries to look harshly at little Nelly
for putting on her grandmother's best bonnet; but
Nelly's laughing eyes forbid it utterly; and the 70
mother spoils all her scolding with a perfect shower
of kisses.

After this you go, marching very stately, into the
nursery, and utterly amaze the old nurse; and make
a deal of wonderment for the staring, half frightened 75
baby, who drops his rattle, and makes a bob at you
as if he would jump into your waistcoat pocket.

But you grow tired of this; you tire even of the
swing, and of the pranks of Charlie; and you glide
away into a corner with an old, dog's eared copy of 80
Robinson Crusoe. And you grow heart and soul
into the story, until you tremble for the poor fellow
with his guns behind the palisade; ¹ and are yourself
half dead with fright when you peep cautiously
over the hill with your glass, and see the cannibals 85
at their orgies ² around the fire.

Yet, after all, you think the old fellow must have
had a capital time with a whole island to himself;
and you think you would like such a time yourself;
if only Nelly and Charlie could be there with you. 90
But this thought does not come till afterward; for

¹ Palisade, a defense made of upright stakes.

² Orgies, wild feasts.

the time you are nothing but Crusoe; you are living in his cave with Poll the parrot, and are looking out for your goats and man Friday.

95 You dream what a nice thing it would be for you to slip away some pleasant morning, — not to York, as young Crusoe did, but to New York, — and take passage as a sailor; and how, if they knew you were going, there would be such a world of good byes; 100 and how, if they did not know it, there would be such a world of wonder!

And then the sailor's dress would be altogether such a jaunty affair; and it would be such rare sport to lie off upon the yards far aloft, as you have seen 105 sailors in pictures, looking out upon the blue and tumbling sea. No thought now, in your boyish dreams, of sleety storms, and cables stiffened with ice, and crashing spars, and great icebergs towering fearfully around you!

110 You would have better luck than even Crusoe; you would save a compass, and a Bible, and stores of hatchets, and the captain's dog, and great puncheons¹ of sweetmeats (which Crusoe altogether overlooked): and you would save a tent or two, which you 115 could set up on the shore, and an American flag, and a small piece of cannon, which you could fire as often as you liked. At night you would sleep in a tree, — though you wonder how Crusoe did it, — and would say the prayers you had been taught to say at

¹ Puncheons, casks.

home, and fall to sleep; dreaming of Nelly and 120 Charlie.

At sunrise, or thereabouts, you would come down, feeling very much refreshed; and make a very nice breakfast off of smoked herring and sea bread, with a little currant jam, and a few oranges. After this 125 you would haul ashore a chest or two of the sailors' clothes, and, putting a few large jackknives in your pocket, would take a stroll over the island, and dig a cave somewhere, and roll in a cask or two of sea bread. And you fancy yourself growing, after a 130 time, very tall and corpulent,¹ and wearing a magnificent goatskin cap trimmed with green ribbons, and set off with a plume. You think you would have put a few more guns in the palisade than Crusoe did, and charged them with a little more grape.² 135

After a long while you fancy a ship would arrive which would carry you back; and you count upon very great surprise on the part of your father and little Nelly, as you march up to the door of the old family mansion, with plenty of gold in your pocket, 140 and a small bag of cocoanuts for Charlie, and with a great deal of pleasant talk about your island far away in the South Seas.

Or perhaps it is not Crusoe at all, that your eyes and your heart cling to, but only some little story 145 about Paul and Virginia,³—that dear little Virginia!

¹ Corpulent, stout, fat.

² Grape, shot.

³ Paul and Virginia, a famous old romance.

how many tears have been shed over her — not in garrets only, or by boys only!

You would have liked Virginia, you know you would; but you perfectly hate the beldame¹ aunt who sent for her to come to France; you think she must have been like the old schoolmistress, who occasionally boxes your ears with the cover of the spelling book, or makes you wear one of the girls' bonnets, that smells strongly of pasteboard and calico.

As for black Domingue,² you think he was a capital old fellow; and you think more of him and his bananas than you do of the bursting, throbbing heart of poor Paul. As yet Dream life does not take hold on love. A little maturity of heart is wanted to make up what the poets call sensibility. If love should come to be a dangerous, chivalric matter, as in the case of Helen Mar and Wallace, you can very easily conceive of it, and can take hold of all the little accessories of male costume and embroidering of banners; but as for pure sentiment, such as lies in the sweet story of Bernardin de St. Pierre,³ it is quite beyond you.

The rich, soft nights, in which one might doze in his hammock, watching the play of the silvery moonbeams upon the orange leaves and upon the waves,

¹ Beldame, an old hag, cross and ugly.

² Domingue, a character in *Paul and Virginia*.

³ Bernardin de St. Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*, from which the above named characters are taken.

you can understand; and you fall to dreaming of that lovely Isle of France, and wondering if Virginia did not perhaps leave some relations on the island, 175 who raise pineapples, and such sort of things still.

And so with your head upon your hand in your quiet garret corner, over some beguiling story, your thought leads away from the book into your own dreamy cruise over the sea of life. 180

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

If you ever played in a garret, write about it.

If you have not read the story of *Paul and Virginia*, get it and read it.

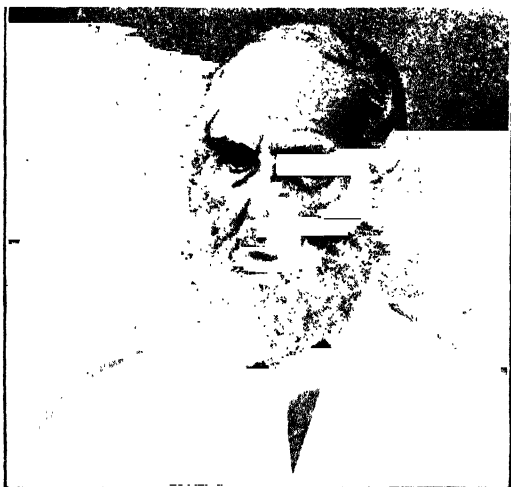
Can you tell wherein is the charm of this sketch?

Is it in the simple language, or in the intimate way the author talks to his readers, or in the pictures he draws? Describe the different pictures. Point out the one that you like best.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(1807-1892)

Whittier, the Quaker poet of New England, shares with Longfellow the highest popularity among the



great average reading public of America. Not a great poet in the sense in which Shakespeare and Tennyson are great poets, but a poet of the heart,

of the finest feeling and of keen insight; a poet who is read by those who really love poetry. Such a poet, possibly, as Longfellow, another one of somewhat the same sort, had in mind in his verses:

“Read from some humbler poet,
Whose words gush from his heart,
As rain from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.”

Whittier was born and brought up on a New England farm, and received his schooling at a common country school, such as he himself has described in different poems, and at a New England academy. He early took up newspaper work, and during the exciting days preceding the Civil War he was an intense antislavery advocate, upon which topic he wrote many poems. But his best poems are his less tumultuous ones, such as *Snow Bound*, and poems relating to the earlier history of the country.

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA

1675

The following poem gives an especially pleasing view of the better side of the American Indian.

Raze these long blocks of brick and stone,
These huge mill monsters overgrown;
Blot out the humbler piles as well,

- Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell
5 The weaving genii of the bell;
Tear from the wild Cocheco's ¹ track
The dams that hold its torrents back;
And let the loud-rejoicing fall
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;
10 And let the Indian's paddle play
On the unbridged Piscataqua! ²
Wide over hill and valley spread
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
With here and there a clearing cut
15 From walled shadows round it shut;
Each with its farmhouse builded rude,
By English yeoman ³ squared and hewed,
And the grim, flankered ⁴ blockhouse bound
With bristling palisades ⁵ around.
- 20 So, haply shall before thine eyes
The dusty veil of centuries rise,
The old, strange scenery overlay
The tamer pictures of today,
While, like the actors in a play,
25 Pass in their ancient guise ⁶ along
The figures of my border song:

¹ Cocheco, a river in New Hampshire.

² Piscataqua, a river in New Hampshire.

³ Yeoman, rustic, farmer.

⁴ Flankered, having fortified defenses on the sides or flanks.

⁵ Palisades, sharpened stakes.

⁶ Guise, appearance.

What time beside Cocheco's flood
The white man and the red man stood,
With words of peace and brotherhood;
When passed the sacred calumet ¹ 30
From lip to lip with fire draught ² wet,
And, puffed in scorn, the peacepipe's smoke
Through the gray beard of Waldron ³ broke;
And Squando's ⁴ voice, in suppliant plea
For mercy, struck the haughty key 35
Of one who held, in any fate,
His native pride inviolate! ⁵

"Let your ears be opened wide!
He who speaks has never lied.
Waldron of Piscataqua, 40
Hear what Squando has to say!

"Squando shuts his eyes and sees
Far off, Saco's ⁶ hemlock trees.
In his wigwam, still as stone,
Sits a woman all alone, 45

"Wampum beads and birchen strands
Dropping from her careless hands,

¹ Calumet, peacepipe.

² Fire draught, drink of fire water, alcoholic liquor.

³ Waldron, an English governor.

⁴ Squando, a noted Indian chief.

⁵ Inviolable, uninjured.

⁶ Saco, a town and a river in Maine.

Listening ever for the fleet
Patter of a dead child's feet !

50 "When the moon a year ago
Told the flowers the time to blow,
In that lonely wigwam smiled
4 Menewee, our little child.

55 "Ere that moon grew thin and old,
He was lying stiff and cold ;
Sent before us, weak and small,
When the Master did not call !

60 "On his little grave I lay ;
Three times went and came the day ;
Thrice above me blazed the noon,
Thrice above me wept the moon.

65 "In the third night-watch I heard,
Far and low, a spirit bird ;
Very mournful, very wild,
Sang the totem ¹ of my child.

 "Menewee, poor Menewee,
Walks a path he cannot see :
Let the white man's wigwam light
With its blaze his steps aright.

70 "All uncalled, he dares not show
Empty hands to Manito : ²

¹ Totem, guardian spirit.

² Manito, an Indian deity.

Better gifts he cannot bear
Than the scalps his slayers wear.'

"All the while the totem sang
Lightning blazed and thunder rang; 75
And a black cloud, reaching high,
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

"I, the medicine man,¹ whose ear
All that spirits hear can hear, —
I, whose eyes are wide to see 80
All the things that are to be, —

"Well I knew the dreadful signs
In the whispers of the pines,
In the river roaring loud,
In the mutter of the cloud. 85

"At the breaking of the day,
From the grave I passed away;
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.

"There is rust on Squando's knife, 90
From the warm, red springs of life;
On the funeral hemlock trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

¹ **Medicine man**, a sort of wizard of great influence among the Indians.

“Blood for blood ! But evermore
95 Squando’s heart is sad and sore ;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come !

“Waldron of Cocheco, hear !
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear ;
100 Take the captives he has ta’en ;
Let the land have peace again !”

As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung ;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
105 Right and left, like Egypt’s wave.¹

And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet-charméd sea,
Captive mother, wife, and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

110 One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
115 On the little maiden’s head,

¹ **Egypt’s wave**, the Nile river which in the Bible story parted to allow the children of Israel to pass.

Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

“Gift or favor ask I none;
What I have is all my own:
Never yet the birds have sung, 120
‘Squando hath a beggar’s tongue.’

“Yet for her who waits at home,
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee! 125

“Mishanock, my little star!
Come to Saco’s pines afar;
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come!”

“What!” quoth Waldron, “leave a child 130
Christian born to heathens wild?
As God lives, from Satan’s hand
I will pluck her as a brand!”

“Hear me, white man!” Squando cried;
“Let the little one decide. 135
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me or stay?”

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,
Half regretfully, the maid

140 Owned the ties of blood and race, —
 Turned from Squando's pleading face.

 Not a word the Indian spoke,
 But his wampum chain he broke,
 And the beaded wonder hung
145 On that neck so fair and young.

 Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
 In the marches of a dream,
 Single filed, the grim array
 Through the pine-trees wound away.

150 Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,
 Through her tears the young child gazed.
 "God preserve her!" Waldron said;
 "Satan hath bewitched the maid!"

 Years went and came. At close of day
155 Singing came a child from play,
 Tossing from her loose-locked head ¹
 Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

 Pride was in the mother's look,
 But her head she gravely shook,
160 And with lips that fondly smiled
 Feigned to chide her truant child.

 Unabashed, the maid began:
 "Up and down the brook I ran,

¹ Loose-locked, with hair flying loose.

Where, beneath the bank so steep,
Lie the spotted trout asleep. 165

“‘Chip!’ went squirrel on the wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the catbird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me.

“Where the hemlocks grew so dark 170
That I stopped to look and hark,
On a log, with feather hat,
By the path, an Indian sat.

“Then I cried, and ran away;
But he called, and bade me stay; 175
And his voice was good and mild
As my mother’s to her child.

“And he took my wampum chain,
Looked and looked it o’er again;
Gave me berries, and besides, 180
On my neck a plaything tied.”

Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian’s gift might be,
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo! a cross of silver swung. 185

Well she knew its graven sign,
Squando’s bird and totem pine;

And, a mirage of the brain,
Flowed her childhood back again.

190 Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
 Into space the walls outgrew;
 On the Indian's wigwam mat,
 Blossom crowned, again she sat.

195 Cool she felt the west wind blow,
 In her ear the pines sang low,
 And, like links from out a chain,
 Dropped the years of care and pain.

200 From the outward toil and din,
 From the griefs that gnaw within,
 To the freedom of the woods
 Called the birds, and winds, and floods.

205 Well, O painful minister!
 Watch thy flock, but blame not **her**,
 If her ear grew sharp to hear
 All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
All the desert's glamour stole,
That a tear for childhood's loss
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

210 When, that night, the Book was read,
 And she bowed her widowed head,

And a prayer for each loved name
Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,

Lo ! another name was given :

215

“Father, give the Indian rest !

Bless him ! for his love has blest !”

J. G. WHITTIER.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

The twenty-six introductory lines carry us back from the busy mill town on the river to the same scene before the white man had turned it to his use.

What is meant by “mill monsters”? (Line 2.)

What is the meaning of lines 4 and 5?

Why unbridged? (Line 11.)

Observe the picturesqueness of Squando's story. He talks as if in a reverie he sees the picture again.

What is the meaning of lines 105-107? See Exodus, chapter xiv.

What was Squando's story? Why had he taken the child? What did he ask? Who decided? What is the meaning of the last three stanzas?

KATHLEEN

Kathleen belongs to the general class of ballad poetry. It is a story so told that it could be sung.

This ballad was originally published in Whittier's prose work *Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal*, as the song of a wandering Milesian schoolmaster.

O Norah, lay your basket down,
And rest your weary hand,
And come and hear me sing a song
Of our old Ireland.

5 There was a lord of Galaway,
A mighty lord was he;
And he did wed a second wife,
A maid of low degree.

But he was old, and she was young,
10 And so, in evil spite,
She baked the black bread for his kin,
And fed her own with white.

She whipped the maids and starved the kern,¹
And drove away the poor;
15 "Ah, woe is me!" the old lord said,
"I rue my bargain sore!"

This lord he had a daughter fair,
Beloved of old and young,

¹ Kern, tramps.

And nightly round the shealing fires ¹
Of her the gleeman ² sung. 20

“As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall;”
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

“Oh, come to me, my daughter dear! 25
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother’s own I see!”

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair; 30
“It is my darling Mary’s brow,
It is my darling’s hair!”

Oh, then spake up the angry dame,
“Get up, get up,” quoth she,
“I’ll sell ye over Ireland, 35
I’ll sell ye o’er the sea!”

She clipped her glossy hair away,
That none her rank might know,
She took away her gown of silk,
And gave her one of tow, 40

¹ Shealing fires, cottage fires.

² Gleeman, minstrel.

And sent her down to Limerick town,
And to a seaman sold
This daughter of an Irish lord
For ten good pounds in gold.

45 The lord he smôte upon his breast,
And tore his beard so gray;
But he was old, and she was young,
And so she had her way.

Sure that same night the Banshee¹ howled
50 To fright the evil dame,
And fairy folk, who loved Kathleen,
With funeral torches came.

She watched them glancing through the trees,
And glimmering down the hill;
55 They crept before the dead-vault door,
And there they all stood still!

"Get up, old man! the wake lights² shine!"
"Ye murdering witch," quoth he,
"So I'm rid of your tongue, I little care
60 If they shine for you or me."

"Oh, whoso brings my daughter back
My gold and land shall have!"
Oh, then spake up his handsome page,
"No gold nor land I crave!"

¹ Banshee, a warning spirit. ² Wake lights, lights for the dead.

“But give to me your daughter dear,
Give sweet Kathleen to me,
Be she on sea or be she on land,
I’ll bring her back to thee.” 65

“My daughter is a lady born,
And you of low degree,
But she shall be your bride the day
You bring her back to me.” 70

He sailéd east, he sailéd west,
And far and long sailed he,
Until he came to Boston town,
Across the great salt sea. 75

“Oh, have you seen the young Kathleen,
The flower of Ireland?
Ye’ll know her by her eyes so blue,
And by her snow white hand!” 80

Out spake an ancient man: “I know
The maiden whom ye mean;
I bought her of a Limerick man,¹
And she is called Kathleen.

“No skill hath she in household work,
Her hands are soft and white,
Yet by her loving looks and ways
She doth her cost requite.” 85

¹ In the early days of the American colonies slavery was common, many of the slaves being white.

90 So up they walked through Boston town,
 And met a maiden fair,
 A little basket on her arm
 So snowy white and bare.

 "Come hither, child, and say hast thou
 This young man ever seen?"
95 They wept within each other's arms,
 The page and young Kathleen.

 "Oh, give to me this darling child,
 And take my purse of gold."
 "Nay, not by me," her master said,
100 "Shall sweet Kathleen be sold.

 "We loved her in the place of one
 The Lord hath early ta'en;
 But, since her heart's in Ireland,
 We give her back again!"

105 Oh, for that same the saints in heaven
 For his poor soul shall pray,
 And Mary Mother wash with tears
 His heresies away.

 Sure now they dwell in Ireland;
110 As you go up Claremore
 Ye'll see their castle looking down
 The pleasant Galway shore.

And the old lord's wife is dead and gone,
And a happy man is he,
For he sits beside his own Kathleen, 115
With her darling on his knee.

J. G. WHITTIER.

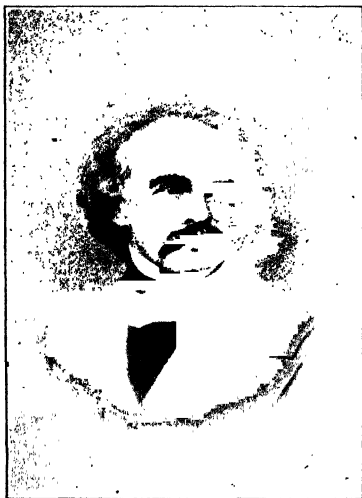
QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

- Why was Kathleen sold ?
- How was she recovered ?
- Is this a "good yarn"? Why?
- Which do you like better, this or *MacDonald's Raid*, by Paul H. Hayne? (Page 183.) Why?
- Which has the swifter movement? Which has the more thrilling story?
- Do you think the kind of meter used in each suited to the story told? Could they be interchanged without injury?

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

(1809-1864)

Nathaniel Hawthorne stands beyond question the greatest of American novelists. A Puritan with a



Puritan conscience, he was able to understand the feelings of others who were conscience troubled, to an extraordinary degree. Besides this, he possessed the most delicate sensibilities and the finest taste in language. His great novels, *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*, are likely to be classics of the English language long after more popular works have been

forgotten. His short stories are among the permanent treasures of our literature.

Hawthorne was a New Englander of the New

Englanders, his earliest American ancestors having settled in Boston in 1630. His great grandfather and his father were both sea captains, men of rigid and bold natures, but Nathaniel was their exact opposite; of most delicate refinement, sensitive to the point of extreme bashfulness, shunning crowds where he could be recognized, he lived a life of comparative seclusion. He was a singularly attractive man, however, and has been described as the *Athletic Apollo*, yet he tended to melancholy, and had to be continually encouraged by judicious friends to keep him writing.

FEATHERTOP; A MORALIZED LEGEND

This story is one of Hawthorne's few attempts at satire, and in it he is entirely successful. He makes use of the belief in witchcraft, which was almost universal in the early days of this country. It is estimated that during a single century, from 1550 to 1650, more than a million people were put to death as witches in England and continental Europe. Even in this country a few were executed.

"Dickon,"¹ cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stopping to light it at the hearth, where indeed there was no appear-

¹ Dickon, an invisible spirit who waited upon the witch.

ance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the
10 pipe, and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came, and how brought thither by an invisible hand, I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her
15 head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise), in order to set about making
20 a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little green, rolled up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was deter-
25 mined, therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning
30 and potent witches in New England, and might, with very little trouble, have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humor, and was further dulcified¹

¹ Dulcified, sweetened.

by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce³⁵ something fine, beautiful, and splendid, rather than hideous and horrible.

It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would⁴⁰ allow. Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition¹ of this figure.

The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick, on⁴⁵ which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column, or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby,² before⁵⁰ his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistin-⁵⁵guished and miscellaneous³ stick from the wood-pile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporeity⁴ of the scarecrow, with the exception of its⁶⁰

¹ Composition, make up

² Goodman Rigby, the husband of Mother or Goodie Rigby.

³ Miscellaneous, of any sort, common.

⁴ Corporeity, body.

head; and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shriveled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes, and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish colored knob in the
65 middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head as well as my scare-
70 crow." ^a

But the clothes, in this case, were to be the making of the man. So the good woman took down from a peg an ancient plum colored coat of London make, and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs,
75 pocket flaps, and buttonholes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole, whence either a star of nobility had been rent away, or else the hot heart of some
80 former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's ¹ wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance
85 at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but

¹ **Black Man**, the devil.

which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches, 90 once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand.¹ The Frenchman had given these smallclothes to an Indian powwow,² who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of 95 strong waters, at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miser- 100 ably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster. Then the old dame stood the 105 figure up in a corner of her cottage and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance³ of a visage,⁴ with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strange self satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!" 110

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch; but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by 115

¹ Louis le Grand, French Emperor.

² Powwow, an Indian conjurer.

³ Semblance, likeness.

⁴ Visage, face.

the bye, I'll just fill a pipe of fresh tobacco, and then take him out to the corn patch."

"Dickon," cried she, sharply, "another coal for my pipe!"

120 "That puppet yonder," thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, "is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn patch, frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced
125 with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?"

130 "I'll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake!"

While muttering these words, Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the
135 pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

"Puff, darling, puff!" said she. "Puff away, my fine fellow! your life depends on it!"

Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity;¹ and, keeping this fact duly before our
140 minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility² in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over, if we can
* only bring ourselves to believe that, as soon as the

¹ Dexterity, skill.

² Credibility, what may be believed.

old dame bade him puff, there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest 145 of whiffs, to be sure; but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest 150 smile. "It is the breath of life to ye; and that you may take my word for."

Beyond all question the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely glowing coal that so mysteriously 155 burned on top of it, or in the pungently aromatic¹ smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There 160 it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort; for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage.

The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, 165 and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm worked well. The shriveled yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin, fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it; some- 170 times vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible

¹ Pungently aromatic, having a strong pleasant fragrance.

than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life, such as we impart to ill defined shapes among the
175 clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

“Well puffed, my pretty lad!” still cried old Mother Rigby. “Come, another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life,
180 I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart; if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it. Well done, again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it!”

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow,
185 throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

“Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?” said
190 she. “Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!”

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother’s knee, and which had established its place among things credible before
195 my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby’s word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the
200 figure made a step forward — a kind of hitch and

jerk, however, rather than a step — then tottered and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy 205 of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood, and musty straw, and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood — poor con- 210 trivance that it was! — with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude¹ about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous,² faded, tattered, good for nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its 215 own unworthiness to be erect.

“Puff away, wretch!” cried she, wrathfully. “Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name 220 vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from.”

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had 225 nothing for it but to puff away for dear life.

At last the old witch clenched her fist and shook it at the figure.

¹ Similitude, likeness.

² Incongruous, badly assorted.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly.
230 "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated¹ with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether
235 it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak; but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried
240 Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha!² Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them
245 a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith), thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill
250 stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one," answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like
255 thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the

¹ Incorporated, mingled with, as a part. ² Quotha, forsooth.

boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world; and I've made them of all sorts 260 — clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea foam, and chimney smoke. But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart." 265

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat as if thou really hadst one!" 270

So now, in high good humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. 275 And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she 280 had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to her forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss 285

me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage towards a fair start in life, this
290 excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, an elder of the church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who stood at the head of society in the neighboring
295 metropolis.¹ The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands
300 for thee, when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to
305 the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgiting all through her system, with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark
310 ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside

¹ Metropolis, chief city.

and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's heart. Never doubt it! I tell thee it 315 shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Cookin is thine own!"

320

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and 325 proceeded to replenish¹ it from her tobacco box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe!"

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe bowl; and the 330 scarecrow, without waiting for bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive² whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.³

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother 335 Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest nought besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud; and tell the people, if any question 340

¹ Replenish, fill again.

² Convulsive, irregular, uneven.

³ Equable, even.

be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and (first filling thyself with smoke),
345 cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered
350 cloths, and a bag of straw, and a withered pumpkin! Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother!" said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of
355 smoke. "I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!"

"Oh, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said. 'If an honest man and a gentleman may!'
360 Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow; and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain, and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs.
365 I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did not I make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here; take thy staff along with thee!"

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick,

immediately took the aspect of a gold headed 370 cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious 375 one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call Feathertop, — so be Feathertop thy 380 name!"

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighboring town was just at its acme¹ 385 of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the sidewalk. His port² as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly embroidered plum colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet magnificently adorned 390 with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke,³ so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been a sacrilege to disorder it with a hat; which, therefore 395 (and it was a gold laced hat, set off with a snowy

¹ **Acme**, highest point.

² **Port**, manner, presence.

³ **Peruke**, wig with a "pigtail."

feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the
400 fine gentlemen of the period; and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist, of a most ethereal¹ delicacy, sufficiently avouching² how idle and aristocratic^b must be the hands which they half concealed.

405 It was a remarkable point in the accouterment³ of this brilliant personage, that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe, with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces,
410 and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which, after being retained a moment in his lungs, might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

415 "It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion house of the worshipful
420 Justice, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door, and knocked. In the interim,⁴ before his summons was answered, the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

¹ **Ethereal**, airy.

² **Avouching**, asserting.

³ **Accouterment**, furnishing.

⁴ **Interim**, meanwhile.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators. 425

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his lordship looks all of a sudden. Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, 430 which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! Dim and faded did you call him? Why, as he turned about the 435 star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is, indeed," said his companion; "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peeping at it out of the chamber window."

Polly was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with 440 light hair and blue eyes, and a fair, rosy face, which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the glistening stranger while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her 445 finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability rather than her will if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and, when she thus 450 tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlor door, accompanied with
455 the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

460 Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the Chevalier Feathertop, — nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop, — who has brought
465 me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves."

Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street; but there was a
470 constraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life, had given some pledge or other to the evil principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

475 It so happened that the parlor door was partly of glass, shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop
480 that after quitting the room he could by no means refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain.

But there was nothing miraculous to be seen; nothing — except the trifles previously noticed — to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing¹ the pretty Polly. 485

The pair were now promenading the room; Feathertop with his dainty stride and no less dainty grimace;² the girl with a native maidenly grace, just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner, which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her 490 companion.

By and by Feathertop paused, and, throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his 495 buckles, glowed at that instant with unutterable splendor; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of coloring; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening³ the perfect witchery of well ordered manners. The maiden 500 raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance toward the full 505 length looking glass in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates in

¹ **Environing**, surrounding.

² **Grimace** (grim-*âce*), face made up, forced smile.

³ **Betokening**, showing.

the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than
510 she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feathertop had likewise looked towards the mirror, and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but
515 a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition, stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum!¹ We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in
520 the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

525 "Ha!" thought the old witch, "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of the grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop! His pipe was still alight; the
530 star still flamed upon his breast; the embroidery still glowed upon his garments; nor had he lost, in any degree or manner that could be estimated,² the aspect that assimilated³ him with our mortal

¹ Simulacrum, image, make believe.

² Estimated, measured, determined by thought.

³ Assimilated, joined as one of them.

brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when 535 once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffing hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends 540 to torment him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop, despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked 545 Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having!" 550

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feather-top; "the girl was half won; and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added, after a brief pause and then a howl of self contempt, "I've seen myself, 555 mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am! I'll exist no longer!"

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw 560 and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding¹

¹ Protruding, sticking out.

from the heap, and a shriveled pumpkin in the midst. The eyeholes were now lusterless; but the rudely carved gap, that just before had been a
565 mouth, still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

“Poor fellow!” quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill fated contrivance.

“My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are
570 thousands upon thousands of coxcombs¹ and charlatans² in the world, made up of just such a jumble of worn out, forgotten, and good for nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should
575 my poor puppet³ be the only one to know himself and perish for it?”

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips. “Dickon!” cried she, in her high, sharp tone, “another coal for my pipe!”

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

- (a) Line 70. What does this mean?
- (b) Line 404. Why idle and aristocratic? Is there any necessary connection between them?
- (c) Line 577. What does Mother Rigby mean by this?

¹ Coxcombs, fops.

² Charlatans, tricksters.

³ Puppet, something moved and controlled by another.

Just what is Hawthorne satirizing in this story?

Has Hawthorne succeeded in making his story of an impossible creature interesting to those who do not believe in witches?

What are the three most important moments in the movement of the story?

Does the very first sentence seize your attention better than a description of the witch?

How far do "clothes make the man"?

Do you know any "tailor-made men"?

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP

In reading this sketch try to imagine yourself a town pump, giving water to those needing it and making observations on the different thirsty visitors, and other things.

(SCENE — THE CORNER OF TWO PRINCIPAL STREETS.¹ THE TOWN PUMP TALKING THROUGH ITS NOSE.)

Noon, by the North clock! Noon, by the East! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains,

¹ Essex and Washington streets, Salem, Massachusetts, where Hawthorne lived.

for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity,¹ upon the Town Pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper; without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating² public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality,³ and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy⁴ with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the

¹ In perpetuity, for all time.

² Promulgating, making known. It was common to tack public notices on the pump.

³ Municipality, town or city.

⁴ Constancy, faithfulness.

parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, 35 in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice: "Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen; walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam¹ — better than 40 Cognac,² Hollands,³ Jamaica,⁴ strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen; walk up, and help yourselves!"

It ~~were~~ a pity if all this outcry should draw no 45 customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat.

You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there 50 as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles today; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, 55 you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jellyfish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last

¹ Water is often called "Adam's Ale."

² Cognac, brandy.

³ Hollands, gin.

⁴ Jamaica, rum.

60 night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

Welcome, most rubicund¹ sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the
65 fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam in the miniature tophet² which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of
70 an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dramshop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Goodby; and, whenever you
75 are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next? Oh, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and drown the memory of certain
80 taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now!

85 There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who

¹ Rubicund, ruddy, red faced.

² Tophet, a place defiled by burning sacrifice to heathen gods.

treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for 90 people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir — no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but, when your great toe shall set you aroaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation¹ of the 95 gout,² it is all one to the Town Pump.

This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your 100 worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences.³ 105

In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as 110 precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores⁴ drank of it from time immemorial, till the

¹ Titillation, tickling.

² Gout, a painful disease, supposed to be commonly caused by high living, especially by drinking inflaming liquors.

³ Reminiscences, recollections.

⁴ Sagamores, chiefs.

fatal deluge of the fire water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott¹ and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop,² after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson³ here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town born child. For many years it was the watering place, and, as it were, the washbowl of the vicinity — whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages and gaze at them afterwards — at least the pretty maidens did — in the mirror which it made.

On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain.

Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon

¹ Endicott, an early governor of Massachusetts Colony.

² Governor Winthrop, another governor of the colony.

³ Higginson, an early settler of note, a minister of the gospel, and the founder of a famous family.

its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the 140 hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birth-place of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first 145 decayed, another took its place — and then another, and still another — till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore 150 beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long lost fountain is now known and prized 155 again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your father's days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of 160 water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke-oxen, who have come from Topsfield,¹ or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the water- 165 mark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious

¹ **Topsfield**, a small town not far from Salem.

stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes
170 around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel.
An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I
175 insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious¹ merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all important aid on washing days;
180 though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind
185 you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible² town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it
190 worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of patience is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the

¹ Multifarious, numerous and varied.

² Combustible, easily burned.

days of Hippocrates.¹ Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind: 195

No; these are trifles compared with the merits which wise men concede to me — if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class — of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that 200 shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The Town Pump and the Cow! Such 205 is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally, monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. 210

Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do 215 not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be 220 extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow

¹ Hippocrates, a famous physician of Greece.

cold, and war — the drunkenness of nations — perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep
225 of peaceful joy, — a calm bliss of temperate affections, — shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow
230 the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till
235 now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have
240 been regenerated¹ by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a
245 marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen, for something very important is to come next.

¹ Regenerated, born again, made over new.

There are two or three honest friends of mine — 250
 and true friends, I know, they are — who nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity¹ in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, 255
 let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be not other- 260
 wise exemplified than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and woefully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage — and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives — you cannot choose a 265
 better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold² disquietudes³ of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out 270
 that soul, it is to cool earth's fever or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large 275

¹ Pugnacity, disposition to fight.

² Manifold, of many sorts.

³ Disquietudes, disturbances.

stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel¹ did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your
280 sweet image in the pitcher as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink — “SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!”

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

This sketch represents the pump as talking. Would it have been as effective if it had been written as a direct description of the pump by the author?

This sketch is an excellent temperance lesson. Is this because of any argument, or by reason of the feelings it rouses?

Do you think it a good sketch?

Why? Point out its attractive features.

Which characters appear to you most vividly drawn?

What does the pump say his duties are? (Lines 10-34.)

To what different people does he address his remarks? (Lines 49, 62, 77, 85, 100.)

Repeat the history of the pump.

¹ Rachel, the wife of the patriarch, Jacob. The author doubtless has in mind Rebekah, Jacob's mother, who was met getting water at a well. See page 409.

What is the meaning of lines 172-232 ? (Lines 250-272.)

Write the imaginary remarks of some public institution, as a church bell, a street car, a telephone.

PAUL H. HAYNE

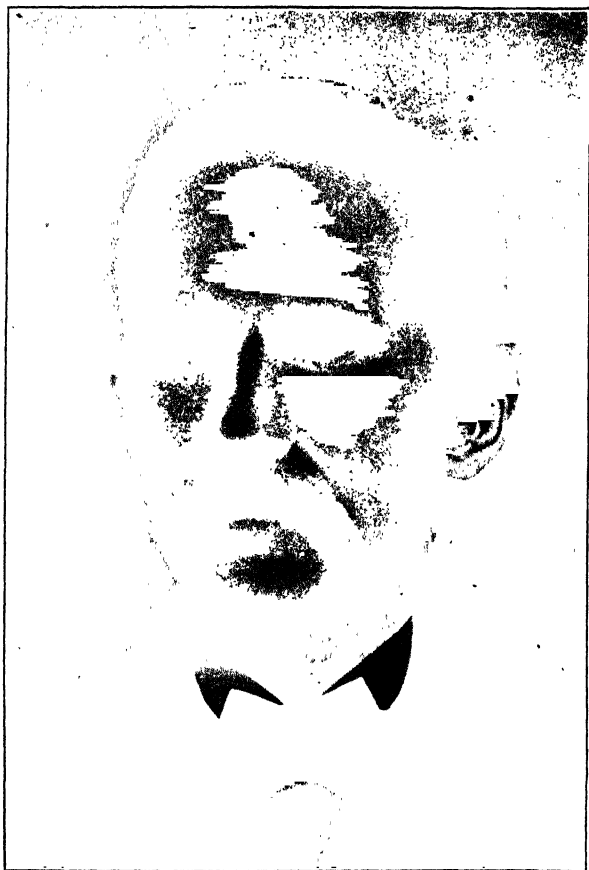
(1830-1886)

Hayne is called the Laureate of the South. He is its most popular poet, with the exception of Poe. He was a native of South Carolina, but he spent much of his life in Georgia. His poems have the charm and lilt and sensuous qualities of the Elizabethan poets.

MACDONALD'S RAID

This poem illustrates well the stormy times upon the border between Scotland and England, before the two countries were united.

I remember it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When MacDonald arose, and unsheathing his blade, 5
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot
for a raid.
Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!"



We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
10 To our finger tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men and no more.

"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as
fourscore,
If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and
bold steed.
Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle bits ring, 15
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with
the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; MacDonald's tall form
Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on Ben Lomond¹ hang heavy and
stark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the
dark; 20
His left hand on his sword belt, his right lifted
free,
With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the
knee,
His lithe Arab² was off like an eagle on wing —
"Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with
the King!"

"Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent
pride 25
Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and
wide,

¹ Ben Lomond, a mountain of Scotland.

² Arab, Arabian horse.

The big Britons, oblivious¹ of warfare and arms,
A soft dolce² were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms,
When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiend-ridden
rout,
30 With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing
without,
Over which, like the blast of ten trumpeters, ring,
“Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the
King!”

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof stroke, and
shout,
That the foemen made straight for their inmost
redoubt,³
35 And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth
they,
“Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us today.
Are the works, think you, strong? O heaven, what
a din!
’Tis the front wall besieged — have the rebels
rushed in?
It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
40 Of ‘death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!’”

Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we
sped,
And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red;

¹ Oblivious, forgetful.

² Dolce (dōl-che), comfort, peace.

³ Redoubt, defense.

And the ground here and there by an ominous stain
Showed how the stark¹ soldier beside it was slain :
A fat sergeant major, who yawed like a goose, 45
With his waddling bow legs, and his trappings all
loose,
By one back-handed blow the MacDonald cuts
down,
To the shoulder blade, cleaving him sheer through
the crown,
And the last words that greet his dim consciousness
ring
With "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with
the King!" 50

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left
Whose heart was unpierced, or whose headpiece
uncleft,
What should we do next, but — as careless and calm
As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm
'Mid a land of pure peace — just serenely drop down 55
On a few constant friends who still stopped in the
town.
What a welcome they gave us! One dear little
thing, —
As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the King?

Of the King or his minions? No; war and its scars
Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars² 60

¹ Stark, dead.

² Mars, god of war.

From a love-girdled earth; but, alack! on our
bliss,
On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on
kiss,
Broke the rude bruit¹ of battle, the rush thick and
fast
Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash ruse at last;
65 So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we fling
The old watch words abroad, "Down with the Red-
coats and King."

As we scampered pell mell o'er the hard beaten track
We had traversed² that morn, we glanced momentarily
back,
And beheld their long earthworks all compassed in
flame;
70 With a vile plunge and hiss, the huge musket balls
came,
And the soil was plowed up, and the space 'twixt
the trees
Seemed to hum with the war song of Brobdingnag³
bees;
Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with
the King!"

¹ **Bruit**, sound, noise.

² **Traversed**, passed over.

³ **Brobdingnag**, an imaginary land of *Gulliver's Travels*, where all its people were huge giants, and all the animals correspondingly large.

Ah! that was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men 75
Like you weaklings today durst cope with us then?
Though I say it who should not, I am ready to vow
I'd o'ermatch a half score of your fops even now —
The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down,
Through the whole wasted day, the thronged streets
of the town: 80
Why, their dainty white necks 'twere but pastime
to wring —
Ay! my muscles are firm still; I fought 'gainst the
King!

Dare you doubt it? well, give me the weightiest of
all
The sheathed sabers that hang there, uplooped on
the wall;
Hurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to my
clasp; 85
Do you see, with one hand how I poise it and grasp
The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long hissing
sweep
I have smitten full many a foeman with sleep —
That forlorn, final sleep! What memories cling
To those gallant old times when we fought 'gainst
the King! 90

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What did the Scotchmen do ? (Lines 24-50.)

How did they escape ? (Lines 65-74.)

Why is this poem a "good yarn" ?

What seem to you its best points ?

Does it move swiftly ?

How many accented syllables are there in a line ?

Which are they ?

Does this arrangement affect the "movement" of the poem ?

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

(1856-)

A poet and the son of a poet, William H. Hayne, lives in Augusta, Georgia, admired and beloved both for his poetic gifts and for his personal charm.

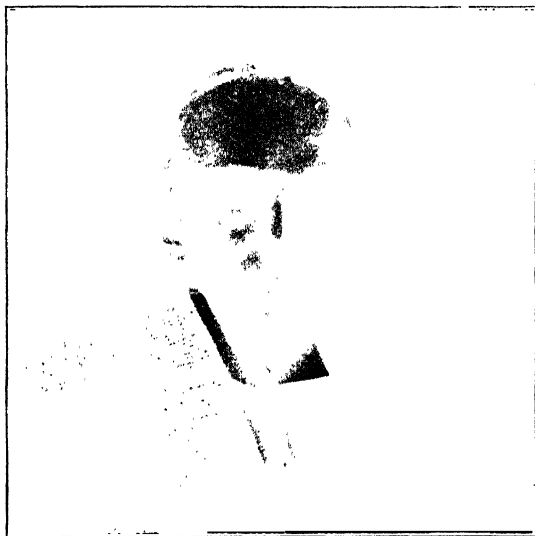
His especial poetic quality is lyrical, as was his father's. In his lyrics he shows both inherited powers and perfected art.

THE SCREECH-OWL

I

He loves the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night !

When the sun's latest glow has fled,
Weird as a warning from the dead,



His voice comes o'er the startled rills,
And the black hollows of the hills,

As though to chant, in language fell,¹
An invocation caught from Hell!

II

He seeks the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

10

¹ Fell, gloomy.

He loves to think man's breath must pass
Like a spent wind amid the grass;

And oft the bitterest blows of Fate,
His eerie¹ cries anticipate !

15 Ah ! once he knew in realms below
The mysteries of Death and Woe ;

And in his somber wings are furled
The secrets of the underworld !

W. H. HAYNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What are the habits of the owl ?

Did you ever hear an owl hooting at night ?
(Line 5.)

Did it sound to you as the author here describes it ?

What is the meaning of the last two lines ?

Does this poem remind you at all of Poe's
"Raven" ? (Page 347.)

A CYCLONE AT SEA

A throat of thunder, a tameless heart,
And a passion malign and free ;
He is no sheik of the desert sand,
But an Arab of the sea !

¹ Eerie, wild, weird.

He sprang from the womb of some wild cloud, 5
And was born to smite and slay ;
To soar like a million hawks set free,
And swoop on his ocean prey !

He has scourged the Sea 'til her mighty breast
Responds to his heart's fierce beat, 10
And has torn brave souls from their bodies frail
To fling them at Allah's¹ feet.

Possessed by a demon's lust of life,
He revels o'er wrecks and graves,
And hurtles onward in curbless speed, — 15
Dark Bedouin of the waves.

W. H. HAYNE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Why does the poet call a cyclone an Arab?
(Line 4.)

What else does he call it? (Line 15.)

Why does he call it "dark Bedouin"?

How has it "scourged the sea"? (Line 9.)

What does line 13 mean?

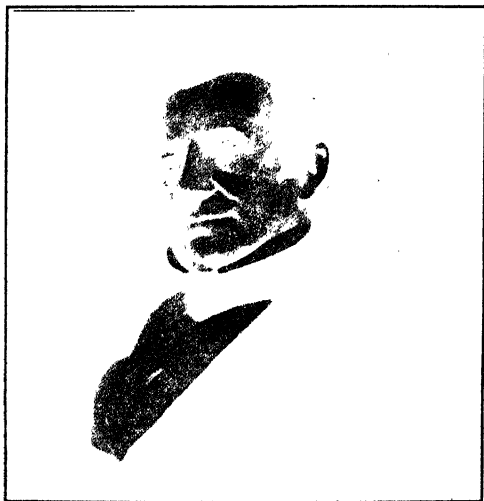
Which of these poems do you like the better?
Why ?

¹ **Allah**, the Arab's name for God.

WASHINGTON IRVING

(1783-1859)

Irving was the first American to win recognition in England as a writer. He was a native of New York and spent most of his life in New York City,



or at his final home a few miles up the Hudson River, near Sleepy Hollow.

He was associated in his early work with James K. Paulding, and other young men anxious to develop an American literature.

His earliest work of note was his humorous and somewhat satirical history of New York. His essays, including such charming and well known bits as *Rip Van Winkle*

and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, soon attracted wide attention both here and abroad. He spent much time in Europe, some of it in pursuit of literary treasures, and some in the service of his country. For four years he was Minister of the United States to Spain.

He wrote, in addition to his American sketches, many essays upon country life in England, somewhat after the manner of Addison. But it was his life in Spain that yielded the most to his ready pen. He wrote sketches and legends of the Alhambra, which are a veritable treasure to those seeking to know the legendary history of this old monument. He also wrote a *History of Granada* and a *Life of Washington*.

Irving never married, but he lived with his nieces at his charming residence at Sunnyside, near Sleepy Hollow. His place in American literature is secure.

KNICKERBOCKER'S HISTORY OF NEW YORK

The following selections from Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York* show the author in a quite unique and wholly original vein. This book is a jolly, rollicking satire, poking good natured fun at the serio-comic doings of the Dutch settlers of what is now New York City, — settlers whose good influence is still apparent in New York institutions.

The first selection gives a humorous account of the social manners and customs of the settlers on Manhattan Island.

I

HOW THE TOWN OF NEW AMSTERDAM AROSE OUT OF MUD, AND CAME TO BE MARVELOUSLY POLISHED AND POLITE — TOGETHER WITH A PICTURE OF THE MANNERS OF OUR GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHERS

I will not grieve the patience of my readers by describing minutely the increase and improvement of New Amsterdam. Their own imaginations will doubtless present to them the good burghers, like 5 so many painstaking and persevering beavers, slowly and surely pursuing their labors: they will behold the prosperous transformation¹ from the rude log hut to the stately Dutch mansion, with brick front, glazed windows, and tiled roof; from the 10 tangled thicket to the luxuriant cabbage garden; and from the skulking Indian to the ponderous² burgomaster.³ In a word, they will picture to themselves the steady, silent march of prosperity in a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a 15 fat government, and whose citizens do nothing in a hurry.

The sage council, not being able to determine

¹ Transformation, complete change.

² Ponderous, heavy.

³ Burgomaster, city councilman.

upon any plan for the building of their city, — the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and, as they went to and from 20 pasture, established paths through the bushes, on each side of which the good folks built their houses, — which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths¹ which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.^a 25

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small, black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward 30 show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor, the date of its erection was curiously designated² by iron figures on the front, and on the top of 35 the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew.

^b These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every 40 man could have a wind to his own mind: the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most

¹ Labyrinths, paths turning in many directions so as to be hard to follow.

² Designated, shown.

45 correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy,¹ and the universal test of an able
50 housewife, — a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened, except on marriages, funerals, New Year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was orna-
55 mented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished² with such religious zeal that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation.
60 The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation,³ under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious⁴ animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, —
65 insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids, —

¹ Domestic economy, household management.

² Burnished, polished.

³ Inundation, flood.

⁴ Amphibious, living in two elements, as air and water.

but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, 70 what is worse, a willful misrepresentation.

The grand parlor¹ was a sacred place where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential¹ 75 maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, — always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling 80 it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids with a broom, — after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, — the window shutters were 85 again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To 90 have seen a numerous household assembled round the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval² simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fireplaces were of a truly 95 patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white,

¹ Confidential, trusted.

² Primeval, early.

may, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege,¹ and had each a right to a corner. Here
100 the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the goede vrouw,² on the opposite side, would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings.
105 The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle³ of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a
110 string of incredible stories about New England witches, — grisly ghosts, horses without heads, — and hairbreadth escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well regulated family
115 always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably⁴ a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable⁵ signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on
120 such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse⁶ to giving dinners, yet

¹ Community of privilege, the same privileges.

² Goede vrouw, good wife.

³ Oracle, the wise speaker.

⁴ Invariably, always.

⁵ Incontestable, beyond question.

⁶ Averse, opposed.

they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable^a parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or *noblesse*,¹ that is to say, such 125 as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The 130 tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced² their dexterity³ 135 in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish — in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches 140 and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks, — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families. 145

The tea was served out of a majestic Delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and

¹ *Noblesse*, nobility. ² *Evinced*, proved. ³ *Dexterity*, skill.

150 sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies.¹ The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea kettle, which would have made the pygmy² macaronies³ of these degenerate⁴ days sweat merely to look at it.

155 To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum,⁵ until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly

160 over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth, — an ingenious expedient,⁶ which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush,⁷

165 and all our uncontaminated⁸ Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting, — no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden⁹ chattering and romping of young ones,

170 — no self satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets, nor amusing con-

¹ **Fantasies**, fancies.

² **Pygmy**, dwarf.

³ **Macaronies**, fops.

⁴ **Degenerate**, inferior to the past.

⁵ **Decorum**, good manners.

⁶ **Expedient**, plan.

⁷ Names of towns settled by the Dutch.

⁸ **Uncontaminated**, unspoiled.

⁹ **Hoyden**, rude, noisy.

ceits and monkey divertisements¹ of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen 175 stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah, Mynheer*, or *yah, yah, Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly² smoked his pipe, 180 and seemed lost in contemplation³ of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit⁴ and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman⁵ swung conspicuously on his gibbet; 185 and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin⁶ through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had 190 provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack

¹ Divertisements, amusements, tricks.

² Tranquilly, quietly.

³ Contemplation, quiet observation.

⁴ Tobit, a character in one of the books of the Bible, not regarded as authentic and not found in the commoner editions.

⁵ Haman, a character in the Book of Esther.

⁶ Harlequin, a clown.

195 at the door; which, as it was an established piece
of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty
of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor
should it at the present: if our great grandfathers
approved of the custom, it would argue a great
200 want of deference in their descendants to say a word
against it.

II

CONTAINING FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE
GOLDEN AGE, AND WHAT CONSTITUTED A FINE
LADY AND GENTLEMAN IN THE DAYS OF WALTER
THE DOUBTER

In this dulcet¹ period of my history, when the
beauteous island of Manna-hata presented a scene,
the very counterpart² of those glowing pictures
drawn of the golden reign of Saturn,³ there was, as I
5 have before observed, a happy ignorance, an honest
simplicity prevalent among its inhabitants, which,
were I even able to depict, would be but little under-
stood by the degenerate age for which I am doomed
to write. Even the female sex, those arch innova-
10 tors⁴ upon the tranquillity,⁵ the honesty, and gray

¹ Dulcet, pleasing.

² Counterpart, double.

³ Saturn, a Roman god, who was supposed once to have ruled
the world in great peace and happiness. This time the ancients
called the "Golden Age."

⁴ Innovators, those who start new things.

⁵ Tranquillity, peace.

beard customs of society, seemed for a while to conduct themselves with incredible sobriety and comeliness.

Their hair, untortured by the abominations of art, was scrupulously pomatumed¹ back from their fore- 15 heads with a candle, and covered with a little cap of quilted calico, which fitted exactly to their heads. Their petticoats of linsey woolsey were striped with a variety of gorgeous dyes, — though I must confess these gallant garments were rather short, scarce 20 reaching below the knee; but then they made up in the number, which generally equaled that of the gentleman's smallclothes;² and what is still more praiseworthy, they were all of their own manufacture; — of which circumstance, as may well be supposed, 25 they were not a little vain.

These were the honest days in which every woman stayed at home, read the Bible, and wore pockets, — aye, and that, too, of a goodly size, fashioned with patchwork into many curious devices, and osten- 30 tatiouly³ worn on the outside. These, in fact, were convenient receptacles, where all good housewives carefully stored away such things as they wished to have at hand; by which means they often came to be incredibly crammed; and I remember there was a 35 story current, when I was a boy, that the lady of

¹ Pomatumed, fastened down with grease.

² Smallclothes, breeches.

³ Ostentatiously, for display.

Wouter Van Twiller¹ once had occasion to empty her right pocket in search of a wooden ladle, when the contents filled a couple of corn baskets, and the utensil was discovered lying among some rubbish in one corner: but we must not give too much faith to all these stories, the anecdotes of those remote periods being very subject to exaggeration.²

Besides these notable pockets, they likewise wore scissors and pincushions suspended from their girdles by red ribands, or, among the more opulent³ and showy classes, by brass, and even silver chains, — indubitable⁴ tokens of thrifty housewives and industrious spinsters.⁵

From the sketch here given, it will be seen that our good grandmothers differed considerably in their ideas of a fine figure from their scantily dressed descendants of the present day. A fine lady, in those times, waddled under more clothes, even on a fair summer's day, than would have clad the whole bevy of a modern ballroom. Nor were they the less admired by the gentlemen in consequence thereof. On the contrary, the greatness of a lover's passion seemed to increase in proportion to the magnitude of its object, — and a voluminous damsel, arrayed

¹ Wouter Van Twiller, one of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam.

² Exaggeration, overstatement.

³ Opulent, rich.

⁴ Indubitable, not to be questioned.

⁵ Spinsters, unmarried women.

in a dozen of petticoats, was declared by a Low Dutch sonneteer of the province to be radiant as a sunflower, and luxuriant as a full blown cabbage. Certain it is, that in those days the heart of a lover could not contain more than one lady at a time; 65 whereas the heart of a modern gallant has often room enough to accommodate half a dozen. The reason of which I conclude to be, that either the hearts of the gentlemen have grown larger, or the persons of the ladies smaller; this, however, is a question for 70 physiologists to determine.

But there was an additional charm in these petticoats, which, no doubt, entered into the consideration of the prudent gallants. The wardrobe of a lady was in those days her only fortune; and she 75 who had a good stock of petticoats and stockings was as absolutely an heiress as is a Kamtchatka damsel with a store of bearskins, or a Lapland belle with a plenty of reindeer. The ladies, therefore, were very anxious to display these powerful attractions to the 80 greatest advantage; and the best rooms in the house, instead of being adorned with caricatures¹ of Dame Nature, in water colors and needlework, were always hung round with abundance of homespun garments, the manufacture and the property of the females, — 85 a piece of laudable² ostentation that still prevails among the heiresses of our Dutch villages.

The gentlemen, in fact, who figured in the circles

¹ Caricatures, bad pictures.

² Laudable, praiseworthy.

of the gay world in these ancient times, corresponded,
90 in most particulars, with the beauteous damsels
whose smiles they were ambitious to deserve. True
it is, their merits would make but a very inconsiderable¹
impression upon the heart of a modern fair;
they neither drove their curricles,² nor sported their
95 tandems, for as yet those gaudy vehicles were not
even dreamt of; neither did they distinguish themselves
by their brilliancy at the table, and their consequent
encounters with watchmen, for our forefathers were of too
100 guardians of the night, every soul throughout the
town being sound asleep before nine o'clock. Neither
did they establish their claims to gentility at the
expense of their tailors, for as yet those offenders
against the pockets of society, and the tranquillity
105 of all aspiring young gentlemen, were unknown in
New Amsterdam; every good housewife made the
clothes of her husband and family, and even the goede
vrouw of Van Twiller himself thought it no disparagement⁴
to cut out her husband's linsey woolsey
110 galligaskins.⁵

Not but what there were some two or three youngsters
who manifested the first dawning of what is called
fire and spirit; who held all labor in contempt;
skulked about docks and market places;

¹ Inconsiderable, small.

³ Pacific, peaceful.

² Curricle, two-wheeled chaise. ⁴ Disparagement, disgrace.

⁵ Galligaskins, breeches.

loitered in the sunshine; squandered what little¹¹⁵ money they could procure at hustle cap and chuck farthing; swore, boxed, fought cocks, and raced their neighbors' horses; in short, who promised to be the wonder, the talk, and abomination of the town, had not their stylish career been¹²⁰ unfortunately cut short by an affair of honor with a whipping post.

Far other, however, was the truly fashionable gentleman of those days: his dress, which served for both morning and evening, street and drawing room,¹²⁵ was a linsey woolsey coat, made, perhaps, by the fair hands of the mistress of his affections, and gallantly bedecked with abundance of large brass buttons; half a score of breeches heightened the proportions of his figure; his shoes were decorated by¹³⁰ enormous copper buckles; a low crowned, broad rimmed hat overshadowed his burly visage; and his hair dangled down his back in a prodigious¹ queue² of eelskin.

Thus equipped, he would manfully sally forth,¹³⁵ with pipe in mouth, to besiege some fair damsel's obdurate³ heart, — not such a pipe, good reader, as that which Acis⁴ did sweetly tune in praise of his Galatea,⁴ but one of true Delft manufacture, and fur-

¹ Prodigious, very large.

² Queue, a "pigtail."

³ Obdurate, hard.

⁴ Acis and Galatea, Galatea was a sea nymph, and Acis was her lover. The pipe referred to is a musical pipe or fife.

nished with a charge of fragrant tobacco. With this would he resolutely set himself down before the fortress, and rarely failed, in the process of time, to smoke the fair enemy into a surrender, upon honorable terms.

Such was the happy reign of Wouter Van Twiller, celebrated in many a long forgotten song as the real golden age, the rest being nothing but counterfeit copper washed coin. In that delightful period, a sweet and holy calm reigned over the whole province. The burgomaster smoked his pipe in peace; the substantial solace of his domestic cares, after her daily toils were done, sat soberly at the door, with her arms crossed over her apron of snowy white, without being insulted with ribald¹ street walkers or vagabond boys, — those unlucky urchins who do so infest our streets, displaying, under the roses of youth, the thorns and briers of iniquity. Then it was that the lover with ten breeches, and the damsel with petticoats of half a score, indulged in all the innocent endearments of virtuous love, without fear and without reproach.

Ah, blissful and never to be forgotten age! when everything was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again, — when Buttermilk Channel was quite dry at low water, — when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon, — and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of

¹ Ribald, ill mannered.

that melancholy yellow light which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city !

170

Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity ; but, alas ! the days of childhood are too sweet to last ! Cities, like men, grow out of them in time, and are doomed alike to grow into the bustle, the cares, and miseries of the world. Let no man congratulate himself, when he beholds the child of his bosom or the city of his birth increasing in magnitude and importance, — let the history of his own life teach him the dangers of the one, and this excellent little history of Manna-hata convince him of the calamities of the other.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

(a) Do you know any streets or roads that were first laid out by cattle ?

(b) What is the point of this paragraph ?

(c) Were you ever in such an old time parlor ? If you were, write a description of it.

Gather as many pictures as you can of the Dutch settlers of America.

Draw pictures of a Dutch lady and gentleman as described by Irving.

(d) What does Irving satirize in the last part of this chapter ?

What do you think is the secret of Irving's humor in this account? Point out passages that make you think so. Has treating trivial matters in a solemn way anything to do with it? Show this.

III

The following sketch is one of the finest examples of good humored satire in the language. If the "other side" of the "war game" could always be shown up as artistically, war would be at an end. The occasion is the attack of the Dutch on the Swedes, their neighbors. The tale describes the rage of the warriors and the bloodless battle that follows.

CONTAINING THE MOST HORRIBLE BATTLE EVER
RECORDED IN POETRY OR PROSE; WITH THE AD-
MIRABLE EXPLOITS OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG

Now had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast, and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript, — expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray, — like a fat alderman, watching the combat of two chivalrous flies, upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual
10 in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina.¹ The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet show,

¹ **Fort Christina**, an early Swedish fort near New Amsterdam.

scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their inkhorns; 15 the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose quills, or because they could not get anything to eat. Antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone, — while even Posterity¹ stood mute, gazing in gaping ecstasy² 20 of retrospection³ on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom⁴ had seen service at the "affair" of Troy,⁵ now mounted their feather bed clouds, and sailed over the plain, or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, 25 all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter⁶ sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished⁷ up for the direful occasion. Venus⁸ vowed to patronize the Swedes and paraded the battlements of Fort Christina, accompanied by 30 Diana,⁹ as a sergeant's widow. The noted bully, Mars,¹⁰ stuck two horse pistols into his belt, shouldered

¹ Posterity, coming generations.

² Ecstasy, intense joy.

³ Retrospection, looking backward.

⁴ Whilom, formerly.

⁵ The affair at Troy, the Trojan War, the subject of Homer's *Iliad*.

⁶ Jupiter, the king of the gods.

⁷ Furbished, put in order.

⁸ Venus, the goddess of love.

⁹ Diana, goddess of hunting.

¹⁰ Mars, god of war.

a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at their elbow, as a corporal, — while Apollo¹ trudged in
35 their rear, as a bandy legged fifer, playing most villainously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox eyed² Juno,³ who had gained a pair of black eyes overnight, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her
40 haughty beauties on a baggage wagon; while Vulcan⁴ halted as a club footed blacksmith, lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent awe, or bustling preparation: war reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful
45 crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftains marshaled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risings, firm as a thousand rocks, — incrusted with stockades, and intrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant,
50 soldiery lined the breastwork in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair pomatumed back, and queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts like a grisly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Peter,⁵ — his brows
55 knit, his teeth set, his fists clenched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that

¹ Apollo, god of the sun and of music.

² Ox eyed, the title given Juno because of her beautiful eyes.

³ Juno, queen of the Roman gods.

⁴ Vulcan, the smith of the gods who made their armor. He is said to have been lame.

⁵ Peter, Peter Stuyvesant, the governor.

raged within his bosom. His faithful squire, Van
 Corlear, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trum-
 pet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribbons,
 the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Man-
 hattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry
 of the Hudson. There were the Van Wycks, and Van
 Dycks, and the Ten Eycks; the Van Nesses, the
 Van Tassels, the Van Grolls; the Van Hoesens, the
 Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms; the Van Warts,
 the Van Winkles, the Van Dams; the Van Pelts, the
 Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts, with a host more
 of worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be writ-
 ten, or if they could be written, it would be impos-
 sible for man to utter, — all fortified with a mighty
 dinner, and, to use the words of a great Dutch poet,

“Brimful of wrath and cabbage.”

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the
 midst of his career, and, mounting on a stump, ad-
 dressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting
 them to fight like duyvels, and assuring them that if
 they conquered, they should get plenty of booty, —
 if they fell, they should be allowed the satisfaction,
 while dying, of reflecting that it was in the service of
 their country, and after they were dead, of seeing
 their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and
 handed down, in company with all the other great
 men of the year, for the admiration of posterity.
 Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor

85 (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment),
that if he caught any mother's son of them looking
pale, or playing craven, he would curry his hide till
he made him run out of it like a snake in springtime.
Then lugging out his trusty saber, he brandished it
90 three times over his head, ordered Van Corlear to
sound a charge, and shouting the words "St. Nicholas
and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed
forwards. His warlike followers, who had employed
the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck
95 them into their mouths, gave a furious puff, and
charged gallantly under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning
Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the
whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence
100 on the covert way, until the eager Dutchmen had
ascended the glacis.¹ Then did they pour into them
such a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked
around, and were terrified, insomuch that certain
springs burst forth from their sides, which continue
105 to run unto the present day. Not a Dutchman but
would have bitten the dust beneath that dreadful
fire, had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken
care that the Swedes should, one and all, observe their
usual custom of shutting their eyes and turning away
110 their heads at the moment of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the

¹ Glacis, a bank of earth, a fortification.

counterscarp,¹ and falling tooth and nail upon the foe with furious outcries. And now might be seen prodigies of valor, unmatched in history or song. Here was the sturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff brandishing¹¹⁵ his quarterstaff, like the giant Blanderon² his oak tree (for he scorned to carry any other weapon), and drumming a horrific tune upon the hard heads of the Swedish soldiery. There were the Van Kortlandts, posted at a distance, like the Locrian³ archers of 120 yore, and plying it most potently with the longbow, for which they were so justly renowned. On a rising knoll were gathered the valiant men of Sing Sing, assisting marvelously in the fight, by chanting the great song of St. Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers¹²⁵ of Hudson, they were absent on a marauding party, laying waste the neighboring watermelon patches.

In a different part of the field were the Van Grolls of Antony's Nose, struggling to get to the thickest of the fight, but horribly perplexed in a defile between¹³⁰ two hills, by reason of the length of their noses. So also the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Kakiat, so renowned for kicking with the left foot, were brought to a stand for want of wind, in consequence of the hearty dinner they had eaten, and would have been¹³⁵ put to utter rout but for the arrival of a gallant corps of voltigeurs,⁴ composed of the Hoppers, who ad-

¹ Counterscarp, embankment, wall.

² Blanderon, a famous giant who used an oak tree for a weapon.

³ Locrian, a Grecian tribe, famous as archers.

⁴ Voltigeurs (völ-ti-jurs'), leapers.

vanced nimbly to their assistance on one foot. Nor must I omit to mention the valiant achievements of
140 Antony Van Corlear, who, for a good quarter of an hour, waged stubborn fight with a little pursy Swedish drummer, whose hide he drummed most magnificently, and whom he would infallibly have annihilated¹ on the spot, but that he had come into
145 the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet.

But now the combat thickened. On came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger and the fighting men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and
150 the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them; then the Suy Dams, and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hell Gate, clad in their thunder and lightning gaberdines;² and lastly, the standard bearers and
155 bodyguard of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self abandonment of war.
160 Dutchman and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns; whack! went the broadswords; thump! went the cudgels; crash! went the musket stocks; blows, kicks, cuffs,
165 scratches, black eyes, and bloody noses swelling the

¹ Annihilated, blotted out.

² Gaberdines, frocks.

horrors of the scene! Thick thwack, cut and hack, helter skelter, higgledy piggledy, hurly burly, head over heels, rough and tumble! Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen; splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes. Storm the works! shouted Hardkoppig 170 Peter. Fire the mine! roared stout Risingh. Tantarar-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear, — until all voice and sound became unintelligible, — grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph mingling in one hideous clamor. The earth 175 shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke; trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight; rocks burrowed in the ground like rabbits; and even Christina creek turned from its course, and ran up a hill in breathless terror! 180

Long hung the contest doubtful; for though a heavy shower of rain, sent by the "cloud compelling Jove," in some measure cooled their ardor, as doth a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting mastiffs, yet did they but pause for a moment, to return 185 with tenfold fury to the charge. Just at this juncture a vast and dense column of smoke was seen slowly rolling toward the scene of battle. The combatants paused for a moment, gazing in mute astonishment, until the wind, dispelling the murky 190 cloud, revealed the flaunting banner of Michael Paw, the Patroon¹ of Communipaw.² That valiant chief-

¹ Patroon, patron, proprietor.

² Communipaw, a Dutch settlement on the Jersey side of the Hudson.

tain came fearlessly on at the head of a phalanx of
oyster fed Pavonians and a reserve corps of the Van
195 Arsdales and Van Brummels, who had remained
behind to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten.
These now trudged manfully forward, smoking their
pipes with outrageous vigor, so as to raise the awful
cloud that has been mentioned, but marching ex-
200 ceedingly slow, being short of leg, and of great ro-
tundity in the belt.

And now the deities who watched over the fortunes
of the Nederlanders having unthinkingly left the
field, and stepped into a neighboring tavern to refresh
205 themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe¹
had wellnigh ensued. Scarce had the myrmidons²
of Michael Paw attained the front of battle, when
the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risingh,
leveled a shower of blows full at their tobacco pipes.
210 Astounded at this assault, and dismayed at the havoc
of their pipes, these ponderous warriors gave way,
and like a drove of frightened elephants broke through
the ranks of their own army. The little Hoppers
were borne down in the surge;³ the sacred banner,
215 emblazoned with the gigantic oyster of Communi-
paw was trampled in the dirt; on blundered and
thundered the heavy fugitives, the Swedes press-
ing on their rear and applying their feet to the

¹ Catastrophe (căt-ăs'trō-phē), disaster.

² Myrmidons, soldiers.

³ Surge, swelling tide.

backs of the Van Arsdales and the Van Brummels with a vigor that prodigiously¹ accelerated² their 220 movements; nor did the renowned Michael Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonorable visitations of shoe leather.

But, what, oh, Muse!³ was the rage of Peter Stuyvesant, when from afar he saw his army giving way! 225 In the transports of his wrath he sent forth a roar, enough to shake the very hills. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage at the sound, or, rather, they rallied at the voice of their leader, of whom they stood more in awe than of all the Swedes 230 in Christendom. Without waiting for their aid, the daring Peter dashed, sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. Then might be seen achievements worthy of the days of the giants. Wherever he went, the enemy shrank before him; the Swedes fled to right 235 and left, or were driven, like dogs, into their own ditch; but as he pushed forward singly with headlong courage, the foe closed behind and hung upon his rear. One aimed a blow full at his heart; but the protecting power which watches over the great and 240 good turned aside the hostile blade and directed it to a side pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles,⁴

¹ Prodigiously, very greatly. ² Accelerated, quickened.

³ Muse, one of several goddesses frequently addressed or prayed to by Roman writers.

⁴ Achilles, a Grecian warrior, leader in the Trojan War, who possessed a marvelous shield.

with supernatural powers, doubtless from bearing the
245 portrait of the blessed St. Nicholas. Peter Stuy-
vesant turned like an angry bear upon the foe, and
seizing him, as he fled, by an immeasurable queue,
“Ah, caterpillar,” roared he, “here’s what shall make
worms’ meat of thee!” So saying, he whirled his
250 sword, and dealt a blow that would have decapitated¹
the varlet,² but that the pitying steel struck short and
shaved the queue forever from his crown. At this
moment an arquebusier³ leveled his piece from a
neighboring mound with deadly aim; but the watch-
255 ful Minerva,⁴ seeing the peril of her favorite hero, sent
old Boreas⁵ with his bellows, who, as the match de-
scended to the pan, gave a blast that blew out the
priming.

Thus waged the fight, when the stout Risingh,
260 surveying the field from the top of a little ravelin,⁶
perceived his troops banged, beaten, and kicked
by the invincible Peter. Drawing his falchion and
uttering a thousand anathemas,⁷ he strode down to
the scene of combat with some such thundering strides
265 as Jupiter⁸ is said by Hesiod⁹ to have taken when

¹ Decapitated, cut the head off.

² Varlet, rascal.

³ Arquebusier, soldier using an *arquebus*, or musket of the time.

⁴ Minerva, the goddess of war and of wisdom.

⁵ Boreas, the king of the winds.

⁶ Ravelin, embankment.

⁷ Anathemas, curses.

⁸ Jupiter, king of the Roman gods.

⁹ Hesiod, a Grecian poet.

he strode down the spheres to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.¹

When the rival heroes came face to face, each made a prodigious start in the style of a veteran stage champion. Then did they regard each other for a 270 moment with the bitter aspect of two furious ram cats on the point of a clapperclawing. Then did they throw themselves into one attitude, then into another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left; at last at it they went, 275 with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this direful encounter, — an encounter compared to which the far famed battles of Ajax with Hector, of Æneas with Turnus, Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of War- 280 wick with Colbrand the Dane, or of that renowned Welsh knight, Sir Owen of the Mountains, with the giant Guyton, were all gentle sports and holiday recreations. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a blow, enough to cleave his 285 adversary to the very chine;² but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly, that, glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen in which he carried his liquor, — thence pursuing its trenchant³ course, it severed off a deep coat 290 pocket, stored with bread and cheese, — which

¹ **Titans**, fabled giants, enemies of Jupiter.

² **Chine**, the backbone.

³ **Trenchant**, cutting.

provant¹ rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax more furious
295 than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course. The
300 biting steel clove through the stubborn ram beaver, and would have cracked the crown of any one not endowed with supernatural hardness of head; but the brittle weapon shattered in pieces on the skull of Hardkoppig² Piet, shedding a thousand sparks, like
305 beams of glory, round his grizzled visage.

The good Peter reeled with the blow, and turning up his eyes beheld a thousand suns, besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament; at length, missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg,
310 down he came on his seat of honor with a crash which shook the surrounding hills, and might have wrecked his frame, had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet, which Providence, or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, had benevolently prepared for his re-
315 ception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of the maxim, cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's

¹ Provant, food, provender.

² Hardkoppig, hard headed.

fall; but, as he stooped to give a fatal blow, Peter Stuyvesant dealt him a thwack over the sconce¹ with 320 his wooden leg, which set a chime of bells ringing triple bob majors in his cerebellum.² The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and the wary Peter, seizing a pocket pistol which lay hard by, discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh. Let not 325 my reader mistake; it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little sturdy stone pottle charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage,³ which the knowing Antony Van Corlear carried about him by way of re- 330 plenishing his valor, and which had dropped from his wallet during his furious encounter with the drummer. The hideous weapon sang through the air, and true to its course as was the fragment of a rock discharged at Hector⁴ by bully Ajax,⁵ en- 335 countered the head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence.

This heaven directed blow decided the battle. The ponderous pericranium⁶ of General Jan Risingh sank upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; 340 a deathlike torpor seized upon his frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such violence, that old

¹ Sconce, head.

² Cerebellum, brain.

³ Dutch courage, gin.

⁴ Hector, the leader of the Trojans in the Trojan War.

⁵ Ajax, the strongest of the Greeks.

⁶ Pericranium, skull.

Pluto started with affright, lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

345 His fall was the signal of defeat and victory: the Swedes gave way, the Dutch pressed forward; the former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued. Some entered with them, pell mell, through the sally port; others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled
350 over the curtain. Thus in a little while the fortress of Fort Christina, which, like another Troy, had stood a siege of full ten hours, was carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic oxfly,
355 sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant; and it was declared, by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes
360 in Christendom!

WASHINGTON IRVING.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Which paragraph in this story do you consider the most amusing? Why?

Line 27. Jupiter's chief weapon was the thunderbolt. What humorous use does Irving make of that fact?

Lines 279-283. Look up the stories of these famous battles.

Point out as many places as you can in the story in which the author satirizes war.

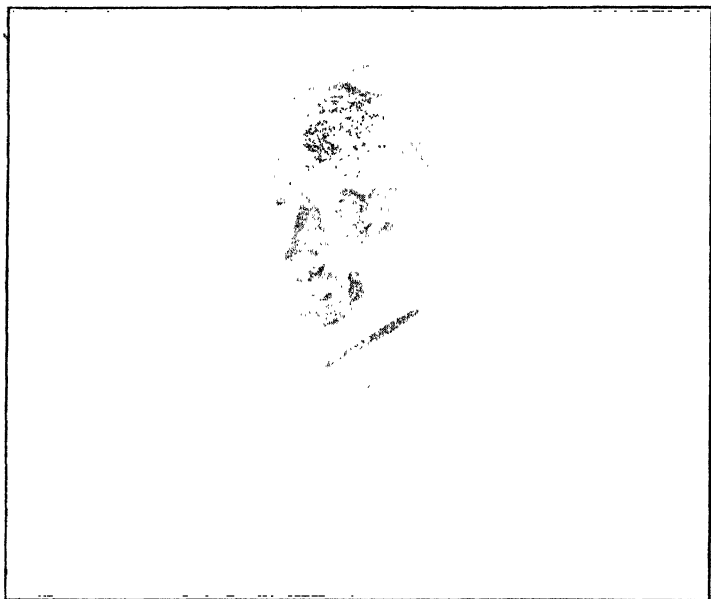
Is the secret of Irving's humor in this story the same as in the preceding sketch? What is the difference? How much has exaggeration to do with it? Justify your opinions by referring to passages that prove it.

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631-1700)

Dryden is one of the great figures in the history of English literature, and yet there are but two or three of his poems that any one reads today. This is partly because of his style, but chiefly because he wrote political satires which were interesting to people of his own time, but have since lost their interest. He was a prominent figure during the days of Cromwell and of Charles II. During Cromwell's power he was the poet of the Puritans, and praised Cromwell most highly. As soon as Charles II was crowned and the Puritans were defeated, he became the eulogist of the Restoration; he praised the party in power, whichever it might be, with equal grace and equal lack of sincerity, apparently.

His poems that will last are occasional poems that had nothing to do with the political conditions of his time. Among these is the poem here given.



ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC

This is Dryden's best known poem now. Its motive, as indicated in its title, is to show the power of music to rouse the passions. The poet relies largely on the sounds of the words used to produce his effects, in this respect resembling our American poet, Poe. Observe the repetitions of phrases, "None but the brave" used three times in the first stanza. The poem, like the most of Poe's poetry, should be read aloud to be appreciated.

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:¹

Aloft in awful state

The godlike hero sate

On his imperial throne; 5

His valiant peers were placed around,

Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

(So should desert in arms be crowned;)

The lovely Thais by his side

Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10

In flower of youth and beauty's pride: —

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair! 15

Timotheus,² placed on high

Amid the tuneful quire,

With flying fingers touched the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky

And heavenly joys inspire. 20

The song began from Jove,³

Who left his blissful seats above, —

Such is the power of mighty love!

A dragon's fiery form belied the god;⁴

¹ Philip's warlike son, Alexander the Great, who had recently defeated Darius, the Persian emperor.

² Timotheus, a famous musician.

³ Jove, Jupiter, the king of all the gods.

⁴ This refers to the story that Jove assumed the form of a dragon and came to earth to woo Olympia.

- 25 Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound !
A present deity ! they shout around ;
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound !
- 30 With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god ;
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
- 35 The praise of Bacchus¹ then the sweet musician
sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flushed with a purple grace,
- 40 He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus's blessings are a treasure,
- 45 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain :

¹ Bacchus, the Roman god of wine.

Fought all his battles o'er again, 50
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
the slain!

The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he Heaven and Earth defied,
Changed his hand and checked his pride. 55
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius ¹ great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen, 60
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies, 65
With not a friend to close his eyes. —
With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his altered soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole, 70
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;

¹ Darius, "The Great," king of Persia and Alexander's chief rival, whom he finally conquered.

- 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
75 For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian ¹ measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honor but an empty bubble,
80 Never ending, still beginning;
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
85 Take the good the gods provide thee! —
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
90 Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length with love and wine at once opprest,
The vanquished victor sank upon her breast.
- 95 Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound

¹ **Lydian**, from Lydia, a country in Asia Minor, a term applied by the Greeks to certain soft, soothing musical strains.

Has raised up his head 100
As awaked from the dead
And amazed, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies ¹ arise!
See the snakes that they rear, 105
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band.
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ² ghosts, that in the battle were
slain 110
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew! ³
Behold how they toss their torches on high, 115
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods. —
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to
destroy;
Thais led the way 120

¹ **Furies**, in the Roman mythology, deities who punished evil-doers. They are represented as having snakes for hair.

² **Grecian ghosts**, the ghosts of Alexander's own slain soldiers.

³ This picture of the ghosts of the dead soldiers clamoring for revenge upon their Persian slayers is used by Timotheus in song to inflame Alexander to burn the city in revenge.

To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen,¹ fired another Troy ! ²

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
125 While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia ³ came,
130 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.—
135 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down !

JOHN DRYDEN.

¹ **Helen**, wife of Menelaus, a Grecian king. She was carried away to Troy by Paris, a son of the king of Troy. This caused the "Trojan War," which is the subject of Homer's *Iliad*.

² **Troy**, a city of Asia Minor.

³ **St. Cecilia**, a Christian martyr of the third century, the patroness of music, in legend said to have invented the musical staff, and to have developed music into a more exact science, and nobler art.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 12. Why does the poet repeat *happy* twice?

Name the passions roused in Alexander by music, in the order of the poem.

Is this a natural order?

Line 42. Note how smooth this passage is. What has the poet done to give this effect? Suppose you were a foreigner and did not know the meaning of the words, would their sound give you a sense of sadness?

Line 53. See again the change to softer measures. Do you think that having unaccented syllables ending the lines produces this effect? Compare with the passage below, beginning, "Now strike the golden lyre again" (line 95).

Line 60. What effect is produced by the repetition of *fallen*?

Explain "awful state," line 3; "radiant spires," line 25; "assumes the god," line 32; "The various turns of Chance below," line 69; "the vocal frame," line 130; lines 137, 138.

Find and tell the story of Helen of Troy, line 122.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

• (1828-1882)

An Englishman, but the son of an Italian painter and scholar, Rossetti was both a poet and a painter



of note. He was the founder of a school of art which is known as the Pre-Raphaelite School. His work, both in painting and in poetry, and that of his followers, also, was a protest against some of the generally accepted rules followed by most artists of his day. It is impossible to say how great an influence he exerted, but doubtless the Pre-

Raphaelite movement has to some extent affected modern poetry, and especially modern painting.

THE WHITE SHIP

King Henry I of England had a son on whom he doted, who was heir to the throne. The prince, however, was a wild and dissipated youth unworthy of his father's devotion. On his return from a visit to France the prince and a large company were in a separate vessel.

25TH NOVEMBER, 1120

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

5

(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

King Henry held it as life's whole gain
That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
And my old age calls it back to-day.

10

King Henry of England's realm was he,
And Henry, Duke of Normandy.¹

¹ The earlier kings of England had large possessions in France and claimed kingship over both lands. Normandy was a dukedom in France, settled originally by Norsemen and named from them. One of its dukes was "William the Conqueror," who invaded England.

The times had changed when on either coast
"Clerkly Harry"¹ was all his boast.

15 Of ruthless strokes full many an one
He had struck to crown himself and his son;
And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
The poor flung plowshares on his road,
20 And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land
Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
To claim the Norman allegiance:

25 And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed and the day had come
When the king and the prince might journey home.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the king,
30 A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the king, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

¹ Clerkly, scholarly, or pious.

“Liege Lord ! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father’s foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

35

“And cried, ‘By this clasp I claim command,
O’er every rood of English land !’

“He was borne to the realm you rule o’er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

“And thither I’ll bear, an’ it be my due,
Your father’s son and his grandson, too.

40

“The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
From Harfleur’s harbor she sails today,

“With masts fair pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well tried mariners.”

45

Quoth the king: “My ships are chosen each one,
But I’ll not say nay to Stephen’s son.

“My son and daughter and fellowship¹
Shall cross the water in the White Ship.”

The king set sail with the eve’s south wind,
And soon he left the coast behind.

50

The prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go,

¹ Fellowship, companions.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
55 With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three thousand living souls we were :

And I, Berold, was the meanest hind
In all that train to the prince assigned.

The prince was a lawless, shameless youth.
60 And now he cried : "Bring wine from below ;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row :

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight,
Though we sail from the harbor at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check ;
65 The lords and ladies obeyed his beck ;
The night was light and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the waterway.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
70 To the double flight of the ship and the moon :

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped,
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead.

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing! 75
Is a songbird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and
strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky, 80
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprung to shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill strange sigh — 85
The king's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must overwhelm.

A great king's heir for the waves to overwhelm,
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm! 90

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierced:

And like the moil¹ round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up.

¹ Moil, disturbance.

95 A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night's clear!"

100 "What! none to be saved but these and I?"
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

105 'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim,
The prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clung one and all
110 As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

I Berold was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and heard her cry,
115 And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel,
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float.
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide: 120
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arm to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat, 125
And "saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turned in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and the swell.

The prince that was and the king to come 130
There in an instant gone to his doom.

* * * * *

He was a prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace 'til the hour he died.

When he should be king, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plow. 135
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

The king had watched with a heart sore stirred
140 For two whole days, and this was the third;

And still to all his court would say,
“What keeps my son so long away?”

But who should speak today of the thing
That all knew there except the king?

145 Then, pondering much, they found a way,
And met round the king's high seat that day:

And the king sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the king was 'ware
150 Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in spring,
And his garb black as the raven's wing.

155 Nothing heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the king wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?"

"Why, sweetheart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court was a funeral?" 160

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the king's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death today.

"Your son and all his fellowship 165
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede¹ I read.

There's many an hour must needs beguile 170
A king's high heart that he should smile,—

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign:—

But this king never smiled again.

By none but me can the tale be told, 175
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

¹ Rede, counsel, lesson.

(Lands are swayed by a king on a throne.)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me,
180 (The sea hath no king but God alone.)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Tell the events of the story in order.

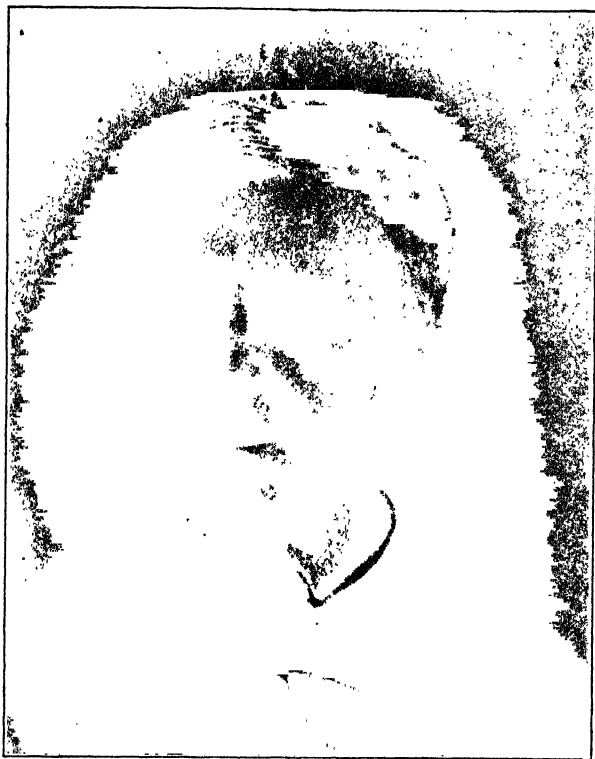
Do you like the irregular rhymes and "feet" as well as if they were regular?

As a story how does this poem compare with Whittier's *Truce of Piscataqua*, page 131? Which is the more vivid? Which the more realistic? Which carries the interest better?

Does the interest in this story begin with the first stanza? Does it grow to the end? Which is the real climax, the sinking of the ship, or the telling of it to the king.

What is the effect of bringing in the little boy to inform the king?

Explain: "glimmered she," line 73; "a shrill strange sigh" line 85. What is described in lines 125-129?



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(1809-1894)

Oliver Wendell Holmes, doctor, professor, essayist, poet, and novelist, was one of the brightest minds that America has produced. While he wrote no single

work of extraordinary merit, he produced so many clever, pleasing, and stimulating poems and essays that he has for an audience a far larger number of readers than some who may perhaps justly claim to be greater.

Some of his poems are extremely witty, some are truly exquisite, the best known being the *Chambered Nautilus*. His essays contain wise and witty observations upon life, surpassed by few English essays, if any.

Dr. Holmes, like Hawthorne, was a thorough New Englander and of the "Brahman" class. Even before graduating from Harvard he had written verse that attracted notice.

Dr. Holmes put much wit and wisdom into a series of short articles, pretending to be conversations at a breakfast table at which he, the "autocrat,"¹ did the most of the talking. He gave to the series the name *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

The following selections are from this series. The scene is laid in a boarding house, several people are seated at the table, including the "landlady," "Benjamin Franklin," her son, her daughter, the "old gentleman," and various other characters. The "Autocrat" is as usual the principal speaker, and is represented as talking here.

¹ **Autocrat**, absolute ruler.

JOHN AND THOMAS

It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

(The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.) 5

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

(Our landlady turned pale. No doubt she thought 10 there was a screw loose in my intellect, — and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad check, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian 15 of the neighboring theater, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping voice, to Falstaff's¹ nine men in buckram.² Everybody looked up; I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I 20 should seize the carving knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.)

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin

¹ *Falstaff*, a famous character in several of Shakespeare's plays, especially in *King Henry IV*. He was a fat, jolly rascal, entertaining and worthless.

² *Nine men in buckram*, a story told by Falstaff about his own bravery in overcoming nine assailants.

Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities
 25 distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that
 dialogue between John and Thomas.

- 30 Three Johns. {
1. The real John; known only to his Maker.
 2. John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
 3. Thomas's ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

- 35 Three Thomases. {
1. The real Thomas.
 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
 3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the Three Johns is taxed; only one
 can be weighed on a platform balance; but the
 other two are just as important in the conversation.
 40 Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-
 looking. But as the Higher Powers have not con-
 ferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the
 true light, John very possibly conceives himself to
 be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from
 45 the point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, be-
 lieves him to be an artful rogue, we will say; there-
 fore, he is, so far as Thomas's attitude in the con-
 versation is concerned, an artful rogue, though
 really simple and stupid. The same conditions
 50 apply to the three Thomases. It follows that, until
 a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker

knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have⁵⁵ called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

(A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow answering to⁶⁰ the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding houses, was on its way to me via¹ this unlettered Johannes.² He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking⁶⁵ that there was just one apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.)

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What meaning does Dr. Holmes intend us to draw from this conversation?

Which one of the three personalities is the most important for us to understand?

What do we mean by studying "human nature"?

When the philosopher said "know thyself," to which of the three personalities did he refer?

¹ via, by way of.

² Johannes, John.

MUSIC POUNDING

This little sketch shows Dr. Holmes in a wildly humorous, almost a clownish mood.

I have been to hear some music pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music stool a twirl or two
5 and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soapsuds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as though she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers
10 till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the keyboard, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white
15 sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop, — so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand
20 clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they

hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils — 25
 don't talk to me, I know the difference between a
 bullfrog and a wood thrush.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Is this satire or just fun ? Did you ever hear
 piano playing like that described here ? Against
 just what is the author protesting ?

OF MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETIES

If I belong to a Society of Mutual Admiration ?¹
 — I blush to say that I do not at this present mo-
 ment. I once did, however. It was the first asso-
 ciation to which I ever heard the term applied ;
 a body of scientific young men in a great foreign⁵
 city who admired their teacher, and to some extent
 each other. Many of them deserved it ; they have
 become famous since. It amuses me to hear the
 talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray —

“ Letters four do form his name ”

10

about a social development which belongs to the
 very noblest stage of civilization. All generous
 companies of artists, authors, philanthropists,² men
 of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual

¹ **Mutual admiration**, admiration of each other. Observe that
 the first question is incomplete, as if continuing a conversation
 not recorded here.

² **Philanthropists**, lovers of men.

15 Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other. And so of
20 a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises.¹ First, that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, that intimate knowledge or habitual association
25 destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves and to put down him and the fraction
30 of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal, and the old gentleman who sits opposite said, "That's it!
35 that's it!"

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think a little extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual² attempts and
40 failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity³ is good, and genius is

¹ Premises, conditions.

² Perpetual, continual.

³ Mediocrity, being ordinary or commonplace.

glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality¹ of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of 45 fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows 50 are always fighting. With them familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a contract between them- 55 selves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuels have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you that, next to youthful love and family 60 affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakespeare, and 65 Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were members?² Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the center, and which gave us the *Spectator*?

¹ Neutrality, indifference, neither very good nor very bad.

² Great authors of England in the sixteenth century.

Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith and
70 Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Boswell,¹
most admiring among all admirers, met together?
Was there any great harm in the fact that the
Irvings and Pauldings² wrote in company? or any
unpardonable cabal³ in the literary union of Ver-
75 planck and Bryant and Sands⁴ and as many more
as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talk-
ing about when he abuses this noblest of institu-
tions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the
80 knot hole he has secured, but not use that orifice⁵
as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the
crown of a literary metropolis;⁶ if a town has not
material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough
to organize it, it is a mere caravansary,⁷ fit for a man
85 of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish
people hate and dread and envy such an association
of men of varied powers and influence, because it is
lofty, serene, impregnable,⁸ and, by the necessity of
the case, exclusive.⁹ Wise ones are prouder of the

¹ Great authors of England in the eighteenth century.

² Irvings and Pauldings, Washington Irving and his brother
and their friends.

³ Cabal, conspiracy.

⁴ American authors of the nineteenth century.

⁵ Orifice, opening.

⁶ Metropolis, chief city.

⁷ Caravansary, stopping place, hotel.

⁸ Impregnable, too strong to be taken.

⁹ Exclusive, shutting others out.

title M.S.M.A. than of all their other honors put together.

What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses, with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like. . . .

95

What do you think of these verses, my friends? "Is that piece an impromptu?" said my landlady's daughter. (Æt. 19. Tender eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accor-100 deon. Reads Byron,¹ Tupper,² and Sylvanus Cobb,³ Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says "Yes?" when you tell her anything.) — Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written offhand; the other two took a week, — 105 that is, were hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrhymed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, 110 and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being 115

¹ Byron, a great English poet of sentiment.

² Tupper, a sentimental American writer, once popular.

³ Sylvanus Cobb, a writer of flashy stories, once widely read.

lubricated¹ with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically² speaking, stern foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of outdoors. Well, now, there are poems as hard
120 to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind up, and the
125 wind up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just
130 such a story as the above.—Here turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from
135 that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, Madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe,³ and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

140 One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses, — which I

¹ Lubricated, oiled.

² Metaphorically, using a figure of speech, not literal.

³ Hebe, a Grecian goddess, the cupbearer of Jove.

don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top leathers to an old pair of boot soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles. 145

. youth
 morning
 truth
 warning

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written 150 spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.¹

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, 155 she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side curl, gummed on each temple, — when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the 160 back of hers, — and when she says "Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with.

"What were you whispering?" said the daughter 165 of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

¹ Coincidences, agreements, events occurring together.

"I was only laying down a principle of social diagnosis."¹

170 "Yes?"

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Dr. Holmes in the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is witty. Irving in *Knickerbocker's History* is humorous or amusing. Can you tell what the difference is?

Which is easier, jealousy or admiration?

Did you ever see any one like the landlady's daughter? (Line 96.)

Explain "broken winded novels," line 52; "spavined verses," line 53. Explain the figure in lines 111-118.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS²

Did I not say to you a little while ago that the universe swam in an ocean of similitudes and analogies? I will not quote Cowley,³ or Burns,⁴ or Wordsworth,⁵ just now, to show you what thoughts were

¹ **Diagnosis**, examination, as by a physician.

² A marine "shellfish" of a beautiful pearly luster (tetra-branchiate cephalopod). The shell is divided into compartments, each one supposed to represent a year's growth. The animal occupies only the last built, or the outside compartment, the others being closed and empty. This condition is used by the poet as the basis of his beautiful conceit.

³ Cowley, an English poet.

⁴ Burns, the pet poet of Scotland.

⁵ Wordsworth, an English poet.

suggested to them by the simplest natural objects, 5
such as a flower or a leaf; but I will read you a few
lines, if you do not object, suggested by looking at a
section of one of those chambered shells to which is
given the name of Pearly Nautilus. We need not
trouble ourselves about the distinction between this 10
and the Paper Nautilus, the Argonauta of the an-
cients. The name applied to both shows that
each has long been compared to a ship, as you may
see more fully in Webster's Dictionary, or the
Encyclopedia, to which it refers. If you will 15
look into Roget's Bridgewater Treatise, you will
find a figure of one of these shells and a section of
it. The last will show you the series of enlarging
compartments successively dwelt in by the animal
that inhabits the shell, which is built in a widening 20
spiral. Can you find no lesson in this?

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS¹

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,

Sails the unshadowed main, —

The venturous bark that flings

25

On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings

In gulfs enchanted, where the siren² sings,

¹ The word *nautilus* means a sailor.

² Siren, a fabled evil being, resembling a beautiful woman, who by her wonderful singing lured sailors to the island where she lived and then changed them to beasts.

And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea maids¹ rise to sun their stream-
ing hair.

30 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;

Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell,

Where its dim, dreaming life was wont to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

35 Before thee lies revealed, —

Its irised² ceiling rent, its sunless crypt³ unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil;

Still, as the spiral grew,

40 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,

45 Child of the wandering sea,

Cast from her lap forlorn!

From thy dead lips a clearer note is born

Than ever Triton⁴ blew from wreathed horn!

¹ **Sea maids**, sea nymphs, fabled creatures, the lower part being that of a fish and the upper part that of a woman.

² **Irised**, tinted like the iris.

³ **Crypt**, a secret place or cell, frequently used for a tomb.

⁴ **Triton**, a sea god of Roman mythology. He is usually represented as blowing a horn.

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a
voice that sings: 50

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, 55
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Find out how the nautilus grows, then compare its life history with the poem.

Line 23. Why "ship of pearl" ?

Lines 37-43. What does this stanza mean ?

Line 45. Why is the sea called "wandering" ?

Find as many stories as you can about the nautilus.

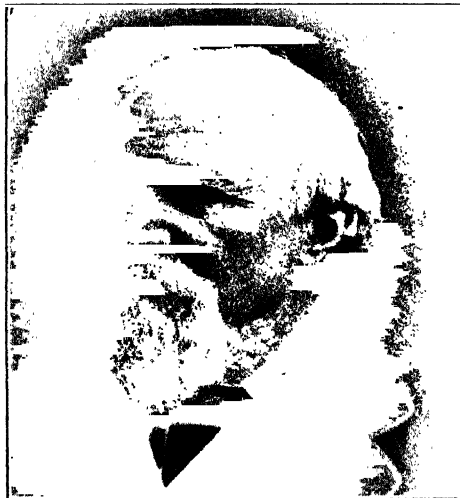
How many kinds of verse do you find in each of these stanzas? How many "feet," that is, how many accented syllables do you find in each verse (line)?

Commit to memory the last stanza of the poem.

ROBERT BROWNING

(1812-1869)

Robert Browning is by his enthusiastic admirers regarded as one of the great poets, not only of the



nineteenth century, but of all time. Whether this is true remains to be determined by future generations. At present Tennyson, with by far the greater number of lovers of poetry, stands higher than Browning.

Browning was a poet of great intensity of thought and feeling, who wrote some truly wonderful poetry. His work is nearly all, however, marred by obscurity and by mannerisms, and it is a question whether his really great merits

can survive these faults. The poem here given is among the simplest of his writings.

Browning's personality was a singularly attractive one. A man of much personal vigor, he was in one sense a "self made" man; that is, he did not have the usual English university training, but was educated by his father, and by private teachers followed by a course at the University of London. Through the influence of the poet Shelley, he early became devoted to the art of poetry. He made a runaway marriage with Elizabeth Barrett, then the best known poetess in England, and for a long time more famous than her husband. They lived much of the time in Italy, where both wrote some of their best poetry.

Browning was popular and sociable and quite the man of the world.

HERVÉ RIEL

The following poem belongs to the general class of ballad poetry, narrative poetry written in a loose flowing meter suitable to singing or singsong (recitative). Browning excelled in poetry of this sort, though he wrote it but little.

On the sea and at the Hogue,¹ sixteen hundred
ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!

¹ **The Hogue**, a strait on the northern coast of France, noted chiefly for the battle referred to in the poem, between the French on the one side and the English and Dutch on the other.

And, the thirty-first of May, helter skelter through
the blue,

Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,

5 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville.¹

Close on him fled, great and small,

10 Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signaled to the place

“Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick. —
or, quicker still,

Here's the English can and will.”

15 Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped
on board.

“Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?” laughed they;

“Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
scarred and scored,

Shall the Formidable² here, with her twelve and
eighty guns,

¹ Damfreville, the admiral of the French fleet.

² The Formidable, the French flagship.

Think to make the river mouth by the single
narrow way,
Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
twenty tons, 20
And with flow at full beside?
Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!" 25

Then was called a council straight;
Brief and bitter the debate:
"Here's the English at our heels; would you have
them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?" 30
Better run the ships aground!"
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
Not a minute more to wait!
"Let the captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
the beach!" 35
France must undergo her fate.
Give the word!" But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid
all these,

¹ Plymouth Sound on the coast of England.

40 — A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton¹ sailor pressed² by Tourville
for the fleet, —

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.³

45 And “What mockery or malice have we here?”
cries Hervé Riel:

“Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards,
fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the
soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every
swell

’Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river
disembogues?⁴

50 Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the
lying’s for?

Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were
worse than fifty Hagues!

¹ Breton, from the French Department of Brittany.

² Pressed, compelled to serve, “drafted.”

³ Croisickese, from Le Croisie, a town of Brittany.

⁴ Disembogues, empties.

Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe
me, there's a way !

55

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this Formidable clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know
well,

60

Right to Solidor ¹ past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound ;
And if one ship misbehave,
— Keel so much as grate the ground,

Why, I've nothing but my life, — here's my head !”
cries Hervé Riel.

65

Not a minute more to wait.

“Steer us in, then, small and great !

Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron !”
cried its chief.

Captains, give the sailor place !

He is Admiral, in brief.

70

Still the north wind, by God's grace.

See the noble fellow's face

As the big ship with a bound,

Clears the entry like a hound,

Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound ! ²

75

¹ Solidor and Grève, places on the Hogue.

² Profound, depth.

See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock.
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief !
80 The peril, see, is past,
All are harbored to the last ;
And just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor !" — sure
as fate,
Up the English come — too late.

So, the storm subsides to calm :
85 They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
"Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
90 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away !
'Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the
Rance !¹"
How hope succeeds despair on each captain's coun-
tenance !
Out burst all with one accord,
95 "This is paradise for Hell !
Let France, let France's king
Thank the man that did the thing !"
What a shout, and all one word,
"Hervé Riel !"

¹ Rance, a river of France.

As he stepped in front once more, 100
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,
I must speak out at the end, 105
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships,
You must name your own reward.
Faith, our sun was near eclipse! 110
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's
not Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke, 115
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
"Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it
but a run? — 120
Since 'tis ask and have, I may —
Since the others go ashore, —
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle
Aurore!"

125 That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more.

 Name and deed alike are lost;
 Not a pillar nor a post

 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
 Not a head in white and black

130 On a single fishing smack,

 In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
 wrack

 All that France saved from the fight whence Eng-
 land bore the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank

 Search the heroes flung pellmell

135 On the Louvre,¹ face and flank ! !

 You shall look long enough ere you come to
 Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

 Hervé Riel, accept my verse !

 In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

140 Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the
 Belle Aurore.

ROBERT BROWNING.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What was the occasion of the alarm of the French ?

What did the fleet signal to the town ? (Lines 12-14.)

¹ Louvre, a famous palace in Paris, especially noted for its art gallery.

What did the pilots say? (Lines 16–25.)

What did the council advise? (Lines 28–30.)

What did Damfreville order? (Lines 34–37.)

Who opposed him? (Lines 39–44.)

What did he advise? (Lines 45–65.)

What was the reply? (Lines 67 and 68.)

What did Hervé Riel do?

What reward did he get?

Why did he not ask for more?

Was he sufficiently rewarded?

What characteristics do you find admirable in Hervé Riel?

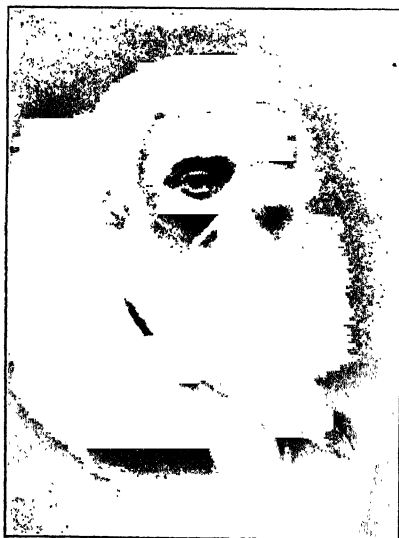
How many lines are there in a stanza? How many rhymes? Which lines rhyme?

Does the verse help or hinder the movement of the story?

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

(1817-1862)

Thoreau is one of the notable figures in American literature. A unique character, the intimate friend



of a group of eminent writers who gave America its greatest literature, in particular of Emerson, — though writing but few books, he has left an indelible mark upon the literature of the country. He was really more a naturalist than a writer, his writings being largely confined to describing what he saw in the fields of

nature, in this resembling his present day successor, John Burroughs.

He was born in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1817,

and like most of the New England literary men took the regular course at Harvard. At different times he engaged in business, but his chief delight was to get away from people to some secluded spot in the woods and live by himself in communion with nature. At one time he built a hut upon Walden Pond near his home and lived there for some years, supporting himself by what he could raise on a little patch of ground. His best book, *Walden Pond*, from which the following sketch is taken, was the product of this life of isolation.

WALDEN

This charming essay, while a sketch of Thoreau's experiences, is very imaginative, even fanciful. To appreciate it, it is necessary to put yourself into his place, as far as possible. Try to fancy his fancies.

WHERE I LIVED, AND WHAT I LIVED FOR

At a certain season of our life we are accustomed to consider every spot as the possible site of a house. I have thus surveyed the country on every side within a dozen miles of where I live. In imagination I have bought all the farms in succession, for all were to be bought, and I knew their price. I walked over each farmer's premises, tasted his wild apples, discoursed on husbandry¹ with him, took his farm at his price, at any price, mortgaging

¹ Husbandry, farming.

10 it to him in my mind; even put a higher price on it,
— took everything but a deed of it, — took his
word for his deed, for I dearly love to talk, — cul-
tivated it, and him, too, to some extent, I trust, and
withdrew when I had enjoyed it long enough, leav-
15 ing him to carry it on.

This experience entitled me to be regarded as a
sort of real estate broker by my friends. Wherever
I sat, there I might live, and the landscape radiated
from me accordingly. What is a house but a seat?
20 — better if a country seat.

I discovered many a site for a house not likely
to be soon improved, which some might have
thought too far from the village, but to my eyes
the village was too far from it.^a Well, there I
25 might live, I said; and there I did live, for an
hour, a summer and a winter life; saw how I could
let the years run off, buffet the winter through,
and see the spring come in. The future inhabitants
of this region, wherever they may place their houses,
30 may be sure that they have been anticipated. An
afternoon sufficed to lay out the land into orchard,
woodlot, and pasture, and to decide what fine oaks
or pines should be left to stand before the door,
and whence each blasted tree could be seen to the
35 best advantage; and then I let it lie, fallow per-
chance, for a man is rich in proportion to the num-
ber of things which he can afford to let alone.^b

My imagination carried me so far that I even had

the refusal of several farms, — the refusal was all I wanted, — but I never got my fingers burned by 40 actual possession. The nearest that I came to actual possession was when I bought the Hollowell place, and had begun to sort my seeds, and collected materials with which to make a wheelbarrow to carry it on or off, but before the owner 45 gave me a deed of it, his wife — every man has such a wife — changed her mind and wished to keep it, and he offered me ten dollars to release him. Now (to speak the truth), I had but ten cents in the world, and it surpassed my arithmetic to 50 tell, if I was that man who had ten cents, or who had a farm, or ten dollars, or all together. However, I let him keep the ten dollars and the farm, too, for I had carried it far enough; or rather, to be generous, I sold him the farm for just what I gave 55 for it, and, as he was not a rich man, made him a present of ten dollars, and still had my ten cents, and seeds, and materials for a wheelbarrow left. I found thus that I had been a rich man without any damage to my poverty. But I retained the land- 60 scape,^c and I have since annually carried off what it yielded without a wheelbarrow. With respect to landscapes, —

“I am monarch of all *I* survey;
My right there is none to dispute.”¹

65

¹ The first lines of Cowper's poem on the *Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*. See *Fifth Reader*, page 33.

I have frequently seen a poet withdraw, having enjoyed the most valuable part of a farm, while the crusty farmer supposed that he had got a few wild apples only. Why, the owner does not know it for
70 many years when a poet has put his farm in rhyme, the most admirable kind of invincible fence, has fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream, and left the farmer only the skimmed milk.^d

75 The real attractions of the Hollowell farm, to me, were: its complete retirement, being about two miles from the village, half a mile from the nearest neighbor, and separated from the highway by a broad field; its bounding on the river, which the
80 owner said protected it by its fogs from frosts in the spring, though that was nothing to me; the gray color and ruinous state of the house and barn, and the dilapidated fences, which put such an interval between me and the last occupant; the
85 hollow and lichen covered apple trees, gnawed by rabbits, showing what kind of neighbors I should have; but above all, the recollection I had of it from my earliest voyages up the river, when the house was concealed behind a dense grove of red
90 maples through which I heard the house dog bark. I was in haste to buy it, before the proprietor finished getting out some rocks, cutting down the hollow apple trees, and grubbing up some young birches which had sprung up in the pasture, or, in

short, had made any more of his improvements.⁹⁵ To enjoy these advantages I was ready to carry it on; like Atlas¹ to take the world on my shoulders, — I never heard what compensation he received for that, — and do all those things which had no other motive or excuse but that I might pay for it¹⁰⁰ and be unmolested in my possession of it; for I knew all the while that it would yield the most abundant crop of the kind² I wanted if I could only afford to let it alone. But it turned out as I have said.

105

All that I could say, then, with respect to farming on a large scale (I have always cultivated a garden), was, that I had had my seeds ready. Many think that seeds improve with age. I have no doubt that time discriminates between the good¹¹⁰ and the bad: and when at last I shall plant, I shall be less likely to be disappointed. But I would say to my fellows, once for all, as long as possible live free and uncommitted. It makes but little difference whether you are committed to a farm or to¹¹⁵ the county jail.³

Old Cato,² whose *De Re Rustica*³ is my "Cultivator," says, and the only translation I have seen makes sheer nonsense of the passage: "When you

¹ Atlas, a fabled giant of Greek mythology, who supported the world on his shoulders.

² Cato, a Roman philosopher and writer.

³ *De Re Rustica*, a book on agriculture, by Cato.

120 think of getting a farm, turn it thus in your mind,
not to buy greedily; nor spare your pains to look
at it, and do not think it enough to go around it
once. The oftener you go there the more it will
please you, if it is good." I think I shall not buy
125 greedily, but go round and round it as long as I
live, and be buried in it first, that it may please me
the more at last."

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

- (a), line 24. What does this sentence mean?
 - (b), line 37. What does the author mean?
 - (c) Compare this with Allen's remark in *The Months*, page 394, lines 224-228.
 - (d), line 74. What does that paragraph mean?
 - (e), line 103. What crop did Thoreau want?
 - (f), line 116. What is the point of this joke?
 - (g), line 127. What does this sentence mean?
- How near really did Thoreau come to owning a farm?
- Is he joking or serious in his account of his experience?
- Was Thoreau's fondness for lonely and unconventional life natural and wholesome?
- Is such life better than necessarily that in cities?

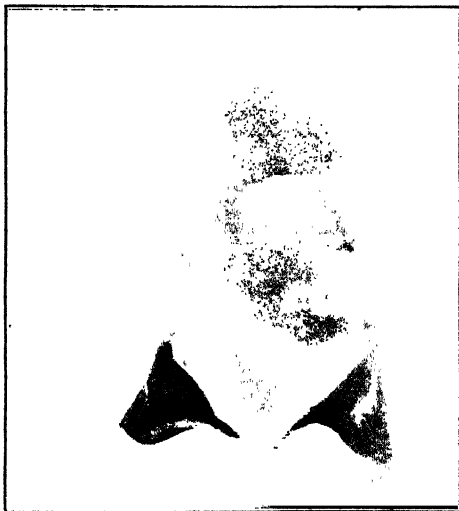
GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

(1788-1824)

Byron is among the most brilliant and fascinating writers of all time; his poems are full of faults and full of excellencies, and in this they are the reflection of his own personality, brilliant and erratic, discerning and unmoral.

Byron has received the severest condemnation and the highest praise for certain notable features of some of his poems. Among these are

poems which manifest a towering genius, and others which indicate moral degeneracy. His best poems are among the great treasures of literature, and it is by these that in time he will be remembered.



THE EVE OF WATERLOO¹

Before the battle of Waterloo, the officers of the allied armies opposed to Napoleon were holding a gay dance in Brussels. While the dance was in progress, the first cannonade announced the opening of the great battle. The poet has seized this incident for the topic of his poem.

- There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital² had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
5 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a ris-
ing knell!
- 10 Did ye not hear it? — No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet, —
15 But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;

¹ Waterloo, a small town in Belgium, the scene of one of the greatest battles of history, in which Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor of the French, was finally overthrown by an army of allied powers, mainly German and English.

² Belgium's capital, Brussels.

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening
 roar !

* * * * * *

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress, 20
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who would guess 25
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed, 30
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb, 35
Or whispering with white lips, — “The foe! they
 come ! they come !”

And wild and high the “Cameron's gathering” rose,
The war note of Lochiel,¹ which Albyn's² hills

¹ Lochiel, a Scottish chief.

² Albyn, the Highlands of Scotland.

Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon¹
foes:—

40 How in the noon of night that pibroch² thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
45 And Evan's, Donald's³ fame rings in each clans-
man's ears!

And Ardennes⁴ waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave, — alas!
50 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and
low.

55 Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

¹ **Saxon foes**, referring to the long warfare between the Celtic Scotch and the Saxon English.

² **Pibroch**, a tune played on the bagpipe, which was the national musical instrument of Scotland.

³ Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald, Welsh heroes. The Welsh are of the same Celtic blood as the Highland Scotch.

⁴ **Ardennes**, a Department of France on the borders of Belgium.

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshaling in arms, — the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunderclouds close o'er it, which, when rent, 60
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial
 blent!

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 3. Why does the poet say "beauty and chivalry" rather than "women and men"?

Line 13. What does he mean by "Youth and Pleasure"? Try substituting plain, unfigurative language for these. What is the effect?

Does this poem make war seem glorious or the contrary?

What is the meaning of lines 43-46?

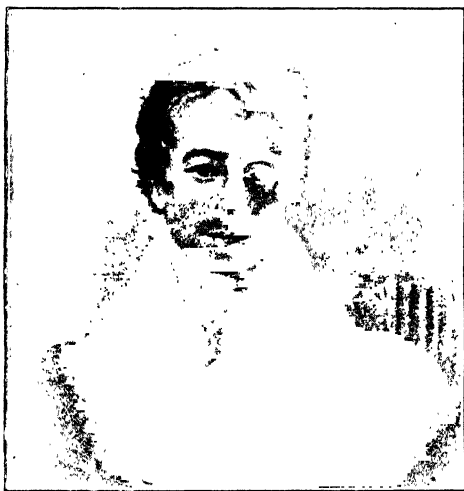
Find ten figures of speech in the poem. Which do you think the finest? Why?

Find out all you can about the *Battle of Waterloo*. What was it all about? What nations were concerned in it? What famous generals led the opposing sides? Who won? What were the final results?

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

Charles Lamb is deservedly one of the most popular of English essayists, as during his life he



was personally one of the most popular literary people in England. A man of high ideals, sensitive and artistic taste, charming personality, he numbered among his friends the choicest spirits of England, including such

men as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, and Hood.

He was not only a charming writer, but he was a brilliant and witty conversationalist. His wit has

become proverbial. It is said to have been somewhat accented by the fact that he stuttered. His most famous book is his *Essays of Elia*, from which the following selection is taken.

MODERN GALLANTRY

Bear in mind that this essay was written more than a century ago, and see if times have changed for better or worse as to the treatment of women.

In comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness,¹ or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females. 5

I shall believe that this principle actuates² our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century, of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in 10 common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe it to be influential, when I can shut my eyes to the fact that in England women are still occasionally — hanged.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer 15 subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

¹ Obsequiousness, deference, extreme politeness.

² Actuates, directs.

I shall believe in it, when Dorimant ¹ hands a fish-wife across the kennel;² or assists the applewoman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky
20 dray has just dissipated.³

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts⁴ in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not ob-
25 served, — when I shall see the traveler for some rich tradesman part with his admired box coat, to spread it over the defenseless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stagecoach with him, drenched in the rain, — when I
30 shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theater, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her distress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, sig-
35 nificantly declares “she should be welcome to his seat if she were a little younger and handsomer.” Place this dapper warehouse-man, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Loth-
40 bury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some

¹ Dorimant, a character in an old play, *The Man of Mode*, a brilliant, witty person of low character.

² Kennel, gutter.

³ Dissipated, scattered.

⁴ Adepts, persons skilled.

such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes, I shall never believe this ⁴⁵ boasted point to be anything more than a conventional ¹ fiction; a pageant ² got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary ³ fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear, — to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title. ⁵⁵

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well dressed gentleman in a well dressed company can advert ⁴ to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer; — when the phrases “antiquated virginity,” ⁶⁰ and such a one has “overstood her market,” pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offense in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread Street Hill, merchant, and ⁶⁵ one of the Directors of the South Sea Company, the

¹ Conventional, agreed upon, generally accepted.

² Pageant, show.

³ Salutary, healthful.

⁴ Advert, refer.

same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet — was the only pattern of consistent ¹ gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more. He was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawingroom, and another in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded — smile if you please — to a poor servant girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street — in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it. He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him — nay, smile not — tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting ² his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To

¹ Consistent, uniform, reliable.

² Exalting, lifting.

the reverend form of Female Eld¹ he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar⁹⁵ woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandams. He was the Preux Chevalier² of Age; the Sir Calidore,³ or Sir Tristan,⁴ to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded¹⁰⁰ thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley, — old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton, — who, dying¹⁰⁵ in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion⁵ of civil speeches — the common gallantry — to¹¹⁰ which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance⁶ — but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgment in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice,¹¹⁵ for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness. When he ventured on the following day,

¹ Female Eld, old womanhood.

² Preux Chevalier, (preü-she-väl-i-ä), the especial champion.

³ Sir Calidore, a hero of Spenser's poem, *The Fairie Queen*.

⁴ Sir Tristan, a famous knight of King Arthur's Round Table.

⁵ Profusion, great number.

⁶ Repugnance, dislike.

finding her a little better humored, to expostulate on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she could digest a dose of adulation,¹ short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that — a little before he had commenced his compliments — she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, “As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady, — a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune, — I have my choice of the finest speeches from the most of this very fine gentleman who is courting me; but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one (naming the milliner), — and had failed of bringing home the cravats to the appointed hour — though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them — what sort of compliments should I have received then? And my woman’s pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do me honor, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belong-

¹ Adulation, flattery.

ing to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them."

I think the lady discovered both generosity and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behavior of my friend towards all of womenkind indiscriminately,¹ owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress. 155

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and no longer witness the anomaly² of the same man—a pattern of true politeness, to a wife — of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister — the idolater of his female mistress — the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate — still female — maiden cousin. 160

Just so much respect as a woman derogates³ from her own sex, in whatever condition placed — her handmaid, or dependant — she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should 165

¹ Indiscriminately, without difference.

² Anomaly, contradiction.

³ Derogates, takes away.

demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first — respect for her as she is a woman; — and next to that — to be respected by him above all other women.
175 But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments¹ and ornaments — as many, and as fanciful, as you please — to that main structure. Let her
180 first lesson be, with sweet Susan Winstanley, to reverence her sex.

CHARLES LAMB.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Is the tendency nowadays to more or less of such gallantry as Lamb here describes?

Describe a gentleman that you think Lamb would approve. Can you name any modern conditions that are opposed to the cultivation of true gallantry?

Name the characteristics of a gentleman that Lamb says he failed to find in his day. Name any of them that you do not often see today.

¹ Additaments, additions.

THEODORE O'HARA

(1820-1867)

O'Hara, a native of Kentucky, was a teacher and a lawyer, and later an employee of the Treasury Department at Washington. He was a soldier in the Mexican War, and also in the Confederate Army of the Civil War. He was at times upon the editorial staffs of newspapers, and wrote a few poems of choice quality, his most popular poem being the one here given, the *Bivouac of the Dead*.

THE BIVOUAC¹ OF THE DEAD

This poem was written by O'Hara on the return of the bodies of soldiers slain in the battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War. The version given here is correct, though it differs materially from that commonly found in readers.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,

5

¹ *Bivouac*, an encampment on guard.

And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
10 Now swells upon the wind ;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind ;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms ;
15 No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their pluméd heads are bowed ;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
20 Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

25 The neighboring steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are past ;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
30 Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain 35
Came down the serried¹ foe;
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain. 40

Sons of our consecrated ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil 45
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field; 50
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred hearts and eyes watch by 55
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,

¹ Serried, dense, crowded.

- No impious footsteps here shall tread
60 The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.
- 65 Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless songs shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
70 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THEODORE O'HARA.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Compare this poem with Gray's *Elegy*, page 428, which also treats of the glory of the dead.

What kind of people are referred to in Gray's poem? In O'Hara's?

Point out figures of speech in each poem that would not fit the other.

Which poem do you like the better? Why?

What is the meaning of lines 51 and 52?

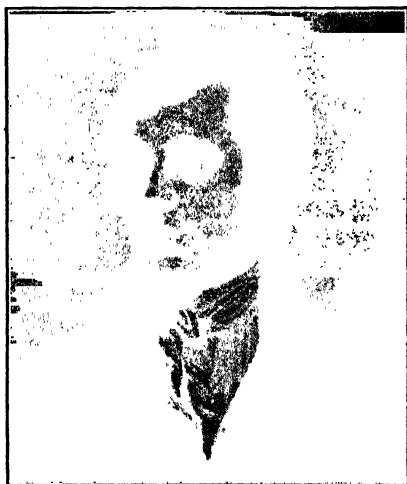
What does line 65 mean?

ROBERT BURNS

(1759-1796)

"Bobbie" Burns is Scotland's pet. A young rustic, with the gift of song, he thrilled Scotland and England alike. Rising from humble beginnings, he became the friend of the leading literary men of Great Britain, and he wrote poems that are of permanent worth.

His life was that of a rollicking, gay, irresponsible "good fellow," good and bad mixed in about equal proportions. But he had a charm of personality which captivated all.



His poetry, much of it, is in Scotch dialect and somewhat difficult to read on that account, but there are bits of charming verse by Burns, written in standard English. His best poems, however, are in dialect.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

In this poem Burns gives a true and beautiful picture of the life of a God-fearing Scotch family.

- My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend !¹
No mercenary bard his homage pays :
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise :
5 To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been —
Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I
ween.
- 10 November chill blows loud wi' angry sugh :²
The short'ning winter-day is near a close ;
The miry³ beasts retreating frae the pleugh ;⁴
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
15 This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward
bend.

¹ Friend, William Aiken, a poet, named in the eighth line.

² Sugh, here pronounced "sooch."

³ Miry, dirty.

⁴ Pleugh, pronounced "plooch," plow.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20
Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin', stacher¹
through
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin'² noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle,³ blinkin' bonilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee, 25
Does a' his weary carping care beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve,⁴ the elder bairns came drapping in,
At service out,⁵ amang the farmers roun';
Some ca'⁶ the pleugh, some herd, some tentie⁷ rin 30
A cannie⁸ errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthful bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-worn penny-fee, 35
To help her parents deal if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:⁹
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;

¹ Stacher, stagger, toddle.

² Flichterin', fluttering, birdlike.

³ Ingle, fire.

⁴ Belyve, by and by.

⁵ At service out, working out.

⁶ Ca', drive.

⁷ Tentie, heedful.

⁸ Cannie, careful.

⁹ Spiers, inquires.

40 Each tells the uncos¹ that he sees or hears;
Anticipation forward points the view.

 The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
 Gars² auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

45 Their master's an' their mistress's command,
 The younkers a' are warnéd to obey;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent³ hand,
 And ne'er tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:

 "And O! be sure to hear the Lord alway,
50 An' mind your duty, duly morn an' night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
 aright!"

 But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
55 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
60 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name.
 While Jenny hafflins⁴ is afraid to speak;
Weelpleased the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless
 rake.

¹ Uncos, news.

² Gars, makes.

³ Eydent, diligent.

⁴ Hafflins, half.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; ¹
 A strappan' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en; 65
 The father cracks ² of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate ³ and laithfu', ⁴ scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave; 70
 Well pleased to think her bairn's respected like the
 lave.⁵

O happy love! where love like this is found;
 O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience makes me this declare — 75
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure
 spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the eve-
 ning gale." 80

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
 The soupe ⁶ their only hawkie ⁷ does afford,

¹ Ben, into the room.

² Cracks, talks.

³ Blate, diffident.

⁴ Laithfu', bashful.

⁵ Lave, others.

⁶ Soupe, sop — of milk.

⁷ Hawkie, cow.

That 'yont the hallan ¹ snugly chows her cood;
 85 The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd ² kebbuck, ³ fell; ⁴
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it good;
 The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell
 How 'twas a towmond ⁵ auld sin' lint ⁶ was i' the bell.⁷

90 The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face
 They round the ingle form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ⁸ ha'-bible, ance his father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 95 His lyart ⁹ haffets ¹⁰ wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide —
 He wales ¹¹ a portion with judicious care,
 And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn
 air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 100 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim:
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;

¹ Hallan, wall.

² Weel-hained, carefully saved.

³ Kebbuck, cheese.

⁴ Fell, sharp, strong.

⁵ Towmond, twelvemonth.

⁶ Lint, flax.

⁷ Bell, flower.

⁸ Ha', hall.

⁹ Lyart, gray.

¹⁰ Haffets, temples.

¹¹ Wales, chooses.

Or noble Elgin beets ¹ the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

Compared with these, Italian trills are tame; 105
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage 110

With Amalek's ² ungracious progeny;

Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;

Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire; 115

Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,

How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;

How He who bore in Heaven the second name 120

Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;

How His first followers and servants sped;

The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:

How he was lone in Patmos banishéd,

Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,

And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by

Heaven's command. 125

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King

The saint, the father, and the husband prays:

¹ Beets, adds fuel. ² Amalek, a king mentioned in the Bible.

Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
130 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal
sphere.

135 Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
140 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;¹
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
145 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
150 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

¹ Sacerdotal stole, priestly vestments. Burns was a true Scotchman and disliked religious ceremonies.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, 155

“An honest man's the noblest work of God” ;

And certes,¹ in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind,

What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 160
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !

For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil

Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
content ! 165

And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile ;

Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-
loved isle. 170

O Thou ! who poured the patriotic tide

That streamed thru Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die — the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, 175

¹ Certes (sur-tēz), truly.

His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert ;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

ROBERT BURNS.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Describe the various pictures given in this poem.

Which is the finest ?

Which character is the most attractive ?

Why does Burns say what he does in line 2 ?

What other poem is suggested by the second stanza ?

How does the mother feel about the caller ?

How does she relieve the youth's embarrassment ?

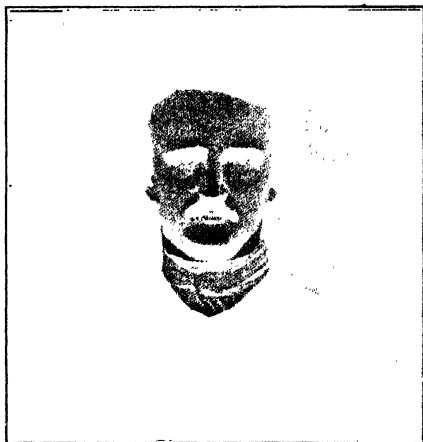
How does the youth show his good manners ?

Has this poem a climax ? If so, what is it ?

EDGAR ALLAN POE

(1809-1849)

Poe is one of the most widely discussed authors in American literature. The story of his life is characterized chiefly by sadness. Early left an orphan, he was adopted by a Mr. Allan of Baltimore, who gave him his name. He was brilliant, but willful and inclined to dissipation. He tried many literary ventures, but they all proved financial failures, and finally he died in poverty. Still his poetry is one of the precious possessions of the American people. Some place it very high in the poetry of the world, and some regard it as deserving a much



lower place, but, in any case, it is read, and will continue to be read.

Poe's imagination was so vivid and so unhealthy that he dwelt very largely in the realm of the purely mystical, and even of the grotesque and repulsive, but he treated all of his subjects with such masterful art as to produce the most vivid sense of reality.

His principal writings were poems and short stories, and it is difficult to say in which of these he chiefly excelled. Most of his stories are weird but thrilling. His poems illustrate particularly his ability to use musical words. Indeed, the sound of a word seems to have usually been his foremost reason for choosing it. *The Raven* and *The Bells* are his best-known poems, and *The Raven* certainly is his greatest.

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM¹

This story well shows Poe's peculiar power to produce weird effects, yet it is without the dreadful conclusion that mars some of his tales. The belief in the existence of a vast *maelstrom* or whirlpool in the northern ocean is very old, and upon that Poe bases this realistic tale.

We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.

¹ **Maelstrom**, māl-strum.

“Not long ago,” said he at length, “and I could have guided you on this route as well as the youngest 5 of my sons; but, about three years past, there happened to me an event such as never happened before to mortal man — or at least such as no man ever survived to tell of — and the six hours of deadly terror which I then endured have broken me up body 10 and soul. You suppose me a *very* old man — but I am not. It took less than a single day to change these hairs from a jetty black to white, to weaken my limbs, and to unstring my nerves, so that I tremble at the least exertion, and am frightened at 15 a shadow. Do you know I can scarcely look over this little cliff without getting giddy?”

The “little cliff” upon whose edge he had so carelessly thrown himself down to rest that the weightier portion of his body hung over it, while he was only 20 kept from falling by the tenure¹ of his elbow on its extreme and slippery edge — this “little cliff” arose, a sheer,² unobstructed³ precipice of black, shining rock, some fifteen or sixteen hundred feet from the world of crags beneath us. Nothing would have 25 tempted me to within half a dozen yards of its brink. In truth, so deeply was I excited by the perilous position of my companion, that I fell at full length upon the ground, clung to the shrubs around me, and dared not even glance upward at the sky, — 30

¹ **Tenure**, holding power.

² **Sheer**, perpendicular.

³ **Unobstructed**, with nothing in the way.

while I struggled in vain to divest ¹ myself of the idea that the very foundations of the mountain were in danger from the fury of the winds. It was long before I could reason myself into sufficient courage to
35 sit up and look out into the distance.

"You must get over these fancies," said the guide, "for I have brought you here that you might have the best possible view of the scene of that event I mentioned — and to tell you the whole story with the
40 spot just under your eye.

"We are now," he continued, "we are now close upon the Norwegian coast, in the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, in the great province of Nordland, and in the dreary district of Lofoden.
45 The mountain upon whose top we sit is Helseggen, the Cloudy. Now raise yourself up a little higher hold on to the grass, if you feel giddy — so — and look out, beyond the belt of vapor beneath us, into the sea."

50 I looked dizzily, and beheld a wide expanse of ocean, whose waters wore so inky a hue as to bring at once to my mind the Nubian geographer's account of the *Mare Tenebrarum*.² A panorama³ more deplorably desolate no human imagination can
55 ceive. To the right and left, as far as the eye could reach, there lay outstretched, like ramparts of the world, lines of horridly black and beetling cliff.

¹ Divest, rid.

² Mā-rē Ten-e-brā'-rum, the sea of shadows.

³ Panorama, wide view.

whose character of gloom was but the more forcibly illustrated by the surf which reared high up against its white and ghastly crest, howling and shrieking 60 forever. Just opposite the promontory upon whose apex ¹ we were placed, and at a distance of some five or six miles out at sea, there was visible a small, bleak looking island; or, more properly, its position was discernible ² through the wilderness of surge ³ in 65 which it was enveloped. About two miles nearer the land arose another, of smaller size, hideously craggy and barren, and encompassed ⁴ at various intervals by a cluster of dark rocks.

The appearance of the ocean, in the space between 70 the more distant island and the shore, had something very unusual about it. Although, at the time, so strong a gale was blowing landward that a brig in the remote offing ⁵ lay to ⁶ under a double reefed trysail ⁷ and constantly plunged her whole hull out of 75 sight, still there was here nothing like a regular swell, but only a short, quick, angry cross dashing of water in every direction, as well in the teeth of the wind as otherwise. Of foam there was little except in the immediate vicinity ⁸ of the rocks. 80

¹ Apex, highest point.

² Discernible, could be seen.

³ Surge, billows.

⁴ Encompassed, surrounded.

⁵ Offing, distance.

⁶ Lay to, turned, head toward the wind.

⁷ Trysail, a small storm sail.

⁸ Vicinity, neighborhood.

"The island in the distance," resumed the old man, "is called by the Norwegians, Vurrgh. The one midway is Moskoe. That a mile to the northward is Ambaaren. These are the true names of
85 the places — but why it has been thought necessary to name them at all is more than either you or I can understand. Do you hear anything? Do you see any change in the water?"

We had now been about ten minutes upon the top
90 of Helseggen, to which we had ascended from the interior ¹ of Lofoden, so that we had caught no glimpse of the sea until it had burst upon us from the summit. As the old man spoke, I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a
95 vast herd of buffaloes upon an American prairie; and at the same moment I perceived that what seamen term the *chopping* character of the ocean beneath us, was rapidly changing into a current which set to the eastward. Even while I gazed, this cur-
100 rent acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed — to its headlong impetuosity.² In five minutes the whole sea, as far as Vurrgh, was lashed into ungovernable fury; but it was between Moskoe and the coast that the main uproar held its
105 sway. Here the vast beds of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied ³ convulsion ⁴ — heaving,

¹ Interior, inner part.

² Impetuosity, violent force.

³ Frenzied, mad.

⁴ Convulsion, tumult.

boiling, hissing, gyrating ¹ in gigantic and innumerable vortices, ² and all whirling and plunging on to the eastward with a rapidity which water never else- 110 where assumes, except in precipitous ³ descents.

In a few minutes more, there came over the scene another radical ⁴ alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools, one by one, disappeared, while prodigious ⁵ streaks 115 of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory ⁶ motion of the subsided ⁷ vortices, and seemed to form the germ of 120 another more vast. Suddenly, very suddenly, this assumed a distinct and definite existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth 125 of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round with a swaying motion, and send- 130 ing forth to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

¹ Gyrating, whirling.

² Vortices, whirling masses of water.

³ Precipitous, very steep.

⁴ Radical, complete.

⁵ Prodigious, immense.

⁶ Gyratory, whirling.

⁷ Subsided, settled.

The mountain trembled to its very base, and the
135 rock rocked. I threw myself upon my face, and clung
to the scant herbage in an excess of nervous agitation.

"This," said I, at length, to the old man — "this
can be nothing else than the great whirlpool of the
Maelström."

140 "So it is sometimes termed," said he. "We Nor-
wegians call it the Moskoe-strom, from the island of
Moskoe in the midway."

* * * * *

"You have had a good look at the whirl now,"
said the old man, "and if you will creep round this
145 crag, so as to get in its lee, and deaden the roar of
the water, I will tell you a story that will convince
you I ought to know something of the Moskoestrom."

I placed myself as desired, and he proceeded.

"Myself and my two brothers once owned a
150 schooner-rigged smack¹ of about seventy tons'
burden, with which we were in the habit of fishing
among the islands beyond Moskoe, nearly to Vurrgh.
In all violent eddies at sea there is good fishing, at
proper opportunities, if one has only the courage to
155 attempt it; but among the whole of the Lofoden
coast men we three were the only ones who made a
regular business of going out to the islands, as I tell
you. The usual grounds are a great way lower
down to the southward. There fish can be got at

¹ Smack, a boat.

all hours, without much risk, and therefore these¹⁶⁰ places are preferred. The choice spots over here among the rocks, however, not only yield the finest variety, but in far greater abundance; so that we often got in a single day what the more timid of the craft could not scrape together in a week. In fact,¹⁶⁵ we made it a matter of desperate speculation — the risk of life standing instead of labor, and courage answering for capital.

“We kept the smack in a cove about five miles higher up the coast than this; and it was our practice,¹⁷⁰ in fine weather, to take advantage of the fifteen minutes’ slack to push across the main channel of the Moskoestrom, far above the pool, and then drop down upon anchorage somewhere near Otterholm, or Sandflesen, where the eddies are not so violent as else-¹⁷⁵ where. Here we used to remain until nearly time for slack water again, when we weighed and made for home. We never set out upon this expedition without a steady side wind for going and coming — one that we felt sure would not fail us before our return¹⁸⁰ — and we seldom made a miscalculation¹ upon this point. Twice, during six years, we were forced to stay all night at anchor on account of a dead calm, which is a rare thing indeed just about here; and once we had to remain on the grounds nearly a week,¹⁸⁵ starving to death, owing to a gale which blew up shortly after our arrival, and made the channel too

¹ Miscalculation, mistake.

boisterous to be thought of. Upon this occasion we should have been driven out to sea in spite of
190 everything (for the whirlpools threw us round and round so violently that, at length, we fouled our anchor and dragged it), if it had not been that we drifted into one of the innumerable¹ cross currents, here today and gone tomorrow, which drove us
195 under the lee of Flåmen, where, by good luck, we brought up.

“I could not tell you the twentieth part of the difficulties we encountered ‘on the ground’ — it is a bad spot to be in, even in good weather — but we
200 made shift always to run the gantlet of the Moskøestrom itself without accident; although at times my heart has been in my mouth when we happened to be a minute or so behind or before the slack. The wind sometimes was not as strong as we thought it
205 at starting, and then we made rather less way than we could wish, while the current rendered the smack unmanageable. My eldest brother had a son eighteen years old, and I had two stout boys of my own. These would have been of great assistance at such
210 times, in using the sweeps, as well as afterward in fishing, but, somehow, although we ran the risk ourselves, we had not the heart to let the young ones get into the danger — for, after all is said and done, it *was* a horrible danger, and that is the truth.
215 “It is now within a few days of three years since

¹ Innumerable, more than can be counted.

what I am going to tell you occurred. It was on the tenth of July, 18—, a day which the people of this part of the world will never forget, for it was one in which blew the most terrible hurricane that ever came out of the heavens. And yet all the morn- 220 ing, and indeed until late in the afternoon, there was a gentle and steady breeze from the southwest, while the sun shone brightly, so that the oldest seaman among us could not have foreseen what was to follow.

225

"The three of us, my two brothers and myself, had crossed over to the island about two o'clock P.M., and soon nearly loaded the smack with fine fish, which, we all remarked, were more plenty that day than we had ever known them. It was just seven, 230 *by my watch*, when we weighed and started for home, so as to make the worst of the Strom at slack water, which we knew would be at eight.

"We set out with a fresh wind on our starboard quarter, and for some time spanked along at a great 235 rate, never dreaming of danger, for indeed we saw not the slightest reason to apprehend¹ it. . . . All at once we were taken aback by a breeze from over Helseggen. This was most unusual — something that had never happened to us before — and I began 240 to feel a little uneasy, without exactly knowing why. We put the boat on the wind, but could make no headway at all for the eddies, and I was upon the

¹ Apprehend, fear.

point of proposing to return to the anchorage, when,
245 looking astern, we saw the whole horizon covered
with a singular copper-colored cloud that rose with
the most amazing velocity.

"In the meantime, the breeze that had headed us
off fell away, and we were dead becalmed, drifting
250 about in every direction. This state of things, how-
ever, did not last long enough to give us time to
think about it. In less than a minute the storm was
upon us, in less than two the sky was entirely
overcast, and what with this and the driving spray,
255 it became suddenly so dark that we could not see
each other in the smack.

"Such a hurricane as then blew it is folly to at-
tempt describing. The oldest seamen in Norway
never experienced anything like it. We had let
260 our sails go by the run before it cleverly took us;
but, at the first puff, both our masts went by the
board as if they had been sawed off, the main-
mast taking with it my youngest brother, who had
lashed himself to it for safety.

265 "Our boat was the lightest feather of a thing that
ever sat upon water. It had a complete flush deck,
with only a small hatch near the bow, and this hatch
it had always been our custom to batten down when
about to cross the Strom, by way of precaution
270 against the chopping seas. But for this circumstance
we should have foundered at once, for we lay en-
tirely buried for some moments. How my elder

brother escaped destruction I cannot say, for I never had an opportunity of ascertaining. For my part, as soon as I had let the foresail run, I threw myself 275 flat on deck with my feet against the narrow gunwale of the bow, and with my hands grasping a ring-bolt near the foot of the foremast. It was mere instinct that prompted me to do this, — which was undoubtedly the very best thing I could have done, 280 — for I was too much flurried to think.

“For some moments we were completely deluged,¹ as I say, and all this time I held my breath, and clung to the bolt. When I could stand it no longer I raised myself upon my knees, still keeping hold with 285 my hands, and thus got my head clear. Presently our little boat gave herself a shake, just as a dog does in coming out of the water, and thus rid herself, in some measure, of the seas. I was now trying to get the better of the stupor that had come over me, 290 and to collect my senses so as to see what was to be done, when I felt somebody grasp my arm. It was my elder brother, and my heart leaped for joy, for I had made sure that he was overboard; but the next moment all this joy was turned into horror, 295 for he put his mouth close to my ear, and screamed out the word, ‘*Moskoe-strom*!’”

“No one will ever know what my feelings were at that moment. I shook from head to foot as if I had had the most violent fit of the ague. I knew what 300

¹ Deluged, flooded.

he meant by that one word well enough — I knew what he wished to make me understand. With the wind that now drove us on, we were bound for the whirl of the Strom, and nothing could save us!

305 “You perceived that in crossing the Strom *Channel*, we always went along way up above the whirl, even in the calmest weather, and then had to wait and watch carefully for the slack, but now we were driving right upon the pool itself, and in such a
310 hurricane as this! ‘To be sure,’ I thought, ‘we shall get there just about the slack — there is some little hope in that,’ — but in the next moment I cursed myself for being so great a fool as to dream of hope at all. I knew very well that we were
315 doomed, had we been ten times a ninety gun ship.

“By this time the first fury of the tempest had spent itself, or perhaps we did not feel it so much as we scudded before it; but at all events the seas, which at first had been kept down by the wind, and
320 lay flat and frothing, now got up into absolute mountains. A singular change, too, had come over the heavens. Around in every direction it was still as black as pitch, but nearly overhead there burst
325 all at once, a circular rift of clear sky — as clear as I ever saw — and of a deep, bright blue,— and through it there blazed forth the full moon with a luster that I never before knew her to wear. She lit up everything about us with the greatest distinctness — but, oh, what a scene it was to light up!

"I now made one or two attempts to speak to my 330 brother — but in some manner which I could not understand, the din had so increased that I could not make him hear a single word, although I screamed at the top of my voice in his ear. Presently he shook his head, looking as pale as death, and held up one 335 of his fingers, as if to say *listen!*

"At first I could not make out what he meant — but soon a hideous thought flashed upon me. I dragged my watch from its fob. It was not going. I glanced at its face by the moonlight, and then burst 340 into tears as I flung it far away into the ocean. *It had run down at seven o'clock! We were behind the time of the slack, and the whirl of the Strom was in full fury!*

"When a boat is well built, properly trimmed, and 345 not deep laden, the waves in a strong gale, when she is going large, seem always to slip from beneath her — which appears very strange to a landsman — and that is what is called *riding*, in sea phrase.

"Well, so far we had ridden the swells very cleverly; 350 but presently a gigantic sea happened to take us right under the counter,¹ and bore us with it as it rose — up — up — as if into the sky. I would not have believed that any wave could rise so high. 'And then down we came with a sweep, a slide,' and a 355 plunge, that made me feel sick and dizzy, as if I was falling from some lofty mountain top in a dream.

¹ **Counter**, the after part of the boat.

But while we were up I had thrown a quick glance around — and that one glance was all sufficient. I
360 saw our exact position in an instant. The Moskoe-
strom whirlpool was about a quarter of a mile dead
ahead — but no more like the everyday Moskoe-
strom, than the whirl as you now see it is like a mill
race. If I had not known where we were, and what
365 we had to expect, I should not have recognized the
place at all. As it was, I involuntarily closed my
eyes in horror. The lids clenched themselves to-
gether as if in a spasm.

“It could not have been more than two minutes
370 afterwards until we suddenly felt the waves subside,
and were enveloped in foam. The boat made a sharp
half turn to larboard,¹ and then shot off in its new
direction like a thunderbolt. At the same moment
the roaring noise of the water was completely drowned
375 in a kind of shrill shriek — such a sound as you might
imagine given out by the water pipes of many thou-
sand steam vessels, letting off their steam all to-
gether. We were now in the belt of surf that always
surrounds the whirl; and I thought, of course,
380 that another moment would plunge us into the abyss
— down which we could only see indistinctly on
account of the amazing velocity with which we were
borne along. The boat did not seem to sink into the
water at all, but to skim like an air bubble upon the
385 surface of the surf. Her starboard² was next the

¹ Larboard, the left side.

² Starboard, the right side.

whirl, and on the larboard arose the world of ocean we had left. It stood like a huge writhing wall between us and the horizon.

"It may appear strange, but now, when we were in the very jaws of the gulf, I felt more composed 390 than when we were only approaching it. Having made up my mind to hope no more, I got rid of a great deal of that terror which unmanned me at first. I suppose it was despair that strung my nerves.

"It may look like boasting, but what I tell you 395 is truth — I began to reflect how magnificent a thing it was to die in such a manner, and how foolish it was in me to think of so paltry a consideration as my own individual life, in view of so wonderful a manifestation of God's power. I do believe that I 400 blushed with shame when this idea crossed my mind. After a little while I became possessed with the keenest curiosity about the whirl itself. I positively felt a *wish* to explore its depths, even at the sacrifice I was going to make; and my principal grief was that 405 I should never be able to tell my old companions on shore about the mysteries I should see. These, no doubt, were singular fancies to occupy a man's mind in such extremity¹ and I have often thought, since, that the revolutions of the boat around the pool 410 might have rendered me a little light headed.

"There was another circumstance which tended to restore my self possession; and this was the cessa-

¹ Extremity, very great peril.

tion¹ of the wind, which could not reach us in our
415 present situation, for, as you saw yourself, the
belt of surf is considerably lower than the general
bed of the ocean, and this latter now towered above
us, a high, black, mountainous ridge. If you have
ever been at sea in a heavy gale, you can form no
420 idea of the confusion of mind occasioned by the wind
and spray together. They blind, deafen, and stran-
gle you, and take away all power of action or reflec-
tion. But we were now, in a great measure, rid of
these annoyances — just as death condemned felons
425 in prison are allowed petty indulgences, forbidden
them while their doom is yet uncertain.

“How often we made the circuit of the belt it is
impossible to say. We careered round and round
for perhaps an hour, flying rather than floating, get-
430 ting gradually more and more into the middle of the
surf, and then nearer and nearer to its horrible inner
edge. All this time I had never let go of the ring-
bolt. My brother was at the stern, holding on to a
small empty water cask which had been securely
435 lashed under the coop of the counter, and was the
only thing on deck that had not been swept over-
board when the gale first took us. As we approached
the brink of the pit he let go his hold upon this, and
made for the ring, from which, in the agony of his
440 terror, he endeavored to force my hands, as it was
not large enough to afford us both a secure grasp.

¹ Cessation, stopping.

I never felt deeper grief than when I saw him attempt this act — although I knew he was a madman when he did it — a raving maniac through sheer fright. I did not care, however, to contest the point 445 with him. I knew it could make no difference whether either of us held on at all, so I let him have the bolt, and went astern to the cask. This there was no great difficulty in doing; for the smack flew round steadily enough, and upon an even keel — 450 only swaying to and fro, with the immense sweeps and swelters of the whirl. Scarcely had I secured myself in my new position, when we gave a wild lurch to starboard, and rushed headlong into the abyss. I muttered a hurried prayer to God, and 455 thought all was over.

“As I felt the sickening sweep of the descent, I had instinctively¹ tightened my hold upon the barrel, and closed my eyes. For some seconds I dared not open them — while I expected instant 460 destruction, and wondered that I was not already in my death struggles with the water. But moment after moment elapsed.² I still lived. The sense of falling had ceased; and the motion of the vessel seemed much as it had been before, while in the 465 belt of foam, with the exception that she now lay more along. I took courage and looked once again upon the scene.

¹ **Instinctively**, naturally, without thinking.

² **Elapsed**, passed.

“Never shall I forget the sensations of awe, horror,
470 and admiration with which I gazed about me. The
boat appeared to be hanging, as if by magic, midway
down, upon the interior surface of a funnel vast in
circumference, prodigious¹ in depth, and whose
perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for
475 ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which
they spun around, and for the gleaming and ghastly
radiance² they shot forth, as the rays of the full
moon, from that circular rift amid the clouds which
I have already described, streamed in a flood of
480 golden glory along the black walls, and far away
down into the inmost recesses³ of the abyss.

“At first I was too much confused to observe
anything accurately. The general burst of terrific
grandeur was all that I beheld. When I recovered
485 myself a little, however, my gaze fell instinctively
downward. In this direction I was able to obtain
an unobstructed⁴ view, from the manner in which
the smack hung on the inclined surface of the pool.
She was quite upon an even keel — that is to say,
490 her deck lay in a plane parallel with that of the
water — but this latter sloped at an angle of more
than forty-five degrees, so that we seemed to be
lying upon our beam ends. I could not help observ-
ing, nevertheless, that I had scarcely more diffi-
495 culty in maintaining my hold and footing in this

¹ Prodigious, immense.

² Radiance, brightness.

³ Recesses, depths.

⁴ Unobstructed, clear.

situation, than if we had been upon a dead level; and this, I suppose, was owing to the speed at which we revolved.

"The rays of the moon seemed to search the very bottom of the profound gulf; but still I could make 500 out nothing distinctly, on account of a thick mist. in which everything there was enveloped, and over which there hung a magnificent rainbow, like that narrow and tottering bridge which Mussulmans¹ say is the only pathway between Time and Eternity. 505 This mist, or spray, was no doubt occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom, but the yell that went up to the heavens from out of that mist, I dare not attempt to describe. 510

"Our first slide into the abyss itself, from the belt of foam above, had carried us to a great distance down the slope; but our farther descent was by no means proportionate.² Round and round we swept, not with any uniform movement, but in 515 dizzying swings and jerks, that sent us sometimes only a few hundred yards, sometimes nearly the complete circuit of the whirl. Our progress downward, at each revolution, was slow, but very perceptible. 520

"Looking about me upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which we were thus borne, I per-

¹ **Mussulmans**, Moslems, followers of Mohammed.

² **Proportionate**, at an equal rate.

ceived that our boat was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below us
525 were visible fragments of vessels, large masses of building timber and trunks of trees, with many smaller articles, such as pièces of house furniture, broken boxes, barrels, and staves. I have already described the unnatural curiosity which had taken
530 the place of my original terrors. It appeared to grow upon me as I drew nearer and nearer to my dreadful doom. I now began to watch, with a strange interest, the numerous things that floated in our company. I *must* have been delirious, for
535 I even sought *amusement* in speculating upon the relative velocities of their several descents towards the foam below. 'This fir tree,' I found myself at one time saying, 'will certainly be the next thing that takes the awful plunge and disappears,'—
540 and then I was disappointed to find that the wreck of a Dutch merchant ship overtook it and went down before. At length, after making several guesses of this nature, and being deceived in all, *this fact*, the fact of my invariable¹ miscalculation, set me
545 upon a train of reflection² that made my limbs again tremble, and my heart beat heavily once more.

"It was not a new terror that thus affected me, but the dawn of a more exciting *hope*. This hope
550 arose partly from memory, and partly from present

¹ Invariable, unfailing.

² Reflection, thought.

observation. I called to mind the great variety of buoyant¹ matter that strewed the coast of Lofoden, having been absorbed and then thrown forth by the Moskoe-strom. By far the greater number of the articles were shattered in the most extraordinary 555 way — so chafed and roughened as to have the appearance of being stuck full of splinters — but then I distinctly recollected that there were *some* of them which were not disfigured at all. Now I could not account for this difference except by 560 supposing that the roughened fragments were the only ones which had been *completely absorbed* — that the others had entered the whirl at so late a period of the tide, or, from some reason, had descended so slowly after entering that they did not 565 reach the bottom before the turn of the flood² came, or of the ebb,³ as the case might be. I conceived it possible, in either instance, that they might thus be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn 570 in more early or absorbed more rapidly. I made, also, three important observations. The first was, that, as a general rule, the larger the bodies were, the more rapid their descent, the second, that between two masses of equal extent, the one spherical 575 and the other *of any other shape*, the superiority in speed of descent was with the sphere; the third, that,

¹ Buoyant, floating.² Flood, high tide³ Ebb, low tide

between two masses of equal size, the one cylindrical, and the other of any other shape, the cylinder
580 was absorbed the more slowly. Since my escape, I have had several conversations on this subject with an old schoolmaster of the district; and it was from him that I learned the use of the words 'cylinder' and 'sphere.' He explained to me — although
585 I have forgotten the explanation — how what I observed was, in fact, the natural consequence of the forms of the floating fragments, and showed me how it happened that a cylinder, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and
590 was drawn in with greater difficulty, than an equally bulky body, of any form whatever.

"There was one startling circumstance which went a great way in enforcing these observations, and rendering me anxious to turn them to account,
595 and this was that, at every revolution, we passed something like a barrel, or else the yard or the mast of a vessel, while many of these things, which had been on our level when I first opened my eyes upon the wonders of the whirlpool, were now high up above
600 us, and seemed to have moved but little from their original station.

"I no longer hesitated what to do. I resolved to lash myself securely to the water cask upon which I now held, to cut it loose from the counter, and to
605 throw myself with it into the water. I attracted my brother's attention by signs, pointed to the

floating barrels that came near us, and did everything in my power to make him understand what I was about to do. I thought at length that he comprehended¹ my design — but, whether this was the case 610 or not, he shook his head despairingly, and refused to move from his station by the ringbolt. It was impossible to reach him; the emergency² admitted of no delay; and so, with a bitter struggle, I resigned him to his fate, fastened myself to the cask by means 615 of the lashings which secured it to the counter, and precipitated³ myself with it into the sea, without another moment's hesitation.

“The result was precisely what I had hoped it might be. As it is myself who now tells you this 620 tale — as you see that I *did* escape — and as you are already in possession of the mode in which this escape was effected, and must therefore anticipate⁴ all that I have further to say, I will bring my story quickly to conclusion.⁵ It might have been 625 an hour, or thereabout, after my quitting the smack, when, having descended to a vast distance beneath me, it made three or four wild gyrations in rapid succession, and, bearing my loved brother with it, plunged headlong, at once and forever, into the 630 chaos of foam below. The barrel to which I was

¹ **Comprehended**, understood.

² **Emergency**, immediate need.

³ **Precipitated**, threw.

⁴ **Anticipate**, see beforehand.

⁵ **Conclusion**, end.

attached sunk very little farther than half the distance between the bottom of the gulf and the spot at which I leaped overboard, before a great change
635 took place in the character of the whirlpool. The slope of the sides of the vast funnel became momentarily less and less steep. The gyrations of the whirl grew, gradually, less and less violent. By degrees, the froth and the rainbow disappeared, and the
640 bottom of the gulf seemed slowly to uprise. The sky was clear, the winds had gone down, and the full moon was setting radiantly in the west, when I found myself on the surface of the ocean, in full view of the shores of Lofoden, and above the spot where
645 the pool of the Moskoc-strom *had been*. It was the hour of the slack, but the sea still heaved in the mountainous waves from the effects of the hurricane. I was borne violently into the channel of the Strom, and in a few minutes was hurried down the coast
650 into the 'grounds' of the fishermen. A boat picked me up — exhausted from fatigue — and (now that the danger was removed) speechless from the memory of its horror. Those who drew me on board were my old mates and daily companions, but they knew
655 me no more than they would have known a traveler from the spirit land. My hair, which had been raven black the day before, was as white as you see it now. They say, too, that the whole expression of my countenance had changed. I told them my story
660 — they did not believe it. I now tell it to you

— and I can scarcely expect you to put more faith in it than did the merry fishermen of Lofoden.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Does this story seem to you real?

Can you point out any features that make it seem so?

Does the way the old man tells it help?

Is this more vivid than if the author had told it about the old man?

Does the introduction of the dizzy height from which the maelstrom was viewed, lines 18–35, help? Name other special realistic features.

Observe that the first sentence seems to assume that this story is a continuation of one already told. Is this good or not? What is the climax of the story? Is the “movement” of the tale swift or slow?

Describe the action of the maelstrom.

Describe the course of the boat.

How did the man escape?

THE BELLS

The following poems of Poe illustrate, each in a different way, his ability to produce powerful effects through the sounds of the words he uses. Both should be read aloud to secure appreciation.

I

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells !

What a world of merriment their melody foretells !

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

5 In the icy air of night !

While the stars, that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight ;

Keeping time, time, time,

10 In a sort of Runic¹ rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells —

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

15 Hear the mellow wedding bells,

Golden bells !

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight !

20 From the molten golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

¹ Runic, made of runes, an old Norse alphabet or system of symbols commonly supposed to deal with mysteries, because few could read it.

To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells, 25
 What a gush of euphony¹ voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels 30
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells ! 35

III

Hear the loud alarum bells —
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency² tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright ! 40
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the
 fire,
 In a mad expostulation³ with the deaf and frantic
 fire, 45

¹ Euphony, musical sound. ² Turbulency, confusion, discord.

³ Expostulation, prayerful protest.

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
50 By the side of the pale faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
55 What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating ¹ air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
60 How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
65 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells —
Of the bells —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells.

¹ **Palpitating**, beating in pulses, like the heart.

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells — 70
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone! 75
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people — ah, the people —
They that dwell up in the steeple, 80
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone — 85
They are neither man nor woman —
They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, 90

Rolls

A pæan¹ from the bells;

And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!

¹ Pæan, a war song of triumph.

95 And he dances and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells —
 Of the bells;
100 Keeping time, time, time
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the sobbing of the bells;
105 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
110 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells, —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

How many kinds of bells does the poem describe?
Observe how the character of the words used
changes to suit the different kinds of bells.

First stanza. How should this stanza be read,
rapidly or slowly?

Could any other word be substituted for *tinkle*?

Can you not see the meaning of *tintinnabulation*, from simply reading it aloud?

Bells, repeated here, should be read rapidly, to represent jingling sleigh bells.

Second stanza. Observe in this stanza the slower movement, also the number of liquid letters, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, giving the flowing movement, for example, "*molten golden notes.*" Also the ending *ells* to so many lines requires a prolonging of the sound like that following a stroke of a large bell.

In this stanza, *bells* repeated should be read slowly, with the first and each alternate one accented.

Third stanza. What change in the kind of words used do you see here?

Describe as well as you can the various effects produced in this stanza by the sounds of the words used.

How should *bells* at the end be read?

Fourth stanza. Describe the changes in the kinds of words used in this stanza and the effects produced.

How should *bells* at the end be read?

Does this poem appeal to you? Why?

THE RAVEN

This, Poe's greatest poem, is inexpressibly weird and "creepy." To appreciate it, analysis is of little help. It is to be felt. For that purpose it is best read aloud, because the *feeling* of the poem depends almost as much upon the sounds of the words as upon their meanings.

In particular, two characteristics intensify the feeling of ghostly unreality. One is the extension of rhymes into groups of three or more, as *napping*, *rapping*, *tapping*. Another is the repetition of words and phrases, as "rapping," "sorrow," "nothing more." A third is the frequent use of alliteration; that is, the repetition of the same sound; as, line 3, *nodded*, *nearly*, *napping*; line 10, *surcease*, *sorrow*; line 13, *silken*, *sad*, *uncertain*, *rustling*.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
 weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
 lore —

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
 a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cham-
 ber door.

5 "Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
 chamber door —

 Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak Decem-
 ber;

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
 upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow — vainly I had sought
 to borrow

10 From my books surcease¹ of sorrow — sorrow for
 the lost Lenore —

¹ Surcease, relief from.

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore —

Nameless *here* forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain

Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic¹ terrors never
felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating, 15

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door —

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my cham-
ber door —

This it is and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no
longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore; 20

But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you,” — here I
opened wide the door —

Darkness there and nothing more.

¹ **Fantastic**, fanciful, unreal.

25 Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to
dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave
no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word, "Lenore !"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore !"
30 Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than
before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore —
35 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery
explore —
'Tis the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven¹ of the saintly
days of yore.

¹ **Raven.** The raven has been held by the superstitious to be a bird of ill omen, and supernaturally wise.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas¹ just above my cham-
ber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum² of the countenance
it wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I
said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore —
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s
Plutonian³ shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy⁴
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

¹ Pallas, the Greek goddess of wisdom.

² Decorum, propriety, good manners.

³ Plutonian shore, shore of Pluto, the Roman god of the under-world.

⁴ Relevancy, fitness.

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door —

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,

With such name as “Nevermore.”

55 But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour,

Nothing further then he uttered — not a feather then
he fluttered —

Till I scarcely more than muttered, — “Other friends
have flown before —

On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have
flown before.”

60 Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerci-
ful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore —

65 Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore

Of ‘Never — nevermore.’”

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into
smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore — 70
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and omi-
nous bird of yore
Meant in croaking, "Nevermore."

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable ex-
pressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining 75
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight
gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from
an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim¹ whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor. 80

¹ Seraphim, angels of high rank, the plural of *seraph*.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee — by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite¹—respite and nepenthe² from thy memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this
lost Lenore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

85 “Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! prophet still,
if bird or devil! —
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I
implore —
Is there — is there balm³ in Gilead? ⁴ — tell me —
tell me, I implore!”
90 Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil! — prophet still,
if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us — by that God
we both adore —

¹ Respite, relief.

² Nepenthe (ne-pén-thē), a drug used by the ancient Egyptians to give relief from pain or sorrow.

³ Balm, balsam, a healing and soothing medicine.

⁴ Gilead, a town in Judea. The phrase “balm in Gilead” is used in the Bible for relief from sin and suffering.

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,¹

It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”

95

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!”

I shrieked, upstarting —

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — quit the bust above my door!

100

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore!”

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting

On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s ² that is dreaming,

105

¹ Aidenn, a fanciful spelling for Eden, the “garden” of Genesis, the home of Adam and Eve, a word used in general for paradise, or abode of happiness.

² Demon, fiend, devil.

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

As you read each passage, try to see the force of the sounds of the words, by which the poet produces his especial weird effects.

Make lists of *alliterative* words, that is, words used together in which the same sound is regularly repeated. Point out words that by their sounds are intended to affect the feelings.

What was the poet's state of mind? (Lines 1-18.) Had this anything to do with the effect of the Raven's visit?

Do you think the poet had any broader or deeper motive in this poem than to produce a "creepy" effect through the artistic use of words? If so, what was it?

How does he make it plain?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770-1850)

About Wordsworth, as about Browning, there has always raged a controversy as to whether he is really a great poet or not. But as time passes the judgment is steadily crystallizing that he belongs in the class of great, or almost great, writers. Some of his writings are beautiful, even superb. Some are trivial and almost ridiculous. The latter are due to the fact that the poet was possessed of a theory which represented a "movement." He believed that poetry should be an exact statement



of facts, and in some of his poems he described facts so trivial as to have no universal value. But

in such poems as *The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* he showed his real greatness.

He lived among the hills and lakes of England, which he has put into so much of his verse. In 1843 he was made Poet Laureate of England, a distinction of very doubtful value.

The following three short poems show Wordsworth the poet, not the follower of a theory.

One poem, the *Daffodils*, shows the poet's deep love of nature; another, *She was a Phantom of Delight*, is a beautiful tribute to womanhood at its best; the third, *Ode to Duty*, illustrates the elevating moral quality of Wordsworth's poetry.

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
5 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
10 Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay, 15
In such a jocund company:
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood, 20
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 1. Did you ever think of a solitary cloud, high in the heavens, as lonely?

Line 4. Can you realize how to the lonely poet the crowd of golden daffodils were company?

Line 16. What is the "*jocund* company" that makes the poet gay?

Line 24. What is the meaning of the last stanza?

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;

5 Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
10 Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot
Who do thy work, and know it not:
15 Oh! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around
them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
20 And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

25 I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard

Thy timely mandate, I deferred 30
The task, in smother walks to day;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I
may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control; 35
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose that ever is the same. 40

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds 45
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend 50
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh, let my weakness have an end!

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self sacrifice;
55 The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

This poem is addressed to Duty as the chief reliance and comfort of mankind.

Give all the names by which the poet addresses Duty. What does the poet say are the characteristics of duty ? (Lines 3-7.) What does he pray for in lines 15, 16 ?

— Explain the relation of Duty to Freedom as suggested in the fourth and fifth stanza.

Explain the contrast in the sixth stanza.

Point out the figures of speech in lines 45-49.

Which do you think the best ?

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a phantom¹ of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;

¹ Phantom, spirit.

But all things else about her drawn
 From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet 15
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveler between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light. 30

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Explain all the figures of speech in the first stanza.

In the second stanza what is the meaning of "Sweet records, promises as sweet"?

Do you know a woman such as the poet has in mind?

Memorize the couplet that you choose.

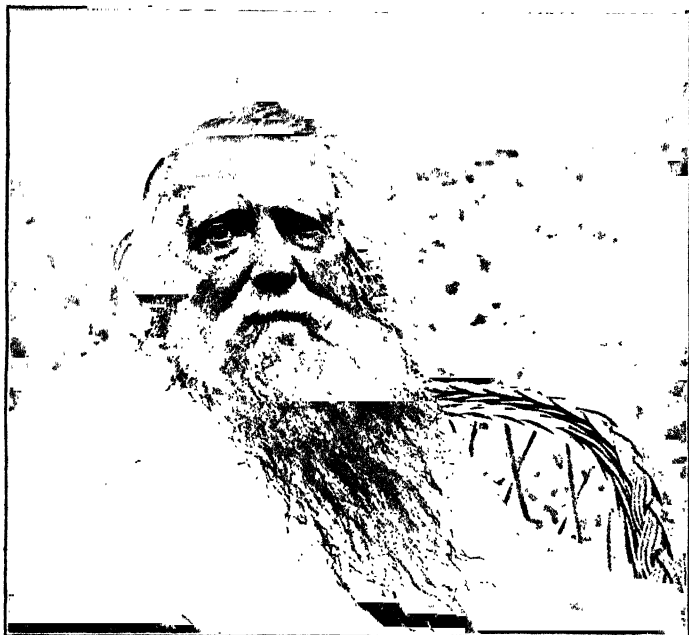
JOHN RUSKIN

(1819-1900)

John Ruskin was the greatest of English art critics. He was a devoted lover of the beautiful and was able to discern it even where others sometimes failed. He was also a great lover of his fellow men and devoted much of his life to endeavors to educate the laboring class of England to higher and better living. He was born in London in 1819. His father was a wealthy merchant and was able to give the boy every advantage. He was graduated from Oxford University in 1836, and almost immediately began writing on Art. Many of his essays are likely to live in literature and to be more admired as time passes.

WORK

Mr. Ruskin did much to stimulate the workingmen of England to think. He realized that many social and industrial troubles are due to poor methods and habits



of thought, and that the first step toward their solution is in cultivating the power to think clearly. The question here discussed, of what industry really is, and what idleness, and what play, is one of the many considered by him in his talks to workingmen.

There are idle poor and idle rich; and there are busy poor and busy rich. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; and many a man of large fortune is busier than his errand boy, and never would think of stopping in the street to play 5

marbles. So that, in a large view, the distinction between workers and idlers, as between knaves and honest men, runs through the very heart and innermost nature of men of all ranks and in all positions. There is a working class — strong and happy — among both rich and poor; there is an idle class — weak, wicked, and miserable — among both rich and poor. And the worst of the misunderstandings arising between the two orders come of the unlucky fact that the wise of one class (how little wise in this!) habitually contemplate the foolish of the other. If the busy rich people watched and rebuked the idle rich people, all would be right among *them*; and if the busy poor people watched and rebuked the idle poor people, all would be right among them. But each looks for the faults of the other. A hard working man of property is particularly offended by an idle beggar; and an orderly, but poor, workman is naturally intolerant of the licentious luxury of the rich. And what is severe judgment in the minds of the just men of either class, becomes fierce enmity in the unjust — but among the unjust only. None but the dissolute among the poor look upon the rich as their natural enemies, or desire to pillage their houses and divide their property. None but the dissolute among the rich speak in opprobrious terms of the vices and follies of the poor.

There is, then, no worldly distinction between

idle and industrious people; and I am going tonight³⁵ to speak only of the industrious. The idle people we will put out of our thoughts at once — they are mere nuisances — what ought to be done with them, we'll talk of at another time. But there are class distinctions among the industrious themselves,⁴⁰ — tremendous distinctions, which rise and fall to every degree in the infinite thermometer of human pain and of human power, — distinctions of high and low, of lost and won, to the whole reach of man's soul and body.

45

These separations we will study, and the laws of them, among energetic men only, who, whether they work or whether they play, put their strength into the work, and their strength into the game; being in the full sense of the word "industrious"⁵⁰ one way or another, — with purpose, or without. And these distinctions are mainly four:

I. Between those who work, and those who play.

II. Between those who produce the means of life, and those who consume them.

55

III. Between those who work with the head, and those who work with the hand.

IV. Between those who work wisely, and those who work foolishly.

For easier memory, let us say we are going to⁶⁰ oppose, in our examination, —

I. Work to play;

II. Production to consumption;

III. Head to hand; and,

65 IV. Sense to nonsense.

First, then, of the distinction between the classes who work and the classes who play. Of course we must agree upon a definition of these terms — work and play — before going farther. Now, roughly, 70 not with vain subtlety of definition, but for plain use of the words, “play” is an exertion of body or mind, made to please ourselves, and with no determined end; and work is a thing done because it ought to be done, and with a determined end. You 75 play, as you call it, at cricket, for instance. That is as hard work as anything else; but it amuses you, and it has no result but the amusement. If it were done as an ordered form of exercise, for health’s sake, it would become work directly. So, in like 80 manner, whatever we do to please ourselves, and only for the sake of the pleasure, not for an ultimate object, is “play,” the “pleasing thing,” not the useful thing. Play may be useful in a secondary sense (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary); but 85 the use of it depends on its being spontaneous.¹

Let us, then, inquire together what sort of games the playing class in England spend their lives in playing at. The first of all English games is making money. That is an all absorbing game; 90 and we knock each other down oftener in playing at that than at football, or any other roughest sport;

¹ Spontaneous, resulting from a natural impulse.

and it is absolutely without purpose; no one who engages heartily in that game ever knows why. Ask a great money maker what he wants to do with his money — he never knows. He doesn't make it ⁹⁵ to do anything with it. He gets it only that he *may* get it. "What will you make of what you have got?" you ask. "Well, I'll get more," he says. Just as, at cricket, you get more runs. There's no use in the runs, but to get more of them than other ¹⁰⁰ people is the game. And there's no use in the money, but to have more of it than other people is the game. So all that great foul city of London there, — rattling, growling, smoking, stinking, — a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out ¹⁰⁵ poison at every pore, — you fancy it is a city of work? Not a street of it! It is a great city of play; very nasty play, and very hard play, but still play. It is only Lord's¹ cricket ground without the turf, — a huge billiard table without the cloth, and with ¹¹⁰ pockets as deep as the bottomless pit; but mainly a billiard table, after all.

Well, the first great English game is this playing at counters.² It differs from the rest in that it appears always to be producing money, while every ¹¹⁵ other game is expensive. But it does not always produce money. There's a great difference between "winning" money and "making" it; a great dif-

¹ Lord's, a famous English cricket ground.

² Counters, betting, gambling.

ference between getting it out of another man's
120 pocket into ours, or filling both.

Our next great English games, however, hunting and shooting, are costly altogether; and how much we are fined for them annually in land, horses, gamekeepers, and game laws, and the resultant
125 demoralization of ourselves, our children, and our retainers, and all else that accompanies that beautiful and special English game, I will not endeavor to count now: but note only that, except for exercise, this is not merely a useless game, but a deadly
130 one, to all connected with it. For through horse racing, you get every form of what the higher classes everywhere call "Play," in distinction from all other plays; that is, gambling; and through game preserving, you get also some curious laying out of
135 ground; that beautiful arrangement of dwelling house for man and beast, by which we have grouse and blackcock — so many brace to the acre, and men and women — so many brace to the garret. I often wonder what the angelic builders and surveyors — the angelic builders who build the "many
140 mansions" up above there; and the angelic surveyors, who measured that four square city with their measuring reeds, — I wonder what they think, or are supposed to think, of the laying out of ground
145 of this nation.

Then, next to the gentlemen's game of hunting we must put the ladies' game of dressing. It is not

the cheapest of games. And I wish I could tell you what this "play" costs, altogether, in England, France, and Russia annually. But it is a pretty 150 game, and on certain terms I like it; nay, I don't see it played quite as much as I would fain have it. You ladies like to lead the fashion: by all means lead it, — lead it thoroughly, — lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everybody else 155 nicely. Lead the *fashion for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones; their doublets¹ are 160 too irregularly slashed,² or as Chaucer calls it "all toslittered," though not for "queintise,"³ and the wind blows too frankly through them.

Then there are other games, wild enough, as I could show you if I had time. 165

There's playing at literature, and playing at art, — very different, both, from working at literature, or working at art, but I've no time to speak of these. I pass to the greatest of all, — the play of plays, the great gentlemen's game, which ladies like them 170 best to play at, — the game of War. It is entrancingly pleasant to the imagination; we dress for it, however, more finely than for any other sport; and

¹ Doublets, coats.

² Slashed, slit to show bright colored material beneath, an old fashion.

³ Queintise, quaintness, beauty.

go out to it, not merely in scarlet, as to hunt, but in
175 scarlet and gold, and all manner of fine colors; of
course we could fight better in gray, and without
feathers; but all nations have agreed that it is good
to be well dressed at this play. Then the bats and
balls are very costly; our English and French bats,
180 with the balls and wickets, even those which we don't
make any use of, costing, I suppose, now, about
fifteen millions of money annually to each nation;
all which you know is paid for by hard laborer's
work in the furrow and furnace. A costly game! —
185 not to speak of its consequences; I will say at present
nothing of these. The mere immediate cost
of all these plays is what I want you to consider;
they are all paid for in deadly work somewhere, as
many of us know too well. The jewel cutter, whose
190 sight fails over the diamonds; the weaver, whose
arm fails over the web; the iron forger, whose breath
fails before the furnace — *they* know what work is —
they, who have all the work, and none of the play,
except a kind they have named for themselves
195 down in the black north country, where "play"
means being laid up by sickness. It is a pretty
example of philologists, of varying dialect, this change
in the sense of the word, as used in the black country
of Birmingham¹ and the red and black country of
200 Baden Baden.² Yes, gentlemen, and gentlewomen,

¹ Birmingham, an English manufacturing city.

² Baden Baden, a European resort famed for its gambling.

of England, who think "one moment unamused a misery, not made for feeble man," this is what you have brought the word "play" to mean, in the heart of merry England! You may have your fluting and piping; but there are sad children sitting in 205 the market place, who indeed cannot say to you, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced": but eternally shall say to you, "We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."

This, then, is the first distinction between the 210 "upper and lower" classes. And this is one which is by no means necessary; which indeed must, in process of good time, be by all honest men's consent abolished. Men will be taught that an existence of play, sustained by the blood of other creatures, 215 is a good existence for gnats and jellyfish; but not for men: that neither days, nor lives, can be made holy or noble by doing nothing in them: that the best prayer in the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best grace before meat, 220 the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner. And when we have this much of plain Christianity preached to us again, and cease to translate the strict words, "Son, go work today in my vineyard" into the dainty ones, "Baby, go play 225 today in my vineyard," we shall all be workers, in one way or another; and this much at least of the distinction between "upper" and "lower" forgotten.

JOHN RUSKIN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is the difference between work and play?
(Lines 66-85.)

Line 88. Is there any difference between Englishmen and Americans in this matter?

Line 121. What American games correspond to these English sports? Are they equally costly?

Line 140. To what does this passage refer?

Line 171. Is the game of war as popular as it formerly was? Why?

Line 178. What are the "bats and balls"?

How does the author classify the rich and poor?
(Lines 1-34.)

What is the difference between "upper and lower class"? (Lines 200-209.)

What are the author's arguments for work? (Lines 215-230.)

OF BOOKS

All books are divisible into two classes, — the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction; it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the
5 good one that does; it is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

10 The good book for the hour, then, — I do not speak

of the bad ones, — is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be.¹⁵ These bright accounts of travels; good humored and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history, — all these books of the hour, multiplying²⁰ among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar possession of the present age. We ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use if we allow²⁵ them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letters may be delightful or necessary today, — whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The news-³⁰ paper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day; so, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns and roads and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you³⁵ that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be in the real sense of the word a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense

40 to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing, and written not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if
45 he could, he would, — the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would. You write instead; that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a *book* is written, not to multiply the voice
50 merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to
55 say it clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing or group of things manifest to him, — this, the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to
60 seize. He would fain set it down forever, engrave it on rock if he could, saying: "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate and drank and slept, loved and hated, like another. My life was as the vapor, and is not; but this I saw and knew, — this, if any-
65 thing of mine, is worth your memory." This is his "writing"; it is in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription or scripture. That is a "Book."

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men, — by great readers, 70 great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before; yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that; 75 that what you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stableboy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect 80 that you jostle with the hungry and common crowd for *entrée* ¹ here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society, wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, — the chosen and the mighty of every 85 place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be an outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, 90 your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in 95 this company of the dead.

¹ *Entrée*, right to enter.

"The place you desire," and the place *you fit yourself for*, I must also say, because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this, 100 — it is open to labor and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates.¹ In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent 105 Faubourg St. Germain,² there is but brief question: "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, 110 and you shall hear it. But on other terms? — No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but there we neither feign nor inter- 115 pret. You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these 120 people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in two ways:

¹ Elysian gates, gates to Elysium and the "Abode of the Blessed," in Greek mythology.

² Faubourg St. Germain, a famous aristocratic street in Paris.

First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter into theirs, observe, not to find your own expressed by them. 125 If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is, — that's exactly what I think!" But the right 130 feeling is: "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find 135 yours. Judge it afterward if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once, — nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time 140 arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words, too, but he cannot say it all, and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parable, in order that he may be sure you want it. 145

I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyze that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it 150 before they allow you to reach it. But it is the

same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there
155 is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops; so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there, and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed.
160 But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom.
165 When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself: "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim, myself, my sleeves well up to my elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?"
170 And keeping the figure a little longer, even at a cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it.
175 And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling and patientest
180 fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

JOHN RUSKIN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

How does Ruskin divide books? (Lines 1-5.)

Name some books that you would call "books of the hour"; some that you would call "books of all time." (Lines 1-9.)

Discuss them, with reasons for your selection.

What is the good book of the hour? (Lines 10-22.)

What is the essential of a book? (Lines 40-68.)

Does the author of a truly great book write for money only?

Why does he write? (Lines 51-54.)

How will he say it? (Lines 54-56.)

Why does Ruskin urge the reading of great books? (Lines 69-96.)

Name any great books that you have read. Discuss them. Which do you regard the greatest? What did you get from it? Did it inspire you with great thoughts or aspirations?

Did the reading make plain what you had vaguely thought or felt before, or did it give you *wholly* new ideas? (Lines 129-141.)

Did you feel that you were in great society while you were reading? (Lines 80-90.)

What is the meaning of lines 146-163?

What is necessary before any one can really read great books? (Lines 97-145.)

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(1803-1882)

A poet, a philosopher, and a man of letters, **Emerson** represents a type rarely found in this or any



other country; a keen observer, a close student of human affairs, who, however, does not mingle intimately among men, but draws from his observations a broad and rich philosophy. Emerson's gift was inspirational. He suggests so many ideas that the

ordinary man is soon lost in following out the thoughts roused by him.

Lowell says of him, that "Emerson had the peculiarly masculine quality of fructifying other minds."

Emerson was born in Boston, graduated at Harvard, was for a time a preacher, being the pastor of the Old South Church in Boston, but later retired from the ministry to devote his life to literature. He both lectured and wrote continuously until his death. Living in partial seclusion at Concord, Massachusetts, he yet has exerted an influence upon American thought, and to a degree upon the thought of all English speaking people, that cannot readily be measured.

THE HUMBLEBEE¹

The following poem shows that the sedate Emerson not only loved nature, but that he had also a sense of humor, and could give a whimsical touch to his writings.

Burly, dozing humblebee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone, 5
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines. 10
Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!

¹ Humblebee, more commonly called *bumblebee*.

Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
15 Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean¹ of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum, —
All without is martyrdom.

20 When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
25 With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
30 The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
35 Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;

¹ Epicurean, follower of an ancient philosophy advocating joy as the aim of life.

Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean 40
Hath my insect never seen ;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky, 45
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;
All beside was unknown waste, 50
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow breeched philosopher !
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet, 55
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ; 60
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is the meaning of the first six lines? Of line 7?

Point out all the figures of speech applied to the bee in the first sixteen lines.

Line 53. Why *yellow breeched*? Why *philosopher*?

Explain:—

“animated torrid zone,” line 6;

“All without is martyrdom,” line 19;

“Syrian peace,” line 38; lines 62, 63.

THE SNOWSTORM

This description of a snowstorm is as true to nature as the author's *Humblebee*.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
; And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's¹ feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed
In a tumultuous² privacy of storm.

¹ Courier, messenger, mail carrier.

² Tumultuous, noisy.

Come see the north wind's masonry. 10
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer ¹
Curves his white bastions ² with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door
Speeding, the myriad-handed, ³ his wild work 15
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian ⁴ wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, 20
Maugre ⁵ the farmer's sighs; and at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art ⁶ 25
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

¹ Art-if'-i-cer, builder.

² Bastions, a part of a fortification.

³ Myriad-handed, having ten thousand hands.

⁴ Parian, marble from the isle of Paros.

⁵ Maugre, regardless of, in spite of.

⁶ Art, here used for the work of man as distinguished from nature.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What are the "trumpets of the sky"? (Line 1.)

What is the meaning of line 9?

Does this poem describe accurately a snowstorm?

Point out pictures in the verses that describe something you have seen.

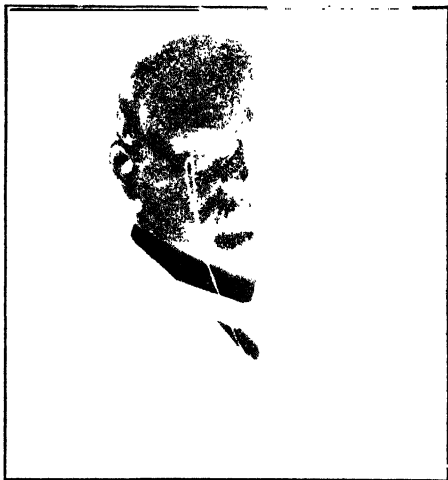
Why "astonished art"? (Line 25.) What is "astonished art" left to do? (Lines 26-28.)

JAMES LANE ALLEN

(1850-)

James Lane Allen, one of the most popular writers of the day, is a native of Kentucky, and still spends much of his time in his native state, where he is admired almost to the point of worship.

Mr. Allen writes with all the intense feeling of a poet. His style is charming, his love of nature great. There are few more graceful books in Eng-



lish than *A Kentucky Cardinal*. His earlier works, strangely enough, are his best.

The following selections are taken from various chapters of Mr. Allen's most famous work, *A Kentucky Cardinal*. They express his feelings as affected by the changes of the seasons in his loved Kentucky.

THE MONTHS

I

JANUARY

All this New Year's Day of 1850 the sun shone cloudless but wrought no thaw. Even the landscapes of frost on the windowpanes did not melt a flower, and the little trees still keep their silvery
5 boughs arched high above the jeweled avenues. During the afternoon a lean hare limped twice across the lawn, and there was not a creature stirring to chase it. Now the night is bitter cold, with no sounds outside but the cracking of the porches as they freeze
10 tighter. Even the north wind seems grown too numb to move. I hear but the comfortable roar and snap of hickory logs, at long intervals a deeper breath from the dog stretched on his side at my feet, and the crickets under the hearthstones. They have to
15 thank me for that nook. One chill afternoon I came upon a whole company of them on the western slope of a woodland mound, so lethargic¹ that I thumped them repeatedly before they could so much as get their senses. With an ear for winter minstrelsy,
20 I brought two home in a handkerchief, and assigned them an elegant suite of apartments under a loose brick.

Towards dark, having seen to the comfort of a

¹ Lethargic, dull, sleepy.

household of kind, faithful fellow beings, whom man in his vanity calls the lower animals, I went last to 25 walk under the cedars in the front yard, listening to that music which is at once so cheery and so sad — the low chirping of birds at dark winter twilights as they gather in from the frozen fields, from snow-buried shrubbery and hedgerows, and settle down for 30 the night in the depths of the evergreens, the only refuge from their enemies and shelter from the blast. But this evening they made no ado about their home coming. Today perhaps none had ventured forth. I am most uneasy when the redbird is forced by 35 hunger to leave the covert of his cedars, since he, on the naked or white landscapes of winter, offers the most far-shining and beautiful mark for Death. I stepped across to the tree in which a pair of these birds roost, and shook it, to make sure they were at 40 home, and felt relieved when they fluttered into the next with the quick startled notes they utter when aroused.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Do you recall a winter's day like that here described?

Does the author make you see the landscape?

Point out the most vivid passage.

What is the cause of his anxiety about the birds?

II

FEBRUARY

The middle of February. The depths of winter
45 reached. Thoughtful, thoughtless words — the
depths of winter.^a Everything gone inward and
downward, from surface and summit, Nature at low
tide. In its time will come the height^b of summer,
when the tides of life will rise to the tree tops, or be
50 dashed as silvery insect spray all but to the clouds.
So bleak a season touches my concern for birds,
which never seem quite at home in this world; and
the winter has been most lean and hungry for them.
Many snows have fallen — snows that are as raw
55 cotton spread over their breakfast table, and cutting
off connection between them and its bounties. Next
summer I must let the weeds grow up in my garden,
so that they may have a better chance for seeds above
the stingy level of the universal white.

60 Of late I have opened a pawnbroker's shop for my
hard pressed brethren in feathers, lending at a fearful
rate of interest; for every borrowing Lazarus¹ will
have to pay me back in due time by monthly install-
ments of singing. I shall have my own again with
65 usury. But were a man never so usurious, would he
not lend a winter seed for a summer song? Would he
refuse to invest his stale crumbs in an orchestra of

¹ Lazarus, a poor man, named in Scripture.

divine instruments and a choir of heavenly voices? . . . But wintering here has terrible risks which few run. Scarcely in autumn have the leaves ⁷⁰ begun to drop from their high perches silently downward when the birds begin to drop away from the bare boughs silently southward. Lo! some morning the leaves are on the ground, and the birds have vanished. The species that remain, or that ⁷⁵ come to us then, wear the hues of the season, and melt into the tone of Nature's background — blues, grays, browns, with touches of white on tail and breast and wing for coming flecks of snow.

Save only him — proud, solitary stranger in our ⁸⁰ unfriendly land — the fiery grosbeak. Nature in Kentucky has no wintry harmonies for him. He could find these only among the tufts of the October sumac, or in the gum tree when it stands a pillar of red twilight fire in the dark November woods, or in ⁸⁵ the far depths of the crimson sunset skies, where, indeed, he seems to have been nested, and whence to have come as a messenger of beauty, bearing on his wings the light of his diviner home.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

(a) and (b) lines 46 and 48. Observe the author's careful use of figurative language.

Discuss the meaning of *depth* and *height* as he explains them.

Line 49. Explain this line.

Line 60. Explain the author's "pawnbroker's shop."

Line 79. What does this mean?

Line 80. What are the characteristics of the "Kentucky Cardinal"? Did you ever see one?

III

MARCH

90 March is a month when the needle of my nature dips towards the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of winter sleep, stretches arms upwards and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark
95 green snowdrop, and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted nightcap, which the old Nurse would still insist that she should wear. The pale green tips of daffodils are a thing of beauty. There is the sun-
100 struck brook of the field, underneath the thin ice of which drops form and fall, form and fall, like big, round, silvery eyes, that grow bigger and brighter with astonishment that you should laugh at them as they vanish. But most I love to see Nature do her
105 spring house cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain clouds for her water buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailful and pailful into every corner, till the whole earth is

as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks 110 the piles of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Or, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a house- 115 wife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt, and almost say to you joyfully, "Now, then, we are all right again!" This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest win- 120 dows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And then, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical lands, for the birds to come and spend the 125 summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 90. Explain the meaning of "needle of my nature."

Lines 94-98. What does this mean?

Line 105. What is meant by the spring house cleaning?

Line 114. What are nature's "long brooms"? Did you ever realize the beautifying processes of early spring?

IV

APRIL

In April I commence to scratch and dig in my
130 garden.

Today as I was raking off my strawberry bed, Georgiana, whom I have not seen since the night when she satirized me, called from the window:

"What are you going to plant this year?"

135 "Oh, a little of everything," I answered under my hat. "What are you going to plant this year?"

"Are you going to have many strawberries?"

"It's too soon to tell; they haven't bloomed yet.

It's too soon to tell when they do bloom."

140 Five more days of April, and then May! For the last half of this light-and-shadow month, when the clouds, like schools of changeable lovely creatures, seem to be playing and rushing away through the waters of the sun, life to me has narrowed more and
145 more, to the redbird, who gets tamer and tamer with habit, and to Georgiana, who gets wilder and wilder with happiness. The bird fills the yard with brilliant singing; she fills her room with her low, clear songs, hidden behind the window curtains, which are
150 now so much oftener and so needlessly closed.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Why is April called the light-and-shadow month?

V

MAY

In May I am of the earth, earthy. The soul loses its wild white pinions; the heart puts forth its short, powerful wings, heavy with heat and color, that flutter, but do not lift it off the ground. The month comes and goes, and not once do I think of raising ¹⁵⁵ my eyes to the stars. The very sunbeams fall on the body as a warm, golden net, and keep thought and feeling from escape. Nature uses beauty now, not to uplift, but to entice. I find her intent upon the one general business of seeing that no type of ¹⁶⁰ her creatures gets left out of the generations. Studied in my yard full of birds, as with a condensing glass of the world, she can be seen enacting among them the dramas of history. Yesterday, in the secret recess of a walnut, I saw the beginning of the Trojan ¹⁶⁵ war.¹ Last week I witnessed the battle of Actium² fought out in mid air.

And while I am watching the birds, they are watching me. Not a little fop among them, having proposed and been accepted, but perches on a limb, and ¹⁷⁰ has the air of putting his hands mannishly under his

¹ Trojan war, a famous war of antiquity, the subject of Homer's great epic, the *Iliad*.

² Actium, the famous battle between the great Roman rivals, Cæsar and Pompey.

coat tails and crying out at me, "Hello! Adam,¹ what were you made for?"

"You attend to your business, and I'll attend
175 to mine," I answered. "You have one May; I have twenty-five!"

He didn't wait to hear. He caught sight of a pair of clear brown eyes peeping at him out of a near tuft of leaves, and sprang thither with open
180 arms and the sound of a kiss.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Lines 1-4. What does the author mean by his comparison of the wings of soul and heart?

Do you think his feelings natural?

VIII

AUGUST

In August the pale and delicate poetry of the Kentucky land makes itself felt as silence and repose. Still skies, still woods, still sheets of forest water, still flocks and herds, long lanes winding without the
185 sound of a traveler through fields of the universal brooding stillness. The sun no longer blazing, but muffled in a veil of palest blue. No more black clouds rumbling and rushing up from the horizon, but a single white one brushing slowly against the
190 zenith like the lost wing of a swan. Far beneath it

¹ Adam, the hero of the story, is unmarried at this time.

the silver breasted hawk, using the cloud as his lordly parasol. The eagerness of spring gone, now all but incredible as having ever existed; the birds hushed and hiding; the bee, so nimble once, fallen asleep over his own cider press in the shadow of the golden 195 apple. From the depths of the woods may come the notes of the cuckoo; but they strike the air more and more slowly, like the *clack, clack, clack* of a distant wheel that is being stopped at the close of harvest. The whirring wings of the locust let themselves go in 200 one long wave of sound, passing into silence. All nature is a vast sacred goblet, filling drop by drop to the brim, and not to be shaken. But the stalks of the later flowers begin to be stuffed with hurrying bloom lest they be too late; and the nighthawk 205 rapidly mounts his stairway of flight higher and higher, higher and higher, as though he would rise above the warm white sea of atmosphere and breathe in cold ether.

Always in August my nature will go its own way 210 and seek its own peace. I roam solitary, but never alone, over this rich pastoral land, crossing farm after farm, and keeping as best I can out of sight of the laboring or loitering negroes. For the sight of them ruins every landscape, and I shall never feel myself 215 free till they are gone. What if they sing? The more is the pity that any human being could be happy enough to sing so long as he was a slave in any thought or fiber of his nature.

- 220 Sometimes it is through the aftermath of fat wheat-
fields, where float like myriad little nets of silver
gauze the webs of the crafty weavers, and where a
whole world of winged small folk flit from tree top
to tree top of the low weeds. They are all mine —
225 these Kentucky wheat fields. After the owner has
taken from them his last sheaf I come in and gather
my harvest also, — one that he did not see, and doubt-
less would not begrudge me, — the harvest of beauty.
Or I walk beside tufted aromatic hemp fields as along
230 the shores of softly foaming emerald seas; or past
the rank and file of fields of Indian corn, which stand
like armies that had gotten ready to march, but been
kept waiting for further orders, until at last the
soldiers had grown tired, as the gayest will, of their
235 yellow plumes and green ribbons, and let their big
hands fall heavily down at their sides. There the
white and purple morning glories hang their long
festoons and open to the soft midnight winds their
elfin trumpets.
- 240 This year as never before I have felt the beauty of
the world.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Lines 181–240. This is one of the choicest descriptions of nature in the language.

Try to see the beautiful picture, as you read.

Line 181. What is the *poetry* of land?

Line 202. Filling with what?

Line 206. Did you ever observe the spiral flight.
of the nighthawk?

Line 225. In what sense are the wheat fields *his*?

IX

SEPTEMBER

Today, the 7th of September, I made a discovery. The pair of redbirds¹ that built in my cedar trees last winter got duly away with the brood. Several times during summer rambles I cast my eye about, but they 245 were not to be seen. Early this afternoon I struck out across the country towards a sink hole in a field two miles away.

* * * * *

Within the fence everything is an impenetrable thicket of weeds and vines — blackberry, thistle, 250 ironweed, pokeweed, elder, goldenrod. As I drew near, I saw two or three birds dive down, with the shy way they have at this season; and when I came to the edge, everything was quiet. But I threw a stone at a point where the tangle was deep, and there 255 was a great fluttering and scattering of the pretenders. And then occurred more than I had looked for.

¹ The cardinal grosbeak, a beautiful but shy song bird, the "Kentucky cardinal," which gives the title to the book from which these selections were taken.

The stone had hardly struck the brush when what looked like a tongue of vermilion flame leaped forth
260 near by, and, darting across, struck itself out of sight in the green vines on the opposite slope. A male and a female cardinal flew up also, balancing themselves on sprays of the blackberry, and uttering excitedly their quick call notes. I whistled to the
265 male as I had been used, and he recognized me by shooting up his crest, and hopping to nearer twigs with louder inquiry. All at once, as if an idea had urged him, he sprang across to the spot where the first frightened male had disappeared. I could still hear
270 him under the vines, and presently he reappeared and flew up into a locust tree on the farther edge of the basin, followed by the other. What had taken place or took place then I do not know; but I wished he might be saying: "My son, that man over there
275 is the one who was very good to your mother and me last winter, and who owns the tree you were born in. I have warned you, of course, never to trust Man; but I would advise you, when you have found your sweetheart, to give him¹ a trial, and take her to his
280 cedar trees."

From *A Kentucky Cardinal*, JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Which of the "Months" as described by Mr. Allen do you like best? Why?

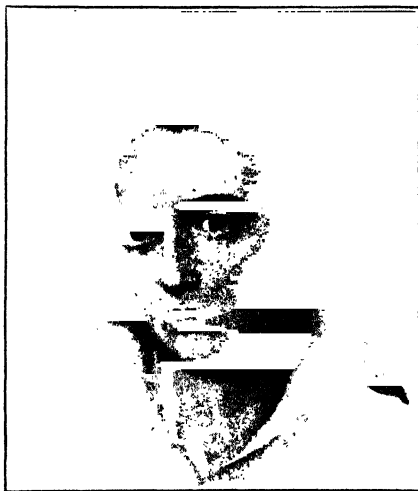
Which month of the year is your favorite?

¹ Him, this particular man.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792-1822)

Of all the poets of England, with the possible exception of his friend Keats, **Shelley** is the most spirituelle as distinguished from spiritual. His imagination was extremely vivid and broad. He was particularly gifted in discerning the higher meanings of nature. All the world was full of delicate suggestions to Shelley. He lived but thirty years, and in that time wrote immortal verse.



His life was somewhat irregular, but this apparently was the ebullition of a youth of genius. If he had lived to mature years, it would have passed away.

THE CLOUD

The Cloud is telling the tale of its wonderful career.
Follow it closely.

- I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
- 5 From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
10 And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
- I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
15 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
20 It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii¹ that move

¹ Genii, mythical beings supposed to control many natural forces.

In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine ¹ sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,²
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
Which an earthquake rocks and swings.
An eagle lit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea be-
neath,
Its ardors of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depths of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden, 45
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;

¹ Sanguine, bloody, red.

² Rack, cloud substance.

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
50 Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
55 When I widen the rent in my wind built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
60 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
65 Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
70 Is the million colored bow;
The sphere fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
75 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
 gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air, 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,¹
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
 tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 7. Who is the "mother"?

Line 32. Follow this wonderful picture of the sunrise as a great bird. Point out each comparison.

Line 33. How can a star "shine dead"?

Lines 45-52. Memorize these stanzas.

Lines 61 and 62. What is the picture here?

TO NIGHT

This apostrophe to night is one of the most beautifully fanciful poems in the English language. Try to see the picture in each stanza.

I

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
 Out of the misty eastern cave,

¹ Cenotaph, tomb.

- Where all the long and lone daylight,
5 Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear —
Swift be thy flight !

II

- Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star inwrought !
10 Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand —
Come, long sought !

III

- 15 When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
20 Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

IV

- Thy brother Death came, and cried,
“Wouldst thou me ?”
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy eyed,
25 Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?

"Wouldst thou me?" — And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

30

V

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon —
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night —
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

35

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 1. Why is the night represented as walking over the *western wave*, but coming out of the *eastern cave*?

Why does the poet love the night?

Lines 8 and 9. What is this picture?

Line 13. Why *opiate wand*?

Line 24. Why *filmy eyed*?

Discuss and explain: "wovest dreams," line 5; "star inwrought," line 9; "opiate wand," line 13; "light rode high," line 17.

JAMES BARRON HOPE

(1829-1887)

The author of the following poem and also of three poems in the Fifth Reader has often been called the Poet



Laureate of Virginia, and was so recognized by the Congress of the United States, when it chose him as the poet of the Yorktown Centennial in 1881. His whole life was devoted to literature. Personally he was a man of great charm and well beloved. He has been called by his friends "A very Chevalier Bayard."

Over his tomb in Hampton is a shaft bearing this legend:—

"The tribute of his friends offered to the memory of the Poet, Patriot, Scholar, and Journalist, and the Knightly Virginian Gentleman."

THREE SUMMER STUDIES

I

The cock hath crow'd. I hear the doors unbarr'd;
Down to the moss grown porch my way I take,
And hear, besides the well within the yard,
Full many an ancient, quacking, splashing drake,
And gabbling goose, and noisy brood hen — all 5
Responding to yon strutting gobbler's call.

The dew is thick upon the velvet grass —
The porch rails hold it in translucent¹ drops,
And as the cattle from th' inclosure pass,
Each one, alternate,² slowly halts and crops 10
The tall, green spears, with all their dewy load,
Which grow beside the well known pasture road.

A lustrous polish is on all the leaves —
The birds flit in and out with varied notes —
The noisy swallows twitter 'neath the eaves — 15
A partridge whistle thro' the garden floats,
While yonder gaudy peacock harshly cries,
As red and gold flush all the eastern skies.

Up comes the sun: thro' the dense leaves a spot
Of splendid light drinks up the dew; the breeze 20
Which late made leafy music dies; the day grows hot,

¹ **Translucent**, clear, allowing light to pass through.

² **Alternate**, in order, in succession.

And slumbrous sounds come from marauding bees:
The burnish'd river like a sword blade shines,
Save where 'tis shadow'd by the solemn pines.

II

25 Over the farm is brooding silence now —

No reaper's song — no raven's clangor harsh —

No bleat of sheep — no distant low of cow —

No croak of frogs within the spreading marsh —

No bragging cock from litter'd farmyard crows,

30 The scene is steep'd in silence and repose.

A trembling haze hangs over all the fields —

The panting cattle in the river stand

Seeking the coolness which its wave scarce yields.

It seems a Sabbath thro' the drowsy land:

35 So hush'd is all beneath the Summer's spell,

I pause and listen for some faint church bell.

The leaves are motionless — the song bird's mute —

The very air seems somnolent¹ and sick:

The spreading branches with o'er-ripen'd fruit

40 Show in the sunshine all their clusters thick,

While now and then a mellow apple falls

With a dull sound within the orchard's walls.

The sky has but one solitary cloud,

Like a dark island in a sea of light;

¹ Somnolent, sleepy.

The parching furrows 'twixt the corn rows plow'd 45
Seem fairly dancing in my dazzled sight,
While over yonder road a dusty haze
Grows reddish purple in the sultry blaze.

III

That solitary cloud grows dark and wide,
While distant thunder rumbles in the air, 50
A fitful ripple breaks the river's tide —
The lazy cattle are no longer there,
But homeward come in long procession slow,
With many a bleat and many a plaintive low.

Darker and wider spreading o'er the west 55
Advancing clouds, each in fantastic form,
And mirror'd turrets on the river's breast
Tell in advance the coming of a storm —
Closer and brighter glares the lightning's flash
And louder, nearer, sounds the thunder's crash. 60

The air of evening is intensely hot,
The breeze feels heated as it fans my brows —
Now sullen raindrops patter down like shot —
Strike in the grass, or rattle 'mid the boughs.
A sultry lull: and then a gust again, 65
And now I see the thick advancing rain.

It fairly hisses as it comes along,
And where it strikes bounds up again in spray

As if 'twere dancing to the fitful song
70 Made by the trees, which twist themselves and
 sway
In contest with the wind which rises fast,
Until the breeze becomes a furious blast.

And now, the sudden, fitful storm has fled,
 The clouds lie pil'd up in the splendid west,
75 In massive shadow tipp'd with purplish red,
 Crimson or gold. The scene is one of rest;
And on the bosom of yon still lagoon
I see the crescent of the pallid moon.

JAMES BARRON HOPE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What is described in the first study? The second?
The third?

Which do you consider the best description?
Why?

Discuss and explain "dewy load," line 11; "lustrous polish," line 13; "marauding bees," line 22; "bragging cock," line 29; "mirrored turrets," line 57; "sullen raindrops," line 63; "fitful storm," line 73.

THE CHOOSING OF REBEKAH

This story from the Bible is one of the most beautiful idyls in literature. Abraham, the Patriarch, lived a wandering life, somewhat like that of an Arab sheikh or chieftain of today. He was rich in flocks and herds and was a great and good man. For many years he and his wife Sarah had been childless. At length a boy was born to them in their old age. They called him Isaac. When this story opens, Isaac was a full grown man living in the tents of his father, and unmarried.

And Abraham was old, and well stricken in age: and the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things. And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, "Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh: and I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of heaven, and the God of earth, that thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, among whom I dwell: but thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son 10
Isaac."

And the servant said unto him, "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me unto this land: must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?"

15

And Abraham said unto him: "Beware then that thou bring not my son thither again. The Lord God of heaven, which took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which
20 spake unto me, and sware unto me, saying, 'Unto thy seed will I give this land,'—he shall send his angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence. And if the woman will not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt be clear
25 from this my oath: only bring not my son thither again." And the servant put his hand under the thigh of Abraham his master, and sware to him concerning that matter.

And the servant took ten camels of the camels
30 of his master, and departed; for all the goods of his master were in his hand: and he arose and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor. And he made his camels kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the
35 time that women go out to draw water. And he said: "O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of
40 the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, 'Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink'; and she shall say, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also'; let the same be she that thou hast

appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I ⁴⁵ know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master."

And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebekah¹ came out, who was born to Bethuel, son of Milcah, the wife of Nahor, Abra- ⁵⁰ ham's brother, with her pitcher on her shoulder. And the damsel was very fair to look upon, and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her, and said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy ⁵⁵ pitcher."

And she said, "Drink, my lord"; and she hastened, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink. And when she had done giving him drink, she said, "I will draw water for thy camels ⁶⁰ also, until they have done drinking." And she hastened, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels. And the man wondering at her held his peace, to wit² whether the Lord had made ⁶⁵ his journey prosperous or not.

And it came to pass, as the camels had done drinking, that the man took a golden earring of half a shekel³ weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold; and said, "Whose daughter ⁷⁰

¹ See note on "The Rill from the Town Pump," page 182.

² To wit, to find out.

³ Shekel of gold, about one quarter ounce troy.

art thou? tell me, I pray thee: is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?"

And she said unto him, "I am the daughter of Bethuel the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor."

75 She said moreover unto him, "We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in."

And the man bowed down his head and worshiped the Lord. And he said, "Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute
80 my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren." And the damsel ran, and told them of her mother's house these things.

And Rebekah had a brother, and his name was
85 Laban; and Laban ran out to the man, unto the well.

And it came to pass, when he saw the earring, and the bracelets upon his sister's hands, and when he heard the words of Rebekah his sister, saying, "Thus spoke the man unto me," that he came unto the man;
90 and, behold, he stood by the camels at the well. And he said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels."

And the man came unto the house; and he un-
95 girded his camels, and gave straw and provender for the camels, and water to wash his feet, and the men's feet that were with him. And there was set meat before him to eat: but he said, "I will not eat, until I have told mine errand."

And he said, "Speak on."

100

And he said: "I am Abraham's servant. And the Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and he is become great; and He hath given him flocks and herds, and silver, and gold, and menservants, and maidservants, and camels, and asses. And Sarah 105 my master's wife bare a son to my master when she was old; and unto him hath he given all he hath. And my master made me swear, saying, 'Thou shalt not take a wife unto my son of the daughters of the Canaanites, in whose land I dwell: but thou shalt 110 go unto my father's house, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son.' And I said unto my master, 'Peradventure the woman will not follow me.' And he said unto me, 'The Lord, before whom I walk, will send his angel with thee, and prosper 115 thy way; and thou shalt take a wife for my son of my kindred, and of my father's house; then shalt thou be clear from this my oath, when thou comest to my kindred; and if they give not thee one, thou shalt be clear from my oath.'

120

"And I came this day unto the well, and said, 'O Lord God of my master Abraham, if now thou do prosper my way which I go: behold, I stand by the well of water; and it shall come to pass, that when the virgin cometh forth to draw water, and I say 125 unto her, 'Give me, I pray thee, a little water of thy pitcher to drink,' and she say unto me, 'Both drink thou, and I will also draw for thy camels': let the

same be the woman whom the Lord hath appointed
130 for my master's son.' And before I had done
speaking in mine heart, behold, Rebekah came
forth with her pitcher on her shoulder; and she went
down to the well, and drew water: and I said unto
her, 'Let me drink, I pray thee.' And she made
135 haste, and let down her pitcher from her shoulder,
and said, 'Drink, and I will give thy camels drink
also': so I drank, and she made the camels drink also.
And I asked her, and said, 'Whose daughter art
thou?' And she said, 'The daughter of Bethuel,
140 Nahor's son, whom Milcah bare unto him'; and I put
the earring upon her face, and the bracelets upon
her hands. And I bowed down my head and wor-
shiped the Lord, and blessed the Lord God of my
master Abraham which had led me into the right
145 way to take my master's brother's daughter unto his
son. And now, if ye will deal kindly and truly with
my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may
turn to the right hand, or to the left."

Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said:
150 "The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot
speak unto thee bad or good. Behold, Rebekah is
before thee; take her, and go, and let her be thy
master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken."
And it came to pass, that, when Abraham's servant
155 heard their words, he worshiped the Lord, bowing
himself to the earth. And the servant brought forth
jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment,

and gave them to Rebekah. He gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things. And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were 160 with him, and tarried all night; and they rose up in the morning, and he said, "Send me away unto my master."

And her brother and her mother said, "Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten; 165 after that she shall go." And he said unto them, "Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way; send me away that I may go to my master." And they said, "We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth." And they called Rebekah, and said 170 unto her, "Wilt thou go with this man?" And she said, "I will go." And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant and his men. And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, "Thou art our sister; be thou the mother 175 of thousand of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them." And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man; and the servant took Rebekah and went his way. 180

And Isaac came from the way of the well Lahai-roi; for he dwelt in the south country. And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide: and he lifted up his eyes, and saw, and, behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and 185 when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. For

she had said unto the servant, "What man is this that walketh in the field to meet us?" And the servant had said, "It is my master." Therefore she
190 took a veil, and covered herself. And the servant told Isaac all things that he had done. And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarah's tent, and took
Rebekah, and she became his wife; and he loved her; and Isaac was comforted after his mother's
195 death.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 11, page 409. Why did not Abraham want his son to marry a Canaanite? Was there a difference of religion?

Line 29, page 410. What does the equipment of the servant tell us of the part of the world that is the scene of the story?

Line 32, page 410. Where was Mesopotámia? The word means "between rivers." Look on a map and see why the name was given.

Line 35, page 410. Find out and tell all you can about the wells of that country, their great value, and how water is drawn.

Line 190, page 416. Find out and tell about the custom of wearing veils by the women of the East.

Line 57, page 411. Find and bring to class pictures of "Rebekah at the well." Are the marriage customs here recorded followed by the Arabs today?

DAVID AND JONATHAN

Jonathan was the son of King Saul. After David had slain the giant Goliath, he had been taken to the court to play the harp before the king, with whom he afterwards became a favorite. Later, Saul, who was a victim of occasional insanity, took a dislike to David and tried to kill him, but Jonathan was his firm friend. This friendship has become world famous.

And it came to pass, when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. 5 Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle. 10

And David went out whithersoever Saul sent him, and behaved himself wisely; and Saul set him over the men of war, and he was accepted in the sight of all the people, and also in the sight of Saul's servants. And it came to pass as they came, when David 15 was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine,¹ that the women came out of all cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet king Saul, with tabrets,² with joy, and with instruments of music. And the

¹ Philistine, the giant Goliath.

² Tabrets, small drums.

20 women answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands." And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they
25 have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?" And Saul eyed¹ David from that day and forward.

And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied
30 in the midst of the house; and David played with his hand,² as at other times; and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, "I will smite David even to the wall with it." And David avoided out of his presence twice. And
35 Saul was afraid of David, because the Lord was with him, and was departed from Saul. Therefore Saul removed him from him, and made him his captain over a thousand; and he went out and came in before the people. And David behaved himself
40 wisely in all his ways; and the Lord was with him. Wherefore when Saul saw that he behaved himself very wisely, he was afraid of him. But all Israel and Judah loved David, because he went out and came in before them.

45 And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should kill David. But Jonathan,

¹ Eyed, looked upon with suspicion.

² Played with his hand, upon the harp.

Saul's son, delighted much in David: and Jonathan told David, saying, "Saul my father seeketh to kill thee: now therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, ⁵⁰ and hide thyself: and I will go out and stand beside my father in the field where thou art, and I will commune with my father of thee; and what I see, that I will tell thee."

And Jonathan spake good of David unto Saul his ⁵⁵ father, and said unto him: "Let not the king sin against his servant, against David; because he hath not sinned against thee, and because his works have been to thee-ward¹ very good: for he did put his life in his hand, and slew the Philistine, and the Lord ⁶⁰ wrought a great salvation for all Israel: thou sawest it, and didst rejoice; wherefore then wilt thou sin against innocent blood, to slay David without a cause?" And Saul hearkened unto the voice of Jonathan; and Saul sware, "As the Lord liveth, he ⁶⁵ shall not be slain." And Jonathan called David, and Jonathan showed him all those things. And Jonathan brought David to Saul, and he was in his presence, as in times past.

And there was war again; and David went out, ⁷⁰ and fought with the Philistines, and slew them with a great slaughter; and they fled from him. And the

¹ **To thee-ward** (toward thee). The preposition *toward* was frequently in olden times divided, the second syllable, *ward*, being placed after the object of the preposition.

evil spirit from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand; and David
75 played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall with the javelin; but he slipped away out of Saul's presence, and he smote the javelin into the wall: and David fled, and escaped that night. Saul also sent messengers unto
80 David's house, to watch him, and to slay him in the morning: and Michal,¹ David's wife, told him, saying, "If thou save not thy life tonight, tomorrow thou shalt be slain."

So Michal let David down through a window
85 and he went, and fled, and escaped. And Michal took an image, and laid it in the bed, and put a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster, and covered it with a cloth. And when Saul sent messengers to take David, she said, "He is sick." And Saul sent the
90 messengers again to see David, saying, "Bring him up to me in the bed, that I may slay him." And when the messengers were come in, behold, there was an image in the bed, with a pillow of goats' hair for his bolster. And Saul said unto Michal, "Why
95 hast thou deceived me so, and sent away mine enemy, that he is escaped?"

So David fled and escaped, and came to Samuel² to Ramah, and told him all that Saul had done to him. And he and Samuel went and dwelt in Naioth.

¹ Michal was Saul's daughter.

² Samuel was the religious head of the Jews.

And it was told Saul, saying, "Behold, David is at 100
Naioth in Ramah." And Saul sent messengers to
take David: and when they saw the company of the
prophets prophesying, and Samuel standing as ap-
pointed over them, the Spirit of God was upon the
messengers of Saul, and they also prophesied. And 105
when it was told Saul, he sent other messengers, and
they prophesied likewise. And Saul sent messengers
again the third time, and they prophesied also.
Then went he also to Ramah, and came to a great
well that is in Sechu; and he asked and said, "Where 110
are Samuel and David?" And one said, "Behold,
they be at Naioth in Ramah." And he went
thither to Naioth in Ramah. And the spirit of
God was upon him also, and he went on, and proph-
esied, until he came to Naioth in Ramah. And 115
he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before
Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that
day and all that night. Wherefore they say, "Is
Saul also among the prophets?"

And David fled from Naioth in Ramah, and came 120
and said before Jonathan, "What have I done?
what is mine iniquity? and what is my sin before
thy father, that he seeketh my life?"

And he said unto him, "God forbid; thou shalt not
die: behold, my father will do nothing either great 125
or small, but that he will show it me: and why should
my father hide this thing from me? it is not so."

And David sware, moreover, and said, "Thy

father certainly knoweth that I have found grace in
130 thine eyes; and he saith, 'Let not Jonathan know
this lest he be grieved'; but truly, as the Lord
liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step
between me and death."

Then said Jonathan unto David, "Whatsoever
135 thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee."

And David said unto Jonathan, "Behold, to-
morrow is the new moon, and I should not fail to
sit with the king at meat: but let me go, that I may
hide myself in the field unto the third day at even.
140 If thy father at all miss me, then say, 'David ear-
nestly asked leave of me that he might run to
Bethlehem his city; for there is a yearly sacrifice
there for all the family.' If he say thus, 'It is well';
thy servant shall have peace; but if he be very wroth,
145 then be sure that evil is determined by him. There-
fore thou shalt deal kindly with thy servant; for
thou hast brought thy servant into a covenant of the
Lord with thee: notwithstanding, if there be in me
iniquity, slay me thyself; for why shouldest thou
150 bring me to thy father?"

And Jonathan said, "Far be it from thee: for if I
knew certainly that evil were determined by my
father to come upon thee, then would not I tell it
thee?"

155 Then said David to Jonathan, "Who shall tell me?
or what if thy father answer thee roughly?"

And Jonathan said unto David, "Come, and let

us go out into the field." And they went out both of them into the field.

And Jonathan said unto David, "O Lord God of 160 Israel, when I have sounded my father about tomorrow any time, or the third day, and, behold, if there be good toward David, and I then send not unto thee, and show it thee; the Lord do so and much more to Jonathan; but if it please my father 165 to do thee evil, then I will show it thee, and send thee away, that thou mayest go in peace: and the Lord be with thee, as he hath been with my father. And thou shalt not only while yet I live show me the kindness of the Lord, that I die not: but also 170 thou shalt not cut off thy kindness from my house forever: no, not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David every one from the face of the earth."

So Jonathan made a covenant with the house of 175 David, saying, "Let the Lord even require it at the hand of David's enemies." And Jonathan caused David to swear again, because he loved him: for he loved him as he loved his own soul.

Then Jonathan said to David: "Tomorrow is the 180 new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and shalt remain by the 185 stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the

side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, 'Go, find out the arrows.' If I expressly say unto the lad, 'Behold, the
190 arrows are on this side of thee, take them'; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, 'Behold, the arrows are beyond thee,' go thy way; for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching
195 the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me forever."

So David hid himself in the field; and when the new moon was come, the king sat him down to eat meat. And the king sat upon his seat, as at other
200 times, even upon a seat by the wall; and Jonathan arose, and Abner sat by Saul's side, and David's place was empty. Nevertheless Saul spake not anything that day: for he thought, "Something hath befallen him, he is not clean; surely he is not clean."¹
205 And it came to pass on the morrow, which was the second day of the month, that David's place was empty: and Saul said unto Jonathan his son, "Wherefore cometh not the son of Jesse to meat, neither yesterday, nor today?" And Jonathan
210 answered Saul, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem; and he said, 'Let me go, I pray thee; for our family hath a sacrifice in the city; and my brother, he hath commanded me to be there: and now, if I have found favor in thine eyes, let

¹ Clean, purified for some religious ceremony.

me get away, I pray thee, and see my brethren.' 215 Therefore he cometh not unto the king's table." Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him: "Thou son of the perverse, rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion, and unto the 220 confusion of thy mother's family? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die." And Jonathan answered Saul his father, and said 225 unto him, "Wherefore shall he be slain? what hath he done?" And Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him; whereby Jonathan knew that it was determined of his father to slay David. So Jonathan arose from the table in fierce anger, and did eat no meat the 230 second day of the month: for he was grieved for David, because his father had done him shame.

And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto 235 his lad, "Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot." And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, "Is not the arrow 240 beyond thee?" And Jonathan cried after the lad, "Make speed, haste, stay not." And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master.

But the lad knew not anything; only Jonathan and
245 David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his
artillery¹ unto his lad, and said unto him, "Go, carry
them to the city."

And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out
of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the
250 ground, and bowed himself three times; and they
kissed one another; and wept one with another, until
David exceeded. And Jonathan said to David,
"Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us
in the name of the Lord, saying, 'The Lord be be-
255 tween me and thee, and between my seed and thy
seed forever.'" And he arose and departed: and
Jonathan went into the city.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Line 10. Such action was a custom of the time
on swearing friendship.

Why did Saul hate David?

Why did Jonathan love him?

How did Saul show his hatred?

How did Jonathan show his love?

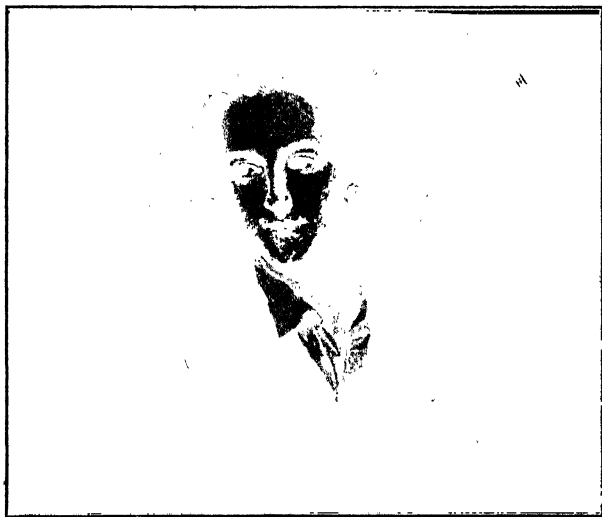
Remember that these things happened very long
ago, when moral standards were very different from
those of today. What did David and Jonathan do,
believing it to be right, that you would regard as
wrong now?

¹ Artillery, weapons.

THOMAS GRAY

(1716-1771)

Thomas Gray is an unusual instance of a poet known almost solely through a single short poem. There was little remarkable in his life or his writ-



ings, excepting this single poem, *An Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. He was an Englishman, a graduate of Cambridge University, a quiet and re-

spectable man of letters, with many friends, and he wrote one great poem which has rendered him immortal. It is said that he spent eight years in polishing this poem. If this is true, the poem justified the labor.

ELEGY¹ WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

This poem, the author's one masterpiece, is one of the most quoted single short poems in the language. It is serious without being sad, solemn but not gloomy. Especially noticeable is the beauty and forcefulness of its figures of speech.

It was suggested and written at Stoke-Pogis, a small English village with its church and churchyard.

The curfew² tolls the knell of parting³ day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

; Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

¹ An elegy is a poem in praise of the dead.

² **Curfew**, a bell tolled at the evening hour to end toil, and in obedience to which people left the streets and retired within their houses.

³ **Parting**, departing.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid, 15
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor

The boast of heraldry,¹ the pomp of power,
And all the beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
35 Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
' Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted²
vault
40 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn,³ or animated bust,⁴
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

45 Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial fire;⁵
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
50 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

¹ Heraldry, noble rank, "blue blood."

² Fretted, ornamented with fret work.

³ Storied urn, the urn containing the ashes of the dead, *storied*
or distinguished by tales of their greatness.

⁴ Animated bust, bust of marble so perfect as to seem alive.

⁵ Filled with heavenly ambition.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD 431

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden,¹ that, with dauntless
breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton ² here may rest,
Some Cromwell ³ guiltless of his country's blood. 60

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined :
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous ⁴ shame, 70

¹ Hampden, a noted English statesman ; Village Hampden, a villager with enough ability to have become a Hampden under favorable circumstances.

² Milton, the great Puritan poet of England.

³ Cromwell, the great Puritan leader, who controlled the destinies of the nation between the reign of Charles I and that of Charles II.

⁴ Ingenuous, honest, simple.

Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's¹ flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
75 Along the cool sequestered² vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
decked,
80 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered
Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

85 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
90 Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

¹ **Muse**, the goddess of poetry.

² **Sequestered**, separated, secluded.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplations led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 “Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn: 100

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies would he rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree; 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

“The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him
 borne:
 Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

- Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
120 And melancholy marked him for her own.
- Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.
- 125 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Try to draw in words or with pencil, or both, the picture of the first stanza.

Stanza 3. Why does the poet call the owl *moping*?
Memorize the lines 53-56.

What do they mean?

Point out in the poem all the expressions you have ever heard or read quoted.

Explain lines 65-72.

What good does the poet here see as an offset to the misfortunes of poverty?

This is a good poem for the study of words because they are used with wonderful exactness.

Line 5. Why *glimmering* landscape? Try using some other word in its place.

Line 17. Why *incense breathing*?

Line 46. What does this line mean?

Line 51. What is *noble rage*?

Explain:

“rude forefathers,” line 16;

“the cock’s shrill clarion,” line 19;

“waked with ecstasy the living lyre,” line 48;

“Far from the madding crowd’s ignoble strife,” line 73;

“unlettered Muse,” line 81;

“pious drops,” line 90.

Does the latter part of the poem, lines 98-126, refer to any one in particular?

What is the meaning of the poem as a whole?

SIR THOMAS MALORY

(Fifteenth Century)

Sir Thomas Malory is chiefly noted for having revived and made common possession the stories of King Arthur and his Round Table. Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* is unquestionably the greatest prose work of the first half of the fifteenth century. Although it is faulty in places and shows a failure to follow carefully the earlier authorities, still it served as the basis for Tennyson's great poems.

Of all the tales of chivalry two stand as typical of the noblest ideals of that unique period of the world's history; these two are the French "Story of Roland" and the British "Tale of King Arthur and of his Knights of the Round Table."

The latter puts into permanent literary form the confused legends of Britain's great semi-historical King Arthur.

The story as Malory told it, while in some respects inferior to the earlier legends, apparently has become the standard form.

This is due partly to Tennyson's following it in his poems, some of which are given here, following the excerpts from Malory.

THE BOOK OF KING ARTHUR

I

OF THE BIRTH OF KING ARTHUR AND OF HIS
NURTURE

Came Merlin unto the king, and said, "Sir, ye must purvey¹ you for the nourishing of your child." "As thou wilt," said the king, "be it." "Well," said Merlin, "I know a lord of yours in this land, that is a passing true man and a faithful, and he shall have the nourishing of your child, and his name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair livelihood in many parts in England and Wales; and this lord, Sir Ector, let him be sent for, for to come and speak with you, and desire him yourself, as he loveth you, that he will put his own child to the care of another woman, and that his wife care for yours. And when the child is born let it be delivered to me at yonder privy postern² unchristened." So, like as Merlin devised it was done.

15

* * * * *

The child was delivered unto Merlin, and so he bare it forth unto Sir Ector, and made an holy man to christen him, and named him Arthur; and so Sir Ector's wife nourished him.

¹ Purvey you, make provision. ² Privy postern, private gate.

II

OF THE DEATH OF KING UTHUR PENDRAGON

20 King Uther's men overcame the Northern Battle, and then the king returned to London and made great joy of his victory.

And then King Uther fell passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless; wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. "There is none other remedy," said Merlin,¹ "but God will have his will. But look ye all barons be before King Uther to-morn, and God and I shall make him to speak." So on the morn all the barons with Merlin came to-fore the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, "Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days, of this realm with all the appurtenance?"² Then Uther Pendragon turned him, and said in hearing of them all, "I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown, upon forfeiture³ of my blessing." And therewith he yielded up the ghost, and then was he interred as longed to a king. Wherefore the queen, fair Igraine, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

¹ Merlin, the wizard (wise man) of the courts of King Uther and King Arthur. He was esteemed a mighty magician.

² All the appurtenance, all that belongs to it.

³ Forfeiture, penalty of losing.

III

HOW ARTHUR WAS CHOSEN KING, AND OF WONDERS
AND MARVELS OF A SWORD TAKEN OUT OF A
STONE BY THE SAID ARTHUR

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy¹ a long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and 45 counseled him for to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should to London, by Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that Jesus, that was born on that night, that he would of his great mercy show some 50 miracle as he was come to be king of mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the Archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms that they should come by Christmas even unto 55 London. And many of them made them clean of their life, that their prayer might be the more acceptable unto God.

So in the greatest church in London, whether it were Paul's or not the French book maketh no 60 mention, all the estates were long or² day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the

¹ Jeopardy, danger.² Or, before.

first mass was done, there was seen in the church-yard, against the high altar, a great stone four
65 square, like unto a marble stone; and in midst thereof was like an anvil of steel a foot on high, and therein stuck a fair sword naked by the point, and letters there were written in gold about the sword that said thus: "Whoso pulleth out this sword
70 of this stone and anvil, is rightwise king born of all England."

Then the people marveled, and told it to the Archbishop.

"I command," said the Archbishop, "that ye
75 keep you within your church and pray unto God still, that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done." So when all masses were done all the lords went to behold the stone and the sword. And when they saw the scripture¹ some
80 assayed,² such as would have been king. But none might stir the sword nor move it. "He is not here," said the Archbishop, "that shall achieve the sword, but doubt not God will make him known. But this is my counsel," said the Archbishop, "that
85 we let purvey³ ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword." So it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would, for to win the sword. And upon New Year's Day the barons let make a justs and a

¹ Scripture, writing.

² Assayed, tried.

³ Purvey, provide.

tournament, that all knights that would joust¹ or⁹⁰ tourney² there might play, and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together and the commons, for the Archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword.

So upon New Year's Day, when the service was⁹⁵ done, the barons rode unto the field, some to joust and some to tourney, and so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood³ about London, rode unto the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kay his son, and young Arthur that was his nourished⁴ brother;¹⁰⁰ and Sir Kay was made knight at All Hallowmass afore. So as they rode to the justs-ward,⁵ Sir Kay lost⁶ his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging, and so he prayed young Arthur for to ride for his sword. 105

"I will well," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword, and when he came home, the lady and all were out to see the jousting.

Then was Arthur wroth, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard, and take the sword"¹¹⁰

¹ Just (joust-), a game, or tilting match of two knights on horseback. Justs, a meeting for *justing*.

² Tournament, a war game in which knights are opposed to one another.

³ Livelihood, possessions, estates.

⁴ Nourished brother, step-brother, cared for by the same mother.

⁵ To the justs-ward, toward the jousting. In old writing to-ward is often thus separated.

⁶ Lost, missed.

with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother Sir Kay shall not be without a sword this day."

So when he came to the churchyard, Sir Arthur alighted and tied his horse to the stile, and so he
115 went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were at the jousting. And so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse, and rode his way until he came to his brother Sir Kay, and
120 delivered him the sword.

And as soon as Sir Kay saw the sword, he wist well it was the sword of the stone, and so he rode to his father Sir Ector, and said: "Sir, lo here is the sword of the stone, wherefore I must be king of
125 this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church. And anon¹ he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he
130 came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kay, "by my brother Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat ye this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

135 "Sir, I will tell you. When I came home for my brother's sword, I found nobody at home to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother Sir Kay should not be swordless, and so I came hither

¹ Anon, in due time, soon.

eagerly and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."¹

"Found ye any knights about this sword?"¹⁴⁰
said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand ye must be king of this land."¹⁴⁵

"Wherefore I," said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Ector, "for God will have it so; for there should never man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be rightwise king of this land. Now let me see whether ye can put the sword¹⁵⁰ there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery," said Arthur, and so he put it in the stone; wherewithal Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword and failed.

IV

HOW KING ARTHUR PULLED OUT THE SWORD DIVERS² TIMES

"Now assay,"³ said Sir Ector unto Sir Kay. And¹⁵⁵ anon⁴ he pulled at the sword with all his might; but it would not be.

"Now shall ye assay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"I will well," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector knelt down to the earth,¹⁶⁰ and Sir Kay.

¹ Pain, difficulty.

² Divers, several.

³ Assay, try.

⁴ Anon, in due time, soon.

"Alas," said Arthur, "my own dear father and brother, why kneel ye to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so; I was
165 never your father nor of your blood, but I wot well
ye are of an higher blood than I weened¹ ye were."
And then Sir Ector told him all, how he was be-
taken² him for to nourish him, and by whose com-
mandment, and by Merlin's deliverance.³

170 Then Arthur made great dole⁴ when he understood
that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Ector unto Arthur, "will ye be my
good and gracious lord when ye are king?"

"Else were I to blame," said Arthur, "for ye are
175 the man in the world that I am most beholden to,
and my good lady and mother your wife, that as
well as her own hath fostered me and kept. And
if ever it be God's will that I be king as ye say, ye
shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not
180 fail you; God forbid I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you,
but that ye will make my son, your foster brother,
Sir Kay, seneschal⁵ of all your lands."

"That shall be done," said Arthur, "and more,
185 by the faith of my body, that never man shall have
that office but he, while he and I live."

¹ Weened, supposed.

² Was betaken, had taken.

³ Deliverance, delivery, meaning that Merlin *delivered*, or gave,
the baby to Sir Ector.

⁴ Dole, expression of sorrow.

⁵ Seneschal, chief marshal.

Therewithal they went unto the Archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom; and on Twelfth Day all the barons came thither, and to assay to take the sword, who that 190 would assay. But there afore them all, there might none take it out but Arthur; wherefore there were many lords wroth, and said it was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be overgoverned with a boy of no high blood born. And 195 so they fell out at that time that it was put off till Candlemas, and then all the barons should meet there again; but always the ten knights were ordained to watch the sword day and night, and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, 200 and five always watched.

So at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but there might none prevail. And right as Arthur did at Christmas, he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword 205 easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved and put it off in delay till the high feast of Easter. And as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be king, and put it off in a 210 delay till the feast of Pentecost.

Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Merlin's providence,¹ let² purvey then of the best knights that they might get, and such knights as Uther Pendragon

¹ **Providence**, provision, instruction.

² **Let**, ordered.

215 loved best and most trusted in his days. And such knights were put about Arthur as Sir Baudwin of Britain, Sir Kay, Sir Ulfus, Sir Brastias. All these, with many others, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

V

HOW KING ARTHUR WAS CROWNED, AND HOW HE
MADE OFFICERS

220 And at the feast of Pentecost all manner of men assayed to pull at the sword that would assay; but none might prevail but Arthur, and he pulled it out afore all the lords and commons that were there. Wherefore all the commons cried at once: "We will
225 have Arthur unto our King; we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it, we will slay him."

And therewithal they kneeled at once, both rich
230 and poor, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long, and Arthur forgave them, and took the sword between both his hands. and offered it upon the altar where the Archbishop was, and so was he made knight of¹ the best² man
235 that was there. And so anon³ was the coronation

¹ Of, by.

² Best, highest in rank.

³ Anon, at once, forthwith.

made. And there was he sworn unto his lords and the commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth the days of this life. Also then he made all lords that held of the crown to come in, and to do service as they ought to do. And 240
 many complaints were made unto Sir Arthur of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Uther, of many lands that were bereaved¹ lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen. Wherefore King Arthur made the lands to be given again unto them that 245
 owned them.

When this was done, that the king had established all the countries about London, then he let make Sir Kay seneschal of England; and Sir Baudwin of Britain was made constable; and Sir Ulfius was made 250
 chamberlain; and Sir Brastias was made warden to wait upon² the north from Trent forwards, for it was,³ that time, for the most part, the king's enemies. But within few years after Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeissance.⁴ 255
 Also Wales, a part of it, held against Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

From *Le Morte d'Arthur* by THOMAS MALORY.

¹ Bereaved, taken away from.

² Wait upon, watch, take control of.

³ Was, contained, was filled with.

⁴ Obeissance, control.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Write in the best modern English you can the story of King Arthur's early days.

Make a list of words used by Malory for which you have substituted others.

Which do you like better?

Why?

Which convey the sense the more clearly? Which are the more rhythmical? Which the more poetical?

Point out any unusual words in this story that you have found also in other books. In what other books did you find them?

Have you read of Merlin elsewhere?

At what time is Arthur supposed to have lived?

Line 167. Why did Arthur make "great dole"?

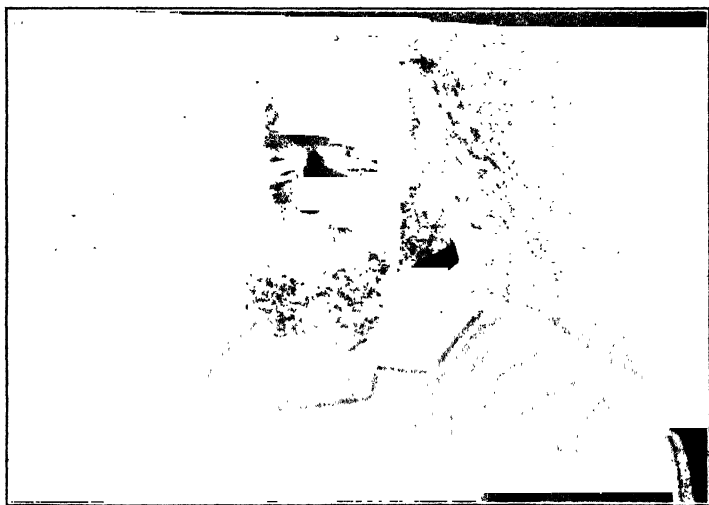
What can you judge of Arthur's character from the incidents here given?

When is it believed that Christianity was first introduced into Britain?

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

(1809–1892)

Tennyson is the people's poet of England, unquestionably, after Shakespeare, the most popular of all English poets, and, in the judgment of competent



critics, a poet who is likely to survive all of his age with the possible exception of Browning, and most of the poets of distinction since the Elizabethan era.

A strong, vigorous, stern man, he was yet intensely loved by his friends, and he loved them with an intensity rare among men. Indeed, the death of his most intimate friend, Arthur Hallam, came near wrecking his own mind, but it produced that incomparable poem, *In Memoriam*, intended both as an expression of the poet's own feelings, and as a comfort to other mourners. But some of his lyrical poems and his narrative poems are more generally known. Perhaps chief among these is the series grouped about King Arthur and his Round Table, ending with the noblest of them, *Morte d'Arthur*.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

From the legends of King Arthur told by Malory, Tennyson gathered material for his noble series of poems, *The Idylls of the King*. Of these the most significant are the two that deal with the king himself, *The Coming of Arthur* and *The Passing of Arthur*. *The Coming of Arthur* accepts his kingship as quoted from Malory in this book, and tells in particular how his royal blood was made clear to the father of his beloved Guinevere, and how he won his bride.

Leodogran, the King of Cameliard,¹
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

¹ **Cameliard**, one of the mythical kingdoms of the story.

For many a petty king, ere Arthur came, 5
 Ruled in this isle and, ever waging war
 Each upon other, wasted all the land;
 And still from time to time the heathen host
 Swarm'd overseas, and harried what was left.
 And so there grew great tracts of wilderness, 10
 Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
 But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
 For first Aurelius lived and fought, and died,
 And after him King Uther fought and died,
 But either failed to make the kingdom one. 15
 And after these King Arthur for a space,
 And thro' the puissance¹ of his Table Round,²
 Drew all their petty principdoms under him,
 Their King and head, and made a realm and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste, 20
 Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,
 And none or few to scare or chase the beast;
 So that wild dog and wolf and boar and bear
 Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
 And wallow'd in the gardens of the King. 25

* * * * *

And King Leodogran
 Groan'd for the Roman legions³ here again,

¹ Puissance, might.

² Table Round, the famous group of knights who gathered about King Arthur and fought his battles.

³ Roman legions. The Romans under Cæsar had conquered southern England and, while holding it in subjugation, had also

And Cæsar's eagle:¹ then his brother king,
Urien, assail'd him: last, a heathen horde,
30 Brake on him, till, amazed,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But — for he heard of Arthur newly crown'd,
Tho' not without an uproar made by those
Who cried, "He is not Uther's son" — the King
35 Sent to him, saying, "Arise, and help us thou!
For here between the man and beast we die."

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call and came: and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass;
40 But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,
She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,
45 One among many, tho' his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitch'd
His tents beside the forest. Then he drave

protected it from its savage neighbors. The British, relying on their conquerors for protection, had ceased to be warlike, so that when the Roman armies were at length withdrawn, they were easy victims of marauders from within and without.

¹ Eagle. A brazen eagle was the *standard* of the Roman armies. Possibly the American eagle was suggested by that.

The heathen; after, slew the beasts, and fell'd 50
 The forest, letting in the sun, and made
 Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight,
 And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,
 A doubt that ever smolder'd in the hearts 55
 Of those great lords and barons of his realm
 Flash'd forth and into war; for most of these,
 Colleaguings with a score of petty kings,
 Made head against him, crying: "Who is he
 That he should rule us? who hath proven him 60
 King Uther's son? — For lo! we look at him,
 And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
 Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
 This is the son of Gorlōis, not the King;
 This is the son of Anton, not the King." 65

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
 Travail,¹ and throes and agonies of the life,
 Desiring to be joined with Guinevere,

* * * * * *

Thereafter — as he speaks who tells the tale —
 When Arthur reached a field of battle bright 70
 With pitch'd pavilions² of his foe, the world
 Was all so clear about him that he saw
 The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,

¹ Travail, suffering.

² Pavilions, tents.

And, even in the high day, the morning star.
75 So when the King had set his banner broad,
At once from either side, with trumpet blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long lanced battle¹ let their horses run.
And now the barons and the kings prevail'd,
80 And now the King, as here and there that war
Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands by every blow,
85 And leading all his knighthood, threw² the kings.

* * * * *

Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
To one who sins, and deems himself alone
And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
90 Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the brands
That hack'd among the flyers, "Ho! they yield!"
So, like a painted battle the war stood
Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
95 He laughed upon his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most. "Thou dost not doubt me King,
So well thine arm hath wrought for me today."
"Sir, and my liege," he cried, "the fire of God
Descends upon thee in the battlefield:

¹ Battle, battalion, knights.

² Threw, overthrew.

I know thee for my King!" Whereat the two, 100
For each had warded¹ other in the fight,
Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
And Arthur said, "Man's word is God in man;
Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent 105
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
Saying, "If I in aught have served thee well,
Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart 110
Debating — "How should I that am a king,
However much he help² me at my need,
Give my one daughter saving to a king,
And a king's son?" — lifted his voice, and call'd
A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom 115
He trusted all things, and of him required
His counsel: "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's
birth?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said:
"Sir King, there be but two old men that know;
And each is twice as old as I: and one 120
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther thro' his magic art; and one
Is Merlin's master — so they call him — Bleys,

¹ Warded, guarded.

² Help, helped.

Who taught him magic; but the scholar ran
125 Before the master, and so far that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal¹ book, where after years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth."

130 To whom the King Leodogran replied:
"O friend, had I been holpen half as well
By this King Arthur as by thee today,
Then beast and man had had their share of me;
But summon here before us yet once more
135 Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere."

Then when they came before him, the King said:
"Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son?"

And Ulfius and Brastias answered, "Ay."
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
140 Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake:—
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King—

"And there be those who deem him more than man,
And dream he dropt from heaven: but my belief
145 In all this matter—so ye care to learn—
King Uther died

* * * * *

¹ Annal, record.

Moaning and wailing for an heir to rule
 After him, lest the realm should go to wrack.
 And that same night, the night of the new year,
 Was Arthur born, and all as soon as born 150
 Deliver'd at a secret postern gate
 To Merlin, to be holden far apart
 Until his hour should come; because the lords
 Of that fierce day were as the lords of this,
 Wild beasts, and surely would have torn the child 155
 Piecemeal among them, had they known, for each
 But sought to rule for his own self and hand.

* * * * *

Wherefore Merlin took the child,
 And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
 And ancient friend of Uther; and his wife 160
 Nursed the young prince, and rear'd him with her own;
 And no man knew. And ever since the lords
 Have foughten like wild beasts among themselves,
 So that the realm has gone to wrack;¹ but now,
 This year, when Merlin — for his hour had come — 165
 Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
 Proclaiming, 'Here is Uther's heir, your king,'
 A hundred voices cried: 'Away with him!
 No King of ours!' Yet Merlin thro' his craft,
 And while the people clamor'd for a king, 170
 Had Arthur crown'd; but after, the great lords
 Banded, and so brake out in open war."

¹ Wrack, ruin, wreck.

Then while the King debated with himself
Whether there was truth in anything
175 Said by these three, there came to Cameliard
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot's wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat:
180 "A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur's court. Victor his men
Report him! Yea, but ye — think ye this king —
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be —
185 Hath body enow¹ to hold this foeman down?"

"O King," she cried, "and I will tell thee; few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;
For I was near him when the savage yells
Of Uther's peelage² died, and Arthur sat
190 Crowned on the dais, and his warriors cried,
'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will,
Who love thee.' Then the King, in low deep tones,
And simple words of great authority,
Bound them by so straight vows to his own self
195 That when they rose, knighted from kneeling,
some
Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
Half blinded at the coming of a light.

¹ Enow, enough.

² Peerage, peers.

“But when he spake, and cheer’d his Table Round
With large, divine, and comfortable words, 200
Beyond my tongue to tell thee — I beheld
From eye to eye thro’ all their Order flash
A momentary likeness of the King;
And ere it left their faces, thro’ the cross¹
And those around it and the Crucified, 205
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
Flame color, vert,² and azure,³ in three rays,
One falling upon each of three fair queens
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright 210
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

“And there I saw mage⁴ Merlin, whose vast wit
And hundred winters are but as the hands
Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

“And near him stood the Lady of the Lake, 215
Who knows a subtler magic than his own —
Clothed in white samite,⁵ mystic, wonderful.
She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist
Of incense curl’d about her, and her face 220
Wellnigh was hidden in the minster⁶ gloom.

¹ Cross, the crucifix.

² Vert, green.

³ Azure, blue.

⁴ Mage, magician.

⁵ Samite, a thin gauze silk material often interwoven with gold.

⁶ Minster, church.

But there was heard among the holy hymns
A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
Down in a deep — calm, whatsoever storms
225 May shake the world — and when the surface rolls,
Hath power to walk the waters like our Lord.

“There likewise I beheld Excalibur¹
Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
230 And Arthur row’d across and took it — rich
With jewels, elfin Urim,² on the hilt,
Bewildering heart and eye — the blade so bright
That men are blinded by it — on one side,
Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
235 ‘Take me,’ but turn the blade and ye shall see,
And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
‘Cast me away!’ And sad was Arthur’s face
Taking it, but old Merlin counsel’d him,
‘Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
240 Is yet far off.’ So this great brand the King
Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.”

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask’d,
Fixing full eyes of question on her face:

¹ **Excalibur**, the sword of King Arthur.

² **Urim**, supposed to have been a very brilliant stone set in the breastplate of the Jewish high priest. “Elfin Urim” here probably means smaller magical stones on the hilt of Arthur’s sword.

“The swallow and the swift are near akin,
But thou art closer to this noble prince,
Being his own dear sister;” and she said: 245

* * * * *

“But let me tell thee now another tale:
For Bleys, our Merlin’s master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me, 250
To hear him speak before he left his life.
Shrunk like a fairy changeling¹ lay the mage;
And when I entered told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the King,
Uther, before he died; and on the night 255
When Uther in Tintagil past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro’ the dismal night — a night 260
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost —
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem’d in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing’d, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks, 265
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch’d the great sea fall,
Wave after wave each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep,

¹ Fairy changeling, a babe changed in its cradle for another, by fairies.

- 270 And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried, 'The
King!
- 275 Here is an heir for Uther!' And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
- 280 And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars: 'And this same child,' he said,
'Is he who reigns; nor could I part in peace
Till this were told.' And saying this, the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
- 285 Not ever to be question'd any more
Save on the further side; but when I met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth —
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas —
- 290 He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me
In riddling triplets¹ of old time, and said:

“Rain, rain, and sun! a rainbow in the sky!
A young man will be wiser by and by;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

¹ Riddling triplet, three line stanza containing a riddle.

“ ‘ Rain, rain, and sun ! a rainbow on the lea ! 295
And truth is this to me, and that to thee ;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

“ ‘ Rain, sun, and rain ! and the free blossom
blows :
Sun, rain, and sun ! and where is he who knows ?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.’ 300

“ So Merlin riddling anger’d me ; but thou
Fear not to give this King thine only child,
Guinevere : so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter ; and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing thro’ the minds of men, 305
And echo’d by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage work is done,
Speak of the King ; and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn,
Tho’ men may wound him, that he will not die, 310
But pass, again to come, and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king.”

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing “ Shall I answer yea or nay ? ” 315
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,

- 320 Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and
rick,¹
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze
325 And made it thicker; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, "No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours";
330 Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
335 Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

- Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen, and watch'd him from the
gates;
And Lancelot past away among the flowers —
340 For then was latter April — and return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric² the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before

¹ Rick, a long, covered pile of hay or grain.

² Dubric, archbishop, Primate of England.

The stateliest of her altar shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white, 345
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May, 350
The Sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there passed along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Sware at the shrine of Christ a deathless love; 355
And Arthur said, "Behold thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death!"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
"King and my lord, I love thee to the death!"
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake: 360
"Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may the Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfill the boundless purpose of their King!"

So Dubric said; but when they left the shrine 365
Great lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they passed;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood¹ sang before the King: 370

¹ **Knighthood**, knights.

“Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May!
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll’d away!
Blow thro’ the living world — ‘Let the King reign!’

“Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur’s realm?
375 Flash brand and lance, fall battle ax on helm,
Fall battle ax, and flash brand! Let the King
reign!

“Strike for the King and live! his knights have
heard
That God hath told the King a secret word.
Fall battle ax, and flash brand! Let the King
reign!

380 “Blow trumpet! he will lift us from the dust.
Blow trumpet! live the strength and die the lust!
Clang battle ax, and clash brand. Let the King
reign!

“Strike for the King and die! and if thou diest,
The King is king, and ever wills the highest.
385 Clang battle ax, and clash brand! Let the King
reign!

“Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May!
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day!
Clang battle ax, and clash brand! Let the King
reign!

"The King will follow Christ, and we the King,
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing. 390
Fall battle ax, and clash brand! Let the King
reign!"

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.
There at the banquet those great lords from Rome,
The slowly fading mistress of the world,
Strode in and claim'd their tribute as of yore. 395
But Arthur spake: "Behold, for these have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship me their King;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new;
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old 400
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay." So those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King 405
Drew in the petty pryncedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reign'd.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Describe the picture, lines 20-35.

Describe the picture, lines 86-104.

What is the meaning of line 94?

Describe the wedding, lines 336-364.

Which is the more pleasing to your taste, a story as told by Malory, or as told by Tennyson?

Gather all the facts you can about chivalry, and write a story of "A Knight of Old." Describe his dress, his equipment, his castle, and some of his adventures.

Give in order the several proofs that convinced King Leodogran that Arthur was King Uther's son.

Were they natural or supernatural?

Has this any relation to the character of Arthur and his mission in the world?

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

The end of King Arthur's long reign, according to the legend, was no less remarkable than its beginning.

After a long and glorious life, filled with triumphs, following oftentimes defeats, and with gleams of joy interspersed with sorrows, he was attacked in war by bitter enemies and traitorous knights. Of his last hours, the poet tells in *The Passing of Arthur*.

That story which the bold Sir Bedivere¹
First made and latest left of all the knights;
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
5 With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

* * * * *

¹ Sir Bedivere. See *The Coming of Arthur*, line 138.

All day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep, 10
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one 15
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
"The sequel of today unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep 20
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were. 25
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more; but, let what will be be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn. 30
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
35 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known.
40 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere¹;
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”
To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
“It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
45 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm —
A little thing may harm a wounded man;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
50 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths and juts of pointed rock,
55 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt;

¹ Mere, lake.

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks, 60
Myriads of topaz lights and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw; but at last it seem'd 65
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many knotted water flags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: 70
“Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
“I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.” 75

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
“Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight;
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand, 80
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing, for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief¹ and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.” 85

¹ Lief, beloved.

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixt in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
90 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud:

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
95 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey them, if a king demand
100 An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
105 Stored in some treasure house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ‘King Arthur’s sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely Maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
110 Upon the hidden bases of the hills.’
So might some old man speak in the aftertime,
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost.”

So spake he, clouded ¹ with his own conceit,²
And hid Excalibur the second time, 115
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
“What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“I heard the water lapping on the crag, 120
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
“Ah miserable, and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king, 125
Laid widow'd ³ of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt; 130
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for ⁴ a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, 135
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”

¹ Clouded, blinded.

² Conceit, notion.

³ Widowed, deprived.

⁴ For, since.

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
140 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an
arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
145 By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur;
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
150 Three times, and drew him under in the mere,
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: What is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

155 And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Nor tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
160 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere." 165

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die." 170

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears, 175
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard, 180
Like one that feels a nightmare¹ on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge, 185

¹ **Nightmare**, a bad dream accompanied by a feeling of pressure on the chest. *Mare* is an old word meaning *incubus*. The nightmare was supposed to be a fiend.

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
190 Dry clash'd his harness¹ in the icy caves
And barren chasms and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp smitten with the dint of armed heels —
195 And on a sudden, lo, the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon!

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
200 That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three queens with crowns of gold: and from them
rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
205 Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three queens
210 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.

¹ Harness, armor.

But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap
And loosed the shatter'd casque,¹ and chafed his
 hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow 215
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves² and cuisses³ dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls — 220
That made his forehead like the rising sun
High from the dais throne — were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixt with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So, like a shatter'd column lay the King; 225
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere: 230
“Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,

¹ Casque, helmet.

² Greaves, armor for the legs.

³ Cuisses (queeses), armor for the thighs.

235 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders ¹ with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was the image of the mighty world,
240 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
245 And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
250 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
255 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round world is every way

¹ **Holy Elders**, the "Three Wise Men" who visited the Infant Jesus.

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way 260
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
To the island valley of Avilion;¹
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies 265
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full breasted swan 270
That, fluting a wild carol² ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn, 275
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when the moan had past forevermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."

¹ **Avilion**, the name of an English peninsula, but here used for a mythical "Isle of the Blest."

² **Fluting a wild carol**. "The musical notes of swans hath been commended, and they sing most sweetly before their death." — *Sir Thomas Browne*. It is an old belief that a dying swan sings a song of marvelous sweetness just before death; hence the phrase "swan-song."

280 And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb¹
The last hard footstep of that iron crag,
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried:
285 "He passes to be king among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
290 On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
295 Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and saw,
300 Straining his eyes, beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
305 And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

¹ Clomb, climbed.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Describe the picture in lines 32-37.

Compare this description with that in "The Coming of Arthur," page 460, lines 227-230. Is there any difference?

Why did Arthur want the sword thrown over the lake? Why did not Sir Bevidere want to do it?

Whose arm was it that caught Excalibur?

Line 41. Why is the sword called "him"?

Explain :

"strait of barren land," line 14.

"Clothed with his breath," line 186.

"the long glories of the winter moon," line 196.

"knightly growth," line 224.

"image of the mighty world," line 239.

Has this poem rhymes?

How many "feet" has each "verse"?

Have you read any other such verse in this book?

What do you call such poetry?

What parts of this poem indicate that Arthur was sent for an especial mission to men?

What passages are proof of a belief in immortality?

Would it have been better for Arthur to have lived on and ruled men indefinitely?

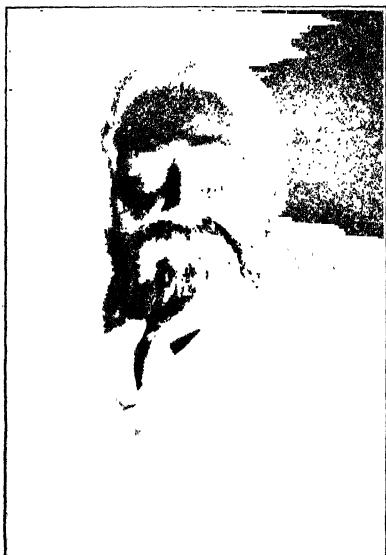
What does he himself say about it? (Lines 243-246.)

Memorize lines 243-259.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(1819-1891)

Lowell is among the very few American poets who have achieved international fame. He is



indeed better known as an essayist and critic than as a poet, but some of his poems have struck a popular cord, and are likely to be much read for many years to come, if not permanently. Among the best known are the *Commemoration Ode* and the poem here given, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. He wrote also many charming shorter poems.

Lowell belonged to the group of distinguished literary men who lived in Boston and its environs during the latter part of the nineteenth century.

His particular friends were Longfellow, Holmes, and Emerson. He was graduated at Harvard College, in which institution he was later a professor, but his chief interest was always literature. He is called the first of American literary critics.

He was twice married. His first wife was herself a poetess, but died early. Her death called forth some of his most beautiful and touching shorter poems, a series of four, beginning with *Aufwiedersehen*. During his later years Mr. Lowell entered the field of diplomacy, and was for several years the much admired ambassador of the United States to England.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The Holy Grail was the cup used by Jesus at the last supper before his crucifixion. It was, according to the legend, brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea and remained there for many generations. But at length, because of the evil life of one who had it in his care, the Grail was lost to sight.

King Arthur's knights eagerly sought for it, but only to one was the honor granted.

Sir Galahad, the "Maiden Knight," was the youngest of all the knights of Arthur's Round Table, and the purest. To him alone was it granted to see the Holy Grail.

Lowell has utilized the story of the Holy Grail for one of his best known poems, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*. He has drawn a lesson, quite in contrast with the ideas prevailing in King Arthur's days. He retains the vision, but gives a modern interpretation. The introductory

stanza indicates, however, that he is in reverie and sees a vision, the vision of the modern ideal of a good life rising from the dim vapors of the past, until finally it stands out clear and strong.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST

Over his keys the musing organist
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
5 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flashes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
10 Doth heaven with all its splendors lie; ¹
Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais ² climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
Against our fallen and traitor lives
15 The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint hearts the mountain strives,

¹ These two lines refer to a passage in Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, beginning, "Heaven lies around us in our infancy."

² Sinais. Mt. Sinai, where Moses met with God face to face.

Its arms outstretched, the druid¹ wood

Waits with its benedicite²

And to our age's drowsy blood

Still shouts the inspiring sea.

20

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;

The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,

The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,

We bargain for the graves we lie in;

At the devil's booth are all things sold,

25

Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,³

Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;

'Tis heaven alone that is given away,

'Tis only God may be had for the asking;

30

No price is set on the lavish summer;

June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

35

And over it softly her warm ear lays:

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might;

An instinct within it that reaches and towers,

40

¹ **Druid**, priest of early Britain.

² **Benedicite**, blessing.

³ **Cap and bells**, the badges of the fools, or jesters, of medieval courts.

- And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
45 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
50 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings;
55 He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest, —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

- Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbd away
Comes flooding back, with a ripply cheer,
60 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
65 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing

That the skies are clear and the grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near, 70

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack; 75

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, —
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how; 80
Every thing is happy now,
Every thing is upward striving;

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living: 85

Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,

And heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth, 90

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt out craters healed with snow.

What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow? 95

PART FIRST

I

“My golden spurs now bring to me,
And bring to me my richest mail,
For tomorrow I go over land and sea
In search of the Holy Grail;
100 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
Till I begin my vow to keep;
Here on the rushes will I sleep,
And perchance there may come a vision true
105 Ere day create the world anew.”
Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
And into his soul the vision flew.

II

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
110 In the pool drownd the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year.
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees;
The castle alone in the landscape lay
115 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray;
’Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree;

Summer besieged it on every side,
But the churlish stone her assaults defied; 120
She could not scale the chilly wall,
Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
Stretched left and right,
Over the hills and out of sight;
 Green and broad was every tent, 125
 And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang,
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight, 130
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall
 In the siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf, 135
 Had cast them forth: so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail,
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV

It was morning on hill and stream and tree, 140
 And morning in the young knight's heart;
Only the castle moodily

Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free,
And gloomed by itself apart;
145 The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher plant's cup.

V

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome
gate,
He was ware of a leper, crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he
sate;
150 And a loathing over Sir Launfal came;
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill,
The flesh 'neath his armor 'gan shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall;
155 For this man so foul and bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn, —
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn.

VI

The leper raised not the gold from the dust:
160 "Better to me the poor man's crust,
Better the blessing of the poor,
Though I turn me empty from his door;
That is not true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold

Who gives from a sense of duty; 165
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, 170
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.”

PRELUDE TO PART SECOND

Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old; 175
An open wold and hill top bleak,
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek;
It carried a shiver everywhere
From the unleafed boughs and pastures bare; 180
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter proof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches¹ and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars 185
As the lashes of light that trim the stars;
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt

¹ Groined his arches, constructed them in a regular way.

- 190 Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt,¹
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
195 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques² of ice fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush tops
200 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystaled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
205 'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
210 By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel³ and rafter
With lightsome green and ivy and holly;

¹ Forest crypt, a dark, gloomy place, formed by the forest trees, resembling a crypt, or deep cell.

² Arabesque, a kind of ornamental work, taken from the Arabs or Moors.

³ Corbel, bracket.

Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide 215

Wallows the Yule log's¹ roaring tide;

The broad flame pennons droop and flap

And belly and tug as a flag in the wind;

Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,

Hunted to death in its galleries blind; 220

And swift little troops of silent sparks,

Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,

Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks,

Like herds of startled deer.

But the wind without was eager and sharp, 225

Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,

And rattles and wrings

The icy strings,

Singing, in dreary monotone,

A Christmas carol of its own, 230

Whose burden still, as he might guess,

Was — "Shelterless, Shelterless, Shelterless!"

The voice of the seneschal² flared like a torch,

As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,

And he sat in the gateway and saw all night 235

The great hall fire, so cheery and bold,

Through the window slits of the castle old,

Built out its piers of ruddy light

Against the drift of the cold.

¹ Yule log, especially devoted to Christmas.

² Seneschal, watchman.

PART SECOND

I

- 240 There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was numb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree top bleak
245 From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II

- 250 Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate;—
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail;
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
255 No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III

- Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbed air,
260 For it was just at the Christmas time;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,

And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long ago —
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small, 265
Then nearer and nearer, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red hot sands they pass
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade, 270
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV

“For Christ’s sweet sake, I beg an alms;”
The happy camels may reach the spring,
But Sir Launfal sees only the gruesome thing, 275
The leper, lank as the rain-blached bone,
That cowers beside him, a thing as lone
And white as the ice isles of Northern seas,
In the desolate horror of his disease.
And Sir Launfal said, — “I behold in thee 280
An image of Him who died on the tree;
Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns, —
Thou also hast had the world’s buffets and scorns, —
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and feet and side; 285
Mild Mary’s Son, acknowledge me;
Behold, through him, I give to thee!”

V

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes
And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
290 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
He had flung an alms to leprosie,
When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
And set forth in search of the Holy Grail.
The heart within him was ashes and dust;
295 He parted in twain his single crust,
He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
And gave the leper to eat and drink;
'Twas a moldy crust of coarse brown bread,
'Twas water out of a wooden bowl, —
300 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
And 'twas red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VI

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place;
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
305 But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,¹ —
Himself the Gate whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in Man.

¹ The Beautiful Gate, one of the gates of the temple at Jerusalem.

VII

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine, 310
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon;
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
"Lo, it is I, be not afraid! 315
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, — this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now;
This crust is my body broken for thee, 320
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need, —
Not what we give, but what we share, —
For the gift without the giver is bare; 325
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three, —
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

VIII

Sir Launfal awoke, as from a swoond; —
"The Grail in my castle here is found!
Hang my idle armor up on the wall, 330
Let it be the spider's banquet hall;
He must be fenced with stronger mail
Who would seek and find the Holy Grail."

IX

- The castle gate stands open now,
335 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hangbird is to the elm tree bough;
No longer scowl the turrets tall,
The Summer's long siege at last is o'er;
When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
340 She entered with him in disguise,
And mastered the fortress by surprise;
There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
She lingers and smiles there the whole year round;
The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
345 Has hall and bower at his command;
And there's no poor man in the North Countree
But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What relation have the first eight lines to the rest of the poem?

Explain line 4, line 11, line 12.

Note the change in verse at line 9. Why is it made?

Is this supposed to be a story of what happened to Sir Launfal, or a dream?

Line 20. Do you see the relation between the poet's reference to nature and the moral vigor of

the whole poem as contrasted with the visionary character of medieval ideals as shown in the stories of Arthur's knights?

Lines 33-79. Memorize ten or more lines.

Point out all the figures of speech that you see in this passage.

Which one, in your judgment, is best?

Do you see that, beginning with nature, the poet's thought is that the service of others is the highest ideal of all?

Where in the poem do you first find this?

Does Sir Launfal, as portrayed in Canto V, have the real spirit of Sir Galahad?

Where does he first show his real selfishness?

Which description do you like the better, that of June or that of winter?

Memorize the passage of the latter that you like best.

How did Sir Launfal learn his mistake?

What is the lesson of the poem as a whole?

ORATIONS

The great crises in our history have produced great orations. A few of the greatest are here given in part. They fall naturally into two groups centering about the War of the Revolution and the Civil War.

PATRICK HENRY

(1736-1799)

“Patrick Henry began life as a failure. He had but meager opportunities for schooling, and quite failed to make the most of those he had; he was an inveterate truant, and knew more about the haunt of trout, and the best places for game, than he did about Latin grammar or arithmetic. He studied law, however, and was admitted to the bar in 1760. At first his speeches in behalf of his clients were flat failures, but, after a while, he cast off the artificial style that he had attempted to cultivate, and spoke in his own natural, impulsive, convincing way. His success was great and immediate. No jury could withstand him. He invariably won his cases — even the most hopeless ones.

“It was not long before he was sent to the Virginia

House of Burgesses, just at the time, 1765, when the matter of the Stamp Act was being discussed. The prevalent feeling was that the act should not be



resisted, but Henry startled everybody with his declaration that the act was unconstitutional and void, and should not be submitted to. It was in the excited debate following this declaration that he

used the phrase suggesting the assassination of George III, which is quoted in every school history. His views conquered in the end, and his resolution was carried. He was a leading figure in the early legislatures, and was twice Governor of Virginia." He died at Red Hill, Virginia, in 1799.

THE ALTERNATIVE

This famous speech was made in the House of Burgesses of Virginia during those exciting days when the colonies were being driven by passion and resentment to the inevitable break with England. Its effect upon the Virginians and, when it became known, upon the other colonies was electrical.

Mr. President:

It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth — and listen to the song of that Siren¹ till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their

¹ *Siren*, a beautiful but vicious sea nymph who by her music drew men to her home, and then by her magic arts changed them to beasts. Homer uses the myth in the story of Ulysses, and Milton in *Comus* utilizes it to illustrate the evil powers of uncontrolled appetite.

temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious¹ smile with which our petitions have been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss.² Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it?

¹ *Insidious*, tempting, deceptive.

² Referring to the betrayal of Jesus by Judas.

Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant
40 for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we
45 try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years.

Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been
50 all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

55 Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned — we have remonstrated — we have supplicated — we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its
60 interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned,
65 with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free — if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending 70 — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained — we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we 75 must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or 80 the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on 85 our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people 90 armed in the holy cause of liberty and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone.

95 There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base
100 enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it,
105 sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash
110 of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it,
115 Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

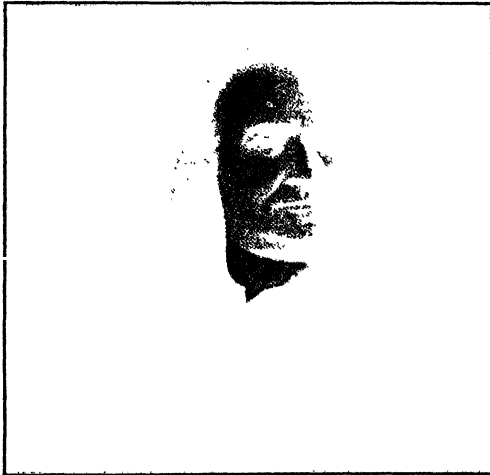
Tell of the conditions that called for this speech.

What passages in the oration were best suited to rouse the enthusiasm of the audience?

SAMUEL ADAMS

(1722-1803)

Samuel Adams was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on September 27, 1722, and died in the same city on October 2, 1803, after seeing the nation that he



had largely helped to create take her place securely among the peoples of the earth. In this long life of more than fourscore years he had worked faithfully,

thought energetically, and spoken powerfully in the highest cause that could enlist the devotion of a man.

He was educated at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1743. He at first intended to become a clergyman, but entered politics instead, and was elected to the Legislature in 1766. He was one of the pioneers in the preliminary agitations which preceded the Revolution, and in a measure precipitated the outbreak; he was a delegate to the first Continental Congress; in the second Congress he was one of the weightiest members; "When the Declaration of Independence was written and lay on the table for signatures, he took the pen, and, his life in his hand, affixed his name upon the immortal roll."

His speech on "American Independence" is one of the many fiery orations that spontaneously burst from his lips in the tumultuous days of King George's oppression.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

DELIVERED AT THE STATE HOUSE, IN PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 1, 1776

Countrymen and Brethren : I would gladly have declined an honor, to which I find myself unequal. I have not the calmness and impartiality which the

infinite importance of this occasion demands. I will not deny the charge of my enemies, that resentment for the accumulated injuries of our country, and an ardor for her glory, rising to enthusiasm, may deprive me of that accuracy of judgment and expression which men of cooler passions may possess. Let me beseech you, then, to hear me with 10 caution, to examine without prejudice, and to correct the mistakes into which I may be hurried by my zeal. . . .

No man had once a greater veneration for Englishmen than I entertained. They were dear to me 15 as branches of the same parental trunk, and partakers of the same religion and laws; I still view with respect the remains of the constitution as I would a lifeless body which had once been animated by a great and heroic soul. But when I am roused 20 by the din of arms; when I behold legions of foreign assassins, paid by Englishmen to imbrue their hands in our blood; when I tread over the uncoffined bones of my countrymen, neighbors, and friends; when I see the locks of a venerable father torn by 25 savage hands, and a feeble mother, clasping her infants to her bosom, and on her knees imploring their lives from her own slaves, whom Englishmen have allured to treachery and murder; when I behold my country, once the seat of industry, peace, 30 and plenty, changed by Englishmen to a theater of blood and misery, Heaven forgive me, if I cannot

root out those passions which it has implanted in my bosom, and detest submission to a people who
35 have either ceased to be human, or have not virtue enough to feel their own wretchedness and servitude. . . .

We are now on this continent, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls united in
40 one common cause. We have large armies, well disciplined and appointed, with commanders inferior to none in military skill, and superior in activity and zeal. We are furnished with arsenals and stores beyond our most sanguine expectations, and foreign
45 nations are waiting to crown our success by their alliances. There are instances of, I would say, an almost astonishing Providence in our favor; our success has staggered our enemies, and almost given faith to infidels; so that we may truly say it is not
50 our own arm which has saved us.

The hand of heaven appears to have led us on to be, perhaps, humble instruments and means in the great providential dispensation which is completing. We have fled from the political Sodom; let us not
55 look back, lest we perish and become a monument of infamy and derision to the world! For can we ever expect more unanimity and a better preparation for defense; more infatuation of counsel among our enemies, and more valor and zeal among
60 ourselves? The same force and resistance which are sufficient to procure us our liberties will secure

us a glorious independence and support us in the dignity of free, imperial States. . . .

Besides the advantages of liberty and the most equal constitution, heaven has given us a country 65 with every variety of climate and soil, pouring forth in abundance whatever is necessary for the support, comfort, and strength of a nation. Within our own borders we possess all the means of sustenance, defense, and commerce; at the same time, these 70 advantages are so distributed among the different States of this continent, as if nature had in view to proclaim to us — Be united among yourselves, and you will want nothing from the rest of the world. 75

The more northern States most amply supply us with every necessary, and many of the luxuries of life — with iron, timber, and masts for ships of commerce or of war; with flax for the manufacture of linen, and seed either for oil or exportation. 80

So abundant are our harvests, that almost every part raises more than double the quantity of grain requisite for the support of the inhabitants. From Georgia and the Carolinas, we have, as well for our own wants as for the purpose of supplying the 85 wants of other powers, indigo, rice, hemp, naval stores, and lumber.

Virginia and Maryland teem with wheat, Indian corn, and tobacco. Every nation whose harvest is precarious, or whose lands yield not those commodi- 90

ties which we cultivate, will gladly exchange their superfluities and manufactures for ours. . . .

These natural advantages will enable us to remain independent of the world, or make it the
95 interest of European powers to court our alliance, and aid in protecting us against the invasions of others. What arguments, therefore, do we want, to show the equity of our conduct; or motive of interest to recommend it to our prudence? Nature
100 points out the path, and our enemies have obliged us to pursue it.

If there is any man so base or so weak as to prefer a dependence on Great Britain to the dignity and happiness of living a member of a free and independ-
105 ent nation — let me tell him that necessity now demands what the generous principle of patriotism should have dictated.

We have now no other alternative than independence, or the most ignominious¹ and galling servitude. The legions of our enemies thicken on our
110 plains; desolation and death mark their bloody career; whilst the mangled corpses of our countrymen seem to cry out to us as a voice from heaven —
“Will you permit our posterity² to groan under the
115 galling chains of our murderers? Has our blood been expended in vain? Is the only reward which our constancy, till death, has obtained for our

¹ **Ignominious**, disgraceful.

² **Posterity**, children, descendants.

country, that it should be sunk into a deeper and more ignominious vassalage? ¹ Recollect who are the men that demand your submission; to whose decrees ¹²⁰ you are invited to pay obedience! Men who, unmindful of their relation to you as a brethren, of your long implicit ² submission to their laws; of the sacrifice which you and your forefathers made of your natural advantages for commerce to their ¹²⁵ avarice — formed a deliberate plan to wrest from you the small pittance ³ of property which they had permitted you to acquire. Remember that the men who wish to rule over you, are they who, in pursuit of this plan of despotism, annulled the sacred con- ¹³⁰ tracts which had been made with your ancestors; conveyed into your cities a mercenary ⁴ soldiery to compel you to submission by insult and murder — who called your patience, cowardice; your piety, hypocrisy.” 135

Countrymen! The men who now invite you to surrender your rights into their hands, are the men who have let loose the merciless savages to riot in the blood of their brethren, who have taught treachery to your slaves, and courted them to assassinate ¹⁴⁰ your wives and children.

These are the men to whom we are exhorted to sacrifice the blessings which Providence holds out

¹ **Vassalage**, dependent position.

² **Implicit**, complete.

³ **Pittance**, very small allowance.

⁴ **Mercenary**, hired.

to us — the happiness, the dignity of uncontrolled
145 freedom and independence.

Let not your generous indignation be directed
against any among us, who may advise so absurd and
maddening a measure. Their number is but few and
daily decreases; and the spirit which can render
150 them patient of slavery will render them contemp-
tible enemies.

Our Union is now complete; our constitution
composed, established, and approved. You are
now the guardians of your own liberties. We may
155 justly address you, as the Decemviri¹ did the Romans,
and say — “Nothing that we propose can pass into
a law without your consent. Be yourselves, O
Americans, the authors of those laws on which your
happiness depends.”

160 You have now in the field armies sufficient to
repel the whole force of your enemies, and their
base and mercenary auxiliaries.² The hearts of
your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom
— they are animated with the justice of their cause,
165 and, while they grasp their swords, can look up to
heaven for assistance. Your adversaries are com-
posed of wretches who laugh at the rights of human-
ity, who turn religion into derision, and would for
higher wages direct their swords against their
170 leaders or their country. Go on, then, in your

¹ Decemviri, “The Ten Men” who at one time ruled Rome.

² Auxiliaries, allies.

generous enterprise, with gratitude to heaven, for past success, and confidence of it in the future. For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul, than that ¹⁷⁵ my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery — it is — that these American States may never cease to be free and independent!

SAMUEL ADAMS.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Observe the date of this speech.

What steps had already been taken toward the independence of the colonies?

What evidence do you see in this speech of the harmony of North and South at that time?

Who were Warren and Montgomery, mentioned in the last paragraph?

Compare this oration with Patrick Henry's.

Which makes the stronger appeal to the reason? Which to the feelings?

Pick out the finest passage in each, and compare them.

RICHARD HENRY LEE

(1732-1794)

Richard Henry Lee, an American patriot, was born in Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 20, 1732.



He was descended from a family who were among the first settlers of the new colony of Virginia. Lee was sent abroad at an early age to be educated in England. On his return to America, in his nineteenth year, he applied himself to the study of law and the reading of history. He was appointed Justice of

the Peace of his own county in 1757, and four years later was elected a member of the House of Burgesses. Here he made his first speech, directed against the continued importation of slaves, and

advocated a prohibitive¹ duty to suppress and destroy "that iniquitous and disgraceful traffic."

Lee was a man of striking appearance, tall in stature and graceful in demeanor. With a voice rich and clear, he was considered as an orator inferior only to Henry.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON

This oration on the death of Washington is typical of what is sometimes known as the "oratorical style," now nearly gone out of use. It has a poise and dignity especially suited to the occasion.

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 26, 1799

In obedience to your will, I rise your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced: and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate² excellence you so cordially honor.

The founder of our federal republic — our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more! O that this were but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agoniz-

¹ Prohibitive, preventive.

² Consummate, supreme.

ing hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! there is no
15 hope for us; our Washington is removed forever!
Possessing the stoutest frame, and purest mind,
he had passed nearly to his sixty-eighth year, in
the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated¹
by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold,
20 disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, op-
pressive on Saturday, and defying every medical
interposition,² before the morning of Sunday put
an end to the best of men. An end did I say? — his
fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the
25 earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He
survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of
our children, in the affection of the good throughout
the world: and when our monuments shall be done
away; when nations now existing shall be no
30 more; when even our young and far spreading em-
pire shall have perished, still will our Washington's
glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of vir-
tue cease on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos.

How, my fellow citizens, shall I single into your
35 grateful hearts his preëminent worth? Where
shall I begin in opening to your view a character
throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike
achievements, all springing from obedience to his
country's will — all directed to his country's good?
40 Will you go with me to the banks of Monongahela

¹ Habituated, having acquired the habit.

² Interposition, effort to stop it.

to see your youthful Washington, supporting, in the dismal hour of indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock,^a and saving, by his judgment and by his valor, the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or, when oppressed 45 America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defense of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies, will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston,^b where, to an undisciplined, courageous, 50 and virtuous yeomanry,¹ his presence gave stability of system, and infused the invincibility of love of country? Or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island,^c York Island,^d and New Jersey,^e when, combating with superior and gal- 55 lant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood, the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune? Or will you view him in the precarious² fields of Trenton,^f where deep gloom, 60 unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn down, unaided ranks; himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night. It was about winter; the storm raged; the Delaware^g rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach 65 of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene; his country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile

¹ Yeomanry, body of farmers.

² Precarious, dangerous.

shore; he fought, he conquered. The morning
70 sun cheered the American world. Our country
rose on the event; and her dauntless chief, pur-
suing his blow, completed, in the lawns of Prince-
ton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores
of Delaware.

75 Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown^a
he led his small but gallant band; and through an
eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius,
whose matchless force was measurable only by the
growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable
80 hostile legions conducted by a chief experienced in
the art of war, and famed for his valor on the ever
memorable heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe,
Montcalm,^c and, since, our much lamented Mont-
gomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate
85 interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our
fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless ex-
ample, rallied around our country's standard,
and continued to follow her beloved chief through
the various and trying scenes to which the destinies
90 of our Union led.

To the horrid din of battle, sweet peace succeeded;
and our virtuous chief, mindful only of the common
good, in a moment tempting personal aggrandize-
ment,¹ hushed the discontents of growing sedi-
95 tion; and surrendering his power into the hands
from which he had received it, converted his sword

¹ Aggrandizement, gain.

into a plowshare, teaching an admiring world that to be truly great, you must be truly good.

How novel, how grand the spectacle! Independent States, stretched over an immense territory, 100 and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition, to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government through whose commanding 105 protection, liberty, and order, with their long train of blessings, should be safe to themselves, and the sure inheritance of their posterity.

This arduous¹ task devolved on citizens selected by the people, from knowledge of their wisdom and 110 confidence in their virtue. In this august² assembly of sages and of patriots, Washington, of course, was found; and as if acknowledged to be most wise where all were wise, with one voice declared their chief. How well he merited this rare distinction, 115 how faithful were the labors of himself and his compatriots, the work of their hands and our union, strength and prosperity, the fruits of that work, best attest.

This great work remained to be done; and America, 120 steadfast in her preference, with one voice summoned her beloved Washington, unpracticed, as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the national

¹ Arduous, very difficult.

² August, dignified, impressive.

125 felicity. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that self distrust peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of preëminent virtue. What was the burst of joy through our anxious land, of this exhilarating event, is
130 known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave, the fair, rivaled each other in demonstrations of their gratitude; and this high wrought, delightful scene was heightened in its effect by the singular contest between the zeal of the bestowers and the avoidance
135 of the receiver of the honors bestowed.

The presidential term expiring, his solicitude¹ to exchange exaltation for humility returned with a force increased with increase of age; and he had prepared his farewell address to his countrymen,
140 proclaiming his intention, when the united interposition of all around him, enforced by the eventful prospects of the epoch, produced a further sacrifice of inclination to duty. The election of President followed, and Washington, by the unanimous
145 vote of the nation, was called to resume the chief magistracy. What a wonderful fixture of confidence! Which attracts most our admiration, a people so correct, or a citizen combining an assemblage of talents forbidding rivalry, and stifling
150 even envy itself? Such a nation ought to be happy; such a chief must be forever revered.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts

¹ Solicitude, anxiety.

of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, 155 dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors, kind; and to the dear object of his affections 160 exemplarily¹ tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence² to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor³ of 165 his life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well spent life. Such was the man America lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns! 170

Methinks I see his august image, and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint counsels, joint efforts, and common 175 dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable com-

¹ Exemplarily, setting a good example.

² Effulgence, brilliancy, glory.

³ Tenor, course.

panions; control party spirit, the bane¹ of free government; observe good faith to, and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union, which was the constant object of my terrestrial² labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity³ of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven bestows."

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

Narrate the historical incidents referred to in each of the following: (a), (b), (c) (d), (e), (f), (g), (h), (i), (j).

Memorize this paragraph.

¹ Bane, poison, danger.

² Terrestrial, earthly.

³ Felicity, happiness.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

(1782-1850)

John Caldwell Calhoun was born in South Carolina. In spite of poverty, he entered Yale, and graduated with the highest honors.



When the Congressional session of 1811 began, Calhoun was found in his seat as representative from South Carolina. His public life was passed in

Washington from that time until the end, a period of forty years.

He was one of the three great statesmen of that wonderful generation which produced Clay, Webster, and himself. Three men of larger caliber never sat together in the same legislative assembly.

"Clay sought compromises, and Webster appealed to the moral obligations of union and patriotism; but Calhoun devoted himself singly to defending slavery and state rights."

He was a most impressive figure, with his long, striking face of ghastly pallor, his straight hair falling down on either side of his cheeks, his flaming eyes, and his manner of imposing dignity.

INCREASE OF THE ARMY

The following remarks of John C. Calhoun refer to the approaching "War of 1812" with Great Britain, the supplementary war for independence which determined for all times the independence of America.

Sir, I am not insensible to the weighty importance of the proposition, for the first time submitted to this House, to compel a redress of our long list of complaints against one of the belligerents. According to my mode of thinking, the more serious the question, the stronger and more unalterable ought to be our convictions before we give it our support.

War, in our country, ought never to be resorted to but when it is clearly justifiable and necessary; so much so, as not to require the aid of logic to convince our understandings, nor the ardor of eloquence to inflame our passions. There are many reasons why this country should never resort to war but for causes the most urgent and necessary. It is sufficient that under a government like ours, none but such will justify it in the eyes of the people; and were I not satisfied that such is the present case, I certainly would be no advocate of the proposition now before the House.

Sir, I might prove the war, should it ensue, justifiable, by the express admission of the gentleman from Virginia; and necessary, by facts undoubted, and universally admitted; such as he did not pretend to controvert. The extent, duration, and character of the injuries received; the failure of those peaceful means heretofore resorted to for the redress of our wrongs are my proofs that it is necessary.

Why should I mention the impressment¹ of our seamen; depredations on every branch of our commerce, including the direct export trade, continued for years, and made under laws which professedly undertake to regulate our trade with other nations; negotiation resorted to, again and again,

¹ Impressment, taking Americans by force and compelling them to serve on British ships; one of the causes of the war.

35 till it is become hopeless; the restrictive¹ system persisted in to avoid war, and in the vain expectation of returning justice? The evil still grows, and in each succeeding year swells in extent and pretension beyond the preceding.

40 The question, even in the opinion and by the admission of our opponents, is reduced to this single point, Which shall we do, abandon or defend our own commercial and maritime² rights, and the personal liberty of our citizens employed
45 in exercising them? These rights are vitally attacked, and the war is the only means of redress. The Gentleman from Virginia has suggested none unless we consider the whole of his speech as recommending patient and resigned submission
50 as the best remedy. Sir, which alternative this House will embrace, it is not for me to say. I hope the decision is made already, by a higher authority than the voice of any man. It is not for the human tongue to instill the sense of independence
55 and honor. This is the work of nature; a generous nature that disdains tame submission to wrong.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

What were the "injuries" to which Mr. Calhoun refers? Did they justify war?

What was the outcome of the war?

¹ Restrictive system, limiting business. ² Maritime, on the sea.

CIVIL WAR SPEECHES

The following speeches were delivered in the trying times before the outbreak of the Civil War, when opinions were divided as to the powers of the separate States as compared with that of the United States as a whole. Feeling ran very high, and it was this question, raised over the control of slavery, that caused the war.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

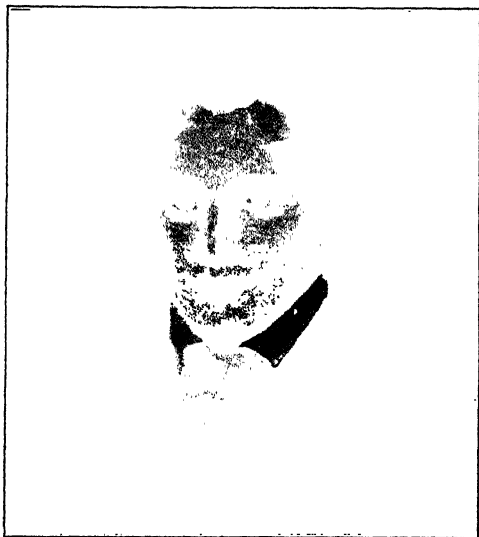
(1791-1840)

Hayne was born in St. Paul's parish, South Carolina, in 1791. In the War of 1812 he received the title of Colonel, and was afterwards the Attorney General of his State, and in 1822 he was elected to the Senate. He resigned in 1832, to assume the governorship of South Carolina, retired two years later, and died in 1840.

In the Senate he was one of the leaders of the Southern element. The famous debate between Hayne and Webster was brought on by an inquiry as to the sale of public lands, which raised the question of State sovereignty.

Hayne was a man of charming personality and

great personal magnetism, besides possessing high oratorical ability. He had a great command of



IV

language, and an effective manner; his voice was good and pleasing.

ON THE SALES OF PUBLIC LANDS

The speech of Hayne, from which the following selection is taken, was perhaps the greatest of all the arguments in favor of "State rights," and was, when delivered, believed by the advocates of these "rights" to be unanswerable.

If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President (and I say it not in a boastful spirit), that may challenge comparisons with any other, for an uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the 5 very commencement of the Revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to 10 you, with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded with difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Do- 15 mestic discord ceased at the sound — every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. 20

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused 25 the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to

30 create a commercial rivalship, they might have found
in their situation a guaranty that their trade would
be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain.
But trampling on all considerations either of inter-
est or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and
35 fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred
cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the
history of the world higher examples of noble dar-
ing, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than
by the Whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution.
40 The whole State, from the mountains to the sea,
was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy.
The fruits of industry perished on the spot where
they were produced, or were consumed by the foe.
The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most pre-
45 cious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking
ruins marked the places which had been the habi-
tations of her children! Driven from their homes,
into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps,
even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South
50 Carolina (sustained by the example of her Sumters
and her Marions^a) proved, by her conduct, that
though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her
people was invincible.

The opinion of Mr. Jefferson¹ on this subject has

¹ Thomas Jefferson, a Revolutionary statesman, whose name has become the symbol of Democracy. He is supposed to have written the greater part of the Constitution. He was the third President of the United States.

been so repeatedly and so solemnly expressed, that 55 it may be said to have been among the most fixed and settled convictions of his mind.

In his letter to Mr. Giles, he says:

"I see, as you do, and with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the federal branch of 60 our government is advancing towards the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the States, and the consolidation in itself of all powers, foreign and domestic, and that, too, by constructions which leave no limits to their powers, etc. Under the power to regulate 65 commerce, they assume, indefinitely, that also over agriculture and manufactures, etc. Under the authority to establish post roads, they claim that of cutting down mountains for the construction of roads and digging canals, etc. And what is our 70 resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument? You might as well reason and argue with the marble columns encircling them, etc. Are we then to stand to our arms, with the hot headed Georgian? No (and I say no, and South 75 Carolina¹ has said no): that must be the last resource. We must have patience and long endurance with our brethren, etc., and separate from our companions only when the sole alternatives left are a dissolution of our union with them, or submission 80 to a government without limitation of powers. Be-"

¹ Even as early as this there was much talk of war to assert the independence of the individual States.

tween these two evils, when we must make a choice, there can be no hesitation."

Sir, as to the doctrine that the federal government
85 is the exclusive¹ judge of the extent as well as the
limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly
subversive² of the sovereignty and independence of
the States. It makes but little difference, in my
estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court
90 is invested with this power. If the federal govern-
ment, in all, or any of its departments, is to prescribe
the limits of its own authority, and the States are
bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be
allowed to examine and decide for themselves, when
95 the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped,
this is practically "a government without limitation
of powers." The States are at once reduced to mere
petty corporations, and the people are entirely at
your mercy.

100 I have but one word more to add. In all the
efforts that have been made by South Carolina to
resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has
extended over them, she has kept steadily in view
the preservation of the Union, by the only means
105 by which she believes it can be long preserved — a
firm, manly, and steady resistance against usurpa-
tion.³ The measures of the federal government

¹ **Exclusive**, sole, only.

² **Subversive**, overturning.

³ **Usurpation**, unlawful seizure of power.

have, it is true, prostrated her interests, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin.¹

But even this evil, great as it is, is not the chief 110 ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest — a principle, which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the States and the people to the feet of the federal government, and leaves them nothing 115 they can call their own. Sir, if the measures of the federal government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation.

The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred — resistance to unauthorized taxation. 120 These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden^b to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No! but the payment of half twenty shillings, on the principle on which it was demanded, 125 would have made him a slave. Sir, if in acting on these high motives — if animated by that ardent, love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character — we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating 130 prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty!"

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

¹ Irretrievable, beyond remedy.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

For what is Hayne arguing? What are his chief arguments against federal control of the States?

Explain the references (*a*), page 532, and (*b*), page 535.

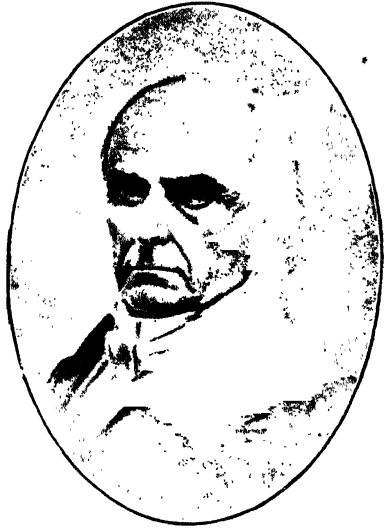
DANIEL WEBSTER

(1782-1852)

“It is perhaps impossible to decide which orator of ancient and modern times has been in all respects the greatest of all.

“After making all allowances, however, it is at least highly probable that Webster, when he made that speech in reply to Hayne, was, then and there, the greatest of all orators living and dead.”

Webster was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, on January 18, 1782. He got his earliest instruction from his mother, and his family, by rigid economy, were able to send him to Exeter Academy and Dartmouth College, where he graduated in



1801. As a boy he had found it difficult to "speak pieces" in school; and it was not until he made a Fourth of July oration in Dartmouth that any one supposed he had the possibility of oratory in him.

In 1813 he was elected to Congress; in 1827, to the United States Senate. In 1841 he was appointed Secretary of State, and was again elected to the Senate in 1845. Five years later he again became Secretary of State. He died at Mansfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852.

The manner in which the debate between Webster and Hayne arose has often been told. A resolution of inquiry as to sales and surveys of Western lands had called into question the interpretation of the Constitution on the point of the limits of State sovereignty; and Webster's speech, replying to Hayne's contention that the State was all powerful in matters concerning itself, maintained the supreme rule of the Union. Hayne's speech had been so clever that it was doubted whether an effective rejoinder could be made. There was an immense concourse of people to hear the speech, the importance of which, indeed, could hardly be exaggerated.

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE

In the speech from which the following is taken, Mr. Webster replies to the argument of Hayne. He speaks for the country as a whole as opposed to the independence

of each State, advocated by Mr. Hayne. The two orators were doubtless equally sincere.

The people, sir, erected this government. They gave it a constitution, and in that constitution they have enumerated the powers which they bestow upon it. They have made it a limited government. They have defined its authority. They have re-
strained it to the exercise of such powers as are granted; and all others, they declare, are reserved to the States, or the people. But, sir, they have not stopped here. If they had, they would have accomplished but half their work. No definition
can be so clear as to avoid possibility of doubt; no limitation so precise, as to exclude all uncertainty. Who, then, shall construe this grant of the people? Who shall interpret their will, where it may be supposed they have left it doubtful? With whom do
they repose this ultimate¹ right of deciding on the powers of the government? Sir, they have settled all this in the fullest manner. They have left it, with the government itself, in its appropriate branches. Sir, the very chief end, the main design, 20 for which the whole Constitution was framed and adopted, was to establish a government that should not be obliged to act through State Agency, or depend on State opinion and State discretion. The people had had quite enough of that kind of govern- 25

¹ Ultimate, final.

ment, under the confederacy. Under that system, the legal action — the application of law to individuals — belonged exclusively to the States. Congress could only recommend — their acts were not of
30 binding force, till the States had adopted and sanctioned them. Are we in that condition still? Are we yet at the mercy of State discretion and State construction? Sir, if we are, then vain will be our attempt to maintain the Constitution under
35 which we sit.

But, sir, the people have wisely provided, in the Constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are in the Constitution grants of powers to
40 Congress; and restrictions on these powers. There are, also, prohibitions on the States. Some authority must, therefore, necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain the interpretation of these grants, restrictions, and
45 prohibitions. The Constitution has itself pointed out, ordained, and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, sir, that “the Constitution and the laws of the United States, made in pursuance thereof,
50 shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.”

This, sir, was the first great step. By this the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United

States is declared. The people so will it. No State 55 law is to be valid which comes in conflict with the Constitution, or any law of the United States passed in pursuance of it. But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, sir, the Constitution itself decides, also, by 60 declaring, "that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States." These two provisions, sir, cover the whole ground. They are in truth the keystone of the arch. With these, it is a constitution; with- 65 out them it is a confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions, Congress established, at its very first session, in the judicial act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all questions of constitutional power to the final 70 decisions of the Supreme Court. It then, sir, became a government. It then had the means of self protection; and, but for this, it would, in all probability, have been now among things which are past. Having constituted the government, and declared 75 its powers, the people have further said, that since somebody must decide on the extent of these powers, the government shall itself decide; subject, always, like other popular government, to its responsibility to the people. And now, sir, I repeat, how is it that 80 a State legislature acquires any power to interfere? Who, or what, gives them the right to say to the people, "We, who are your agents and servants for

one purpose, will undertake to decide that your other
85 agents and servants, appointed by you for another
purpose, have transcended¹ the authority you gave
them." The reply would be, I think, not imper-
tinent: "Who made you a judge over another's
servants? To their own masters they stand or fall."

90 Mr. President, I am conscious of having detained
you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn
into the debate with no previous deliberation such
as is suited to the discussion of so grave and impor-
tant a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart
95 is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the
utterance of its spontaneous² sentiments; I cannot,
even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without
expressing, once more, my deep conviction, that,
since it respects nothing less than the Union of the
100 States, it is of most vital and essential importance
to the public happiness. I profess, sir, in my career,
hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity
and honor of the whole country, and the preservation
of our federal Union. It is to that Union that we
105 owe our safety at home, and our consideration and
dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are
chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud
of our country. That Union we reached only by the
discipline of our virtues in the severe school of ad-
110 versity. It had its origin in the necessities of dis-

¹ Transcended, gone beyond, exceeded.

² Spontaneous, arising naturally.

ordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign¹ influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed² with fresh proofs of its utility¹¹⁵ and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal¹²⁰ happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I¹²⁵ have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts¹³⁰ should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union shall best be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread¹³⁵ out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in

¹ Benign, bestowing blessing.

² Teemed, brought forth abundantly

my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what
140 lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States severed, discordant, belligerent;¹ on a land rent with
145 civil feuds, or 'drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in
150 their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured — bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory, as, What is all this worth? nor those other words of delusion and folly, — liberty first, and union afterwards, — but every-
155 where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart — liberty and union, now and for-
160 ever, one and inseparable.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

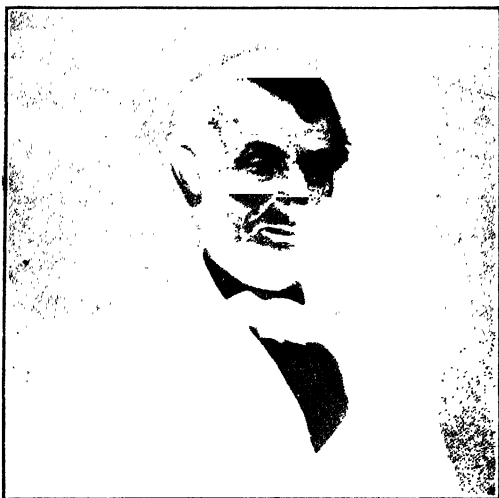
Memorize the last part of the oration, beginning "When my eyes," etc.

¹ Belligerent, warring.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(1809-1865)

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky; but when he was a boy of seven his father wandered into Indiana, and, after a dozen years' trial of that State,



betook himself and his family to Illinois. Lincoln was by this time twenty-one years old, and had seen a good deal of the poor side of the world. His edu-

cation had been irregular, and he knew what he did know from life, rather than from books.

He was admitted to the bar in 1836. Lincoln's utterances, homely, humorous, but earnest, attracted the attention of the North; and the new Republican party began to regard him as a possible candidate for the presidency. He was close to the common people, and yet he seemed to have elements in him that were above the common. He was a new man, without any record in particular, but he seemed willing and able to make one. Every Northern State, except one, voted for him, and every Southern State voted against him. His election was followed by the secession of eleven Southern States, and the Civil War ensued. He was reelected to the presidency in 1864. The Civil War was brought to a close on April 9, 1865; and on the fourteenth of that month he was shot, at Ford's Theater, Washington, by J. Wilkes Booth, and died the day following.

The idea of being eloquent never entered Lincoln's mind until after the speech at Gettysburg; and he would not have given a second thought to that, but for the insistence of others.

That short and plain address, however, was the most eloquent utterance called forth by the war; and nothing more eloquent is known to have been spoken in the same compass by any man.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS, BY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DELIVERED AT WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1865

This famous address was made shortly before the close of the Civil War. It shows the great heart of Lincoln, and makes it plain that if the assassin's bullet had not ended his life, the horrors of "reconstruction days" would have been spared the South, and the country much earlier united in spirit as in law.

Fellow Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. ⁵ Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be ¹⁰ presented.

. . . With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an im- ¹⁵ pending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to sav-

ing the Union without war, insurgent agents were in
20 the city seeking to destroy it with war — seeking to
dissolve the Union and divide the effects, by negotia-
tion. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them
would make war rather than let the nation survive,
and the other would accept war rather than let it
25 perish, and the war came. . . .

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude
or the duration which it has already attained.
Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict
might cease when, or even before, the conflict itself
30 should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph,
and a result less fundamental and astounding.
Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God,
and each invokes His aid against the other. . . .
Let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayer
35 of both could not be answered. That of neither has
been answered fully. The Almighty has His own
purposes. Woe unto the world because of offenses,
for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe
to that man by whom the offense cometh. . . .

40 With malice toward none, with charity for all,
with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the
right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the
nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have
borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans,
45 to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and
a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ORATIONS ON RECONSTRUCTION

After the close of the Civil War, to “reconstruct” the broken nation by restoring the seceded States to their place in the national life was a problem full of difficulties, which were at first most unhappily met. The sectional feelings roused by the long and terrible struggle naturally died hard, particularly in the States that had suffered most.

The following speeches were made by two of the wisest and most patriotic of the Southern leaders, and had great influence in tempering violent passions both North and South.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS

(1812-1883)

Alexander Stephens was born in Georgia, on February 11, 1812. He was raised on the soil of slavery. He was a believer in the doctrine of State

rights. He considered slavery a righteous institution, and sought to perpetuate it, but he thought the policy of secession an unwise one. It was his settled conviction that the Union was essential to prosperity. His fearless advocacy of peace won him many followers among the cooler heads of the South, and he was elected Vice President of the Confederacy.

He spent the closing years of his life at Liberty Hall, his plantation near Crawfordville, Georgia. Here he was surrounded by his former slaves, who refused to leave him when they found themselves free at the close of the war. He died at Atlanta on March 4, 1883.

THE FUTURE OF THE SOUTH

DELIVERED BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA,
FEBRUARY 22, 1866

This speech was made less than one year after the close of the war. It well shows the broad statesmanship of the orator and had a most wholesome effect upon the listeners.

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives: I appear before you in answer to your call. This call, coming in the imposing form it does, and under the circumstances it does, requires a response from me. You have assigned to me a very

high, a very honorable, and responsible position. This position you know I did not seek.

The great object with me now is to see a restoration, if possible, of peace, prosperity, and constitutional liberty in this once happy, but now disturbed, 10 agitated, and distracted country. To this end, all my energies and efforts, to the extent of their powers, will be devoted.

The first great duty, then, I would enjoin at this time, is the exercise of the simple, though difficult 15 and trying, but nevertheless indispensable, quality of patience. Patience requires of those afflicted to bear and to suffer with fortitude whatever ills may befall them. This is often, and especially is it the case with us now, essential for their ultimate re- 20 moval by any instrumentalities whatever. We are in the condition of a man with a dislocated limb, or a broken leg, and a very bad compound fracture of that. How it became broken should not be with him a question of so much importance, as how it can 25 be restored to health, vigor, and strength. This requires of him, as the highest duty to himself, to wait quietly and patiently in splints and bandages until nature resumes her active powers, until the vital functions perform their office. The knitting 30 of the bones and the granulation of the flesh require time; perfect quiet and repose, even under the severest pain, is necessary. It will not do to make too great haste to get well; an attempt to walk too soon

35 will only make the matter worse. We must or ought now, therefore, in a similar manner to discipline ourselves to the same or like degree of patience. I know the anxiety and restlessness of the popular mind to be fully on our feet again, to walk abroad
40 as we once did, to enjoy once more the free outdoor air of heaven, with the perfect use of all our limbs. I know how trying it is to be denied representation in Congress, while we are paying our proportion of the taxes, how annoying it is to be
45 even partially under military rule, and how injurious it is to the general interest and business of the country to be without post offices and mail communications; to say nothing of divers other matters on the long list of our present inconveniences and
50 privations. All these, however, we must patiently bear and endure for a season. With quiet and repose we may get well — may get once more on our feet again. One thing is certain, that bad humor, ill temper, exhibited in restlessness or grumbling, will
55 not hasten it.

Next to this, another great duty we owe to ourselves is the exercise of a liberal spirit of forbearance amongst ourselves.

The first step toward local or general harmony
60 is the banishment from our breasts of every feeling and sentiment calculated to stir the discords of the past. Let there be no criminations or recriminations on account of acts of other days. No can-

vassing of past conduct or motives. Great disasters are upon us and upon the whole country, and with-⁶⁵ out inquiring how these originated, or at whose door the fault should be laid, let us now as common sharers of common misfortunes, on all occasions, consult only as to the best means, under the circumstances as we find them, to secure the best ends ⁷⁰ toward future amelioration. Good government is what we want. This should be the leading desire and the controlling object with all; and I need not assure you if this can be obtained, that our desolated fields, our towns and villages, and cities now ⁷⁵ in ruin, will soon, like the Phoenix,¹ rise again from their ashes; and all our waste places will again, at no distant day, blossom as the rose.

I could enjoin no greater duty upon my countrymen now, North and South, than the exercise of ⁸⁰ that degree of forbearance which would enable them to conquer their prejudices. One of the highest exhibitions of the moral sublime the world ever witnessed was that of Daniel Webster, when, in an open barouche in the streets of Boston, he proclaimed ⁸⁵ in substance, to a vast assembly of his constituents — unwilling hearers — that “they had conquered an uncongenial clime; they had conquered a sterile soil; they had conquered the winds and currents of the ocean; they had conquered most of the elements ⁹⁰

¹ Phoenix, a fabulous bird, said to destroy itself by fire and then to rise again from its ashes, — used as a symbol of immortality.

of nature; but they must yet learn to conquer their prejudices!" I know of no more fitting incident or scene in the life of that wonderful man, "*Clarus et vir fortissimus*,"¹ for perpetuating the memory of the
95 true greatness of his character, on canvas or in marble, than a representation of him as he then and there stood and spoke! It was an exhibition of moral grandeur surpassing that of Aristides² when he said, "O Athenians, what Themistocles³ recom-
100 mends would be greatly to your interest, but it would be unjust!"

I say to you, and if my voice could extend throughout this vast country, over hill and dale, over mountain and valley, to hovel, hamlet, and mansion,
105 village, town, and city, I would say, among the first, looking to restoration of peace, prosperity, and harmony in this land, is the great duty of exercising that degree of forbearance which will enable them to conquer their prejudices, prejudices against com-
110 munities as well as individuals.

And next to that the indulgence of a Christian spirit of charity. "Judge not that ye be not judged," especially in matters growing out of the late war. Most of the wars that have scourged the world,
115 even in the Christian era, have arisen on points of conscience, or differences as to the surest way of

¹ Distinguished and very brave man.

² Aristides, a famous citizen of Athens, known as "The Just."

³ Themistocles, a noted Athenian general.

salvation. A strange way that to heaven, is it not? How much disgrace to the church, and shame to mankind, would have been avoided, if the ejaculation of each breast had been, at all times, as it should have been: 120

“Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume Thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On him I deem Thy foe.”

125

How equally proper is it now, when the spirit of peace seems to be hovering over our war stricken land, that in canvassing the conduct or motives of others during the late conflict, this great truth should be impressed upon the minds of all: 130

“Who made the heart? ’Tis he alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias;
Then at the balance, let’s be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What’s done, we partly may commute,
But know not what’s resisted.”

135

Of all the heaven descended virtues, that elevate and ennoble human nature, the highest, the sublimest, and the divinest is charity. By all means, then, fail not to exercise and cultivate this soul regenerating element of fallen nature. Let it be cultivated and exercised not only amongst ourselves and towards ourselves, on all questions of 145

motive or conduct touching the late war, but towards all mankind. Even towards our enemies, if we have any, let the aspirations of our hearts be, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."¹
150 The exercise of patience, forbearance, and charity, therefore, are the three first duties I would at this time enjoin — and of these three, "The greatest is charity."

The old Union was based upon the assumption²
155 that it was for the best interest of the people of all the States to be united as they were, each State faithfully performing to the people of the other States all their obligations under the common compact. I always thought this assumption was founded
160 upon broad, correct, and statesmanlike principles. I think so yet. It was only when it seemed to be impossible to further maintain it, without hazarding greater evils than would perhaps attend a separation, that I yielded my assent in obedience
165 to the voice of Georgia, to try the experiment which has just resulted so disastrously to us. Indeed, during the whole lamentable conflict, it was my opinion that however the impending strife might terminate, so far as the appeal to the sword was
170 concerned, yet after a while, when the passions and excitements of the day should pass away, an adjustment or arrangement would be made upon con-

¹ The utterance of Jesus upon the Cross.

² Assumption, judgment assumed, or taken for granted.

tinental principles, upon the general basis of "reciprocal advantage and mutual convenience," on which the Union was first established. My earnest 175 desire, however, throughout, was whatever might be done, might be peaceably done; might be the result of calm, dispassionate, and enlightened reason; looking to the permanent interests and welfare of all. And now, after the severe chastisement ¹ of war, 180 if the general sense of the whole country shall come back to the acknowledgment of the original assumption, that it is for the best interests of all the States to be united so, as I trust it will, the States still being "separate as the billows, but one as the sea"; 185 I can perceive no reason why, under such restoration, we as a whole, with "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations and entangling alliances with none," ² may not enter upon a new career, exciting increased wonder in the old world, 190 by grander achievements hereafter to be made than any heretofore attained, by the peaceful and harmonious workings of our American institutions of self government. All this is possible if the hearts of the people be right. It is my earnest wish to 195 see it. Fondly would I indulge my fancy in gazing on such a picture of the future. With what rapture may we not suppose the spirits of our fathers would hail its opening scenes from their mansions above.

¹ Chastisement, punishment.

² A quotation from Washington's Farewell Address.

200 Such are my hopes, resting on such contingencies.
But if, instead of all this, the passions of the day
shall continue to bear sway; if prejudice shall rule
the hour; if a conflict of races shall arise; if ambition
shall turn the scale; if the sword shall be
205 thrown in the balance against patriotism; if the
embers of the late war shall be kept aglowing until
with new fuel they shall flame up again, then our
present gloom is but the shadow, the penumbra of
that deeper and darker eclipse, which is to totally
210 obscure this hemisphere and blight forever the
anxious anticipations and expectations of mankind!
Then, thereafter, by some bard it may be sung:

“The star of hope shone brightest in the west,
The hope of liberty, the last, the best;
215 That, too, has set upon her darkened shore,
And hope and freedom light up earth no more.”

May we not all, on this occasion, on this anniversary
of the birthday of Washington, join in a
fervent prayer to heaven that the Great Ruler of
220 events may avert from this land such a fall, such a
fate, and such a requiem!

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY¹

(1851-1889)

Mr. Grady was one of the products of the "New South," a man who did more perhaps than any other during the latter part of the nineteenth century to restore a condition of harmony between the North and the South, and to soften the animosities resulting from the Civil War. His death at the early age of thirty-eight was a very great loss, not only to the South, but to the entire country, as he acted as interpreter and messenger of peace between the two once severed parts.

Mr. Grady was a newspaper man all his life, and through his articles, especially in the *Atlanta Constitution*, he exerted his widest influence. The speech that is here given, delivered before the New England Society in New York City, was widely read, and brought its author at once into national fame. It was heralded as the final proof that the old passions were allayed, and that a New South, industrial and social, was springing from the ashes of the old.

¹ Unfortunately Mr. Grady must be recalled without the aid of a portrait, the only existing plate having been destroyed by accident.

THE NEW SOUTH

Grady's speech was delivered before the New England Society of New York, after the agonies of reconstruction days were over and the South had already shown the vigor of a new life. It did much to soften the hard feelings between the North and South, and it at once distinguished Mr. Grady as an orator of high rank.

"There was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered 5 from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill,¹ at Tammany Hall, in 1886, true then, and truer now, I shall make my text tonight.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I 10 am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raised my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in 15 that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Let me say that I appreciate the significance² of being the first Southerner to speak at this board,

¹ Benjamin H. Hill, a former governor of Georgia.

² Significance, importance.

which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance of original New England hospitality, and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost and the compliment to my people made plain.

I beseech the utmost stretch of your courtesy tonight. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once, who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who," then turning the page, "was one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said, "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith tonight, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

* * * * *

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket

the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox¹ in April, 1865.

50 Think of him as ragged, half starved, heavy hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and, lifting his tear stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves

55 that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four

60 years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm

65 devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barn empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal² in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on

70 his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone; without money, credit, employment,

¹ Appomattox, the scene of the closing event of the Civil War.

² Feudal, belonging to a state of society in which a few lords own all the land, while the rest serve these lords in various ways, especially in war, and are defended and supported by them.

material training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status¹ for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

75

What does he do — this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so over-80
whelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged federal guns marched before the plow, and the fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest 85
in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and 90
frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I am going to work." Or the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made 95
the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the

¹ Status, fixed condition.

Yankees fool with me any more, I will whip 'em
100 again."

But in all this what have we accomplished?
What is the sum of our work? We have found out
that in the general summary the free negro counts
more than he did as a slave. We have planted the
105 schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to
white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in
the place of theories, and put business above politics.
We have learned that four hundred million dollars
annually received from our cotton crop will make
110 us rich, when the supplies that make it are home
raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of
interest from twenty-four to four per cent, and are
floating four per cent bonds. We have learned that
one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners,
115 and have smoothed the path to the southward,
wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's
Line¹ used to be, and hung out our latchstring to
you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect
120 harmony in every household, when the husband
confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as
good as those his mother used to bake; and we
admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon
as softly as it did "before the war." We have
125 established thrift in the city and country. We

¹ **Mason and Dixon's Line**, a boundary established during
slavery times between slave territory and free territory.

have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until 130 we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battle field in a one story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the 135 valleys of Vermont.

* * * * *

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and 140 fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands 145 were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.

Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, 150 but the South with the North protest against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty

and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and
155 common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious¹
160 assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

Under the old régime² the negroes were slaves to
165 the South, the South was slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and its feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric³ oligarchy⁴ the substance
170 that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and
175 agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect Democracy, the oligarchy leading

¹ Calumnious, false, slanderous.

² Régime, order, condition of life.

³ Chivalric, generous.

⁴ Oligarchy, government by a few.

in the popular movement — a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every 180 plantation, fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. 185 The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of a growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the 190 expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable¹ wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time serving or apology. 195 The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution, and conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit 200 of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills, a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining 205

¹ Inscrutable, beyond comprehension.

side is a name dear to me above the names of men,
that of a brave and simple man who died in a
brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of
New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way,
210 would I exchange the heritage he left me in his
soldier's death. To the feet of that shaft I shall
send my children's children to reverence him who
ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But,
sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory,
215 which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say
that the cause in which he suffered and for which
he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller
wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the
omniscient¹ God held the balance of battle in His
220 Almighty Hand, and that human slavery was swept
forever from American soil — the American Union
saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from
consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the
225 city in which I live is sacred as a battle ground of
the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed
to you by the blood of your brothers who died for
your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the
blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted,
230 in defeat — sacred soil to all of us, rich with memories
that make us purer and stronger and better, silent
but with stanch witnesses in its red desolation of
the matchless valor of American hearts and the

¹ Omniscient, all knowing.

deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness, in its white peace and prosperity, 235 to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to 240 remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts that never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she with- 245 hold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which, straight from his soldier's heart, Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart 250 with grace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave; will she make this vision, on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, 255 must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not,—if she accepts with frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship,—then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very Society forty years ago, amid tremendous applause, 260 be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we

should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same
265 government, united all, united now, and united forever. There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you in my judgment:

“ ‘ Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
270 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th’ intestine¹ shock,
Shall now, in mutual, well beseeeming ranks
March all one way.’ ”

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

QUESTIONS FOR STUDY

This oration by a Southerner, before a Northern audience, moved them greatly. Can you see why? What part of the oration is most fitted to stir the feelings?

What does the orator say shows the spirit of the New South?

What does the soldier do after the war is over?

What proofs are given of the prosperity of the new era?

What is the change of attitude toward work?

What does he say of slavery?

¹ Intestine, inner; intestine shock, civil war.

LEXICON

Ablutions, washing of the body.

Accelerated, quickened.

Accouterment, furnishing.

Achilles, a Grecian king and warrior.

Acme, highest point.

Actium, the famous battle between the great Roman rivals,
Cæsar and Pompey.

Actuates, directs.

Additaments, additions.

Adepts, persons skilled.

Adulation, flattery.

Advert, refer.

Aggrandizement, gain.

Aggravation, increase.

Aidenn, a fanciful spelling for Eden, the "Garden" of Genesis, the home of Adam and Eve, a word used in general for paradise.

Allah, the Arabs' name for God.

Alternate, in order, in succession.

Amphibious, living in two elements, as air and water.

Anathemas, curses.

Animated bust, bust of marble so perfect as to seem alive.

Annihilated, blotted out.

Annal, record.

Anomaly, a seeming contradiction.

Anon, in due time, soon.

Anticipate, see beforehand.

Apex, highest point.

Apparition, ghostly sight.

Appomattox, the scene of the closing event of the Civil War.

Apprehension, fear.

Arabesque, a kind of ornamental work, taken from the Arabs, or Moors.

Arduous, very difficult.

Aristides, a famous citizen of Athens, known as "The Just."

Artifice, device, something made up.

Artificer (art-if-i-cer), builder.

Artillery, weapons.

Assayed, tried.

Assumption, judgment assumed, or taken for granted.

August, dignified, impressive.

Autocrat, absolute ruler.

Averse, opposed.

Avilion, the name of an English peninsula, used in the story of Arthur for a mythical "Isle of the Blest."

Avouching, asserting.

Auxiliaries, allies.

Bacchus, the Roman god of wine.

Balm, balsam, a healing and soothing medicine.

Bane, poison, danger.

Banshee, a warning spirit (Irish).

Bastions, a part of a fortification.

Beets, adds fuel.

Beldame, an old hag, cross and ugly.

Bell, flower.

Belligerent, warring.

Belyve, by and by (Scotch).

Ben, into the room (Scotch).

Benedicite, blessing.

Benign, bestowing blessing.

Bereaved, taken away from, having suffered loss.

Bivouac, an encampment on guard.

Blackmail, forced tribute under threat.

Blanderon, a famous giant, who used an oak tree for a weapon.

Blate, diffident.

Bracken, a plant of Scotland.

Braggadocio, display of bravery.

Brobdingnag, an imaginary land of giants in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*.

Broom, a plant of Scotland.

Bruit, sound, noise.

Burgomaster, city councilman.

Burnished, polished.

Ca', drive (Scotch).

Cabal, conspiracy.

Cairn (kârn), a heap of stones used as a landmark.

Calumet, peacepipe.

Calumnious, false, slanderous.

Cameliard, one of the mystical kingdoms of Arthur's realm.

Canine, of a dog.

Cannie, careful.

Cap and bells, the badges of the fools, or jesters, of medieval courts.

Caravansary, stopping place, hotel.

Caricatures, bad pictures.

Casque, helmet.

Catastrophe (cât-ăs'-trô-phē), disaster

Cavalierly, rudely, thoughtlessly.

Celerity, quickness.

Cenotaph, tomb.

Cerebellum, brain.

Certes (sur'-tēz), truly.

Cessation, stopping.

Chaos, complete lack of order.

Charlatans, tricksters.

Chastisement, punishment.

Chine, the backbone.

Chivalric, generous, courteous.

Clean, purified for some religious ceremony.

Clerkly, scholarly or pious.

Clomb, climbed.

Cognac, brandy.

Coincidences, agreements, events occurring together.

Combustible, easily burned.

Commodious, convenient, easy.

Community of privilege, the same privilege.

Composed, quiet.

Composition, made up.

Comprehend, understand.

Conceit, notion.

Concentric, having the same center.

Conclusion, end.

Confidential, trusted.

Consistent, uniform, reliable.

Constancy, faithfulness.

Consummate, supreme.

Contemplated, planned.

Conventional, agreed upon, generally accepted

Convulsion, tumult.

Convulsive, irregular, uneven.

- Copse**, thicket.
Corbel, bracket.
Corporeity, body.
Corpulent, stout, fat.
Corvette, a wooden ship of war.
Counter, the after part of a boat.
Counterpart, double.
Counters, betting, gambling.
Counterscarp, embankment, wall.
Courier, messenger, mail carrier.
Coxcombs, fops.
Cracks, talks (Scotch).
Credibility, what may be believed, trustworthiness.
Cross, crucifix.
Crypt, a secret place or cell, frequently used for a tomb.
Cuisses (quêses), armor for the thighs.
Curfew, a bell tolled at the evening hour to end toil, and in obedience to which people left the streets and retired within their houses.
Curricie, two-wheeled chaise.
- Darius**, King of Persia.
Decapitated, cut the head off.
Decemviri, "The Ten Men" who at one time ruled Rome.
Declivity, descent.
Decorum, good manners, propriety.
Degenerate, inferior to the past.
Deluged, flooded.
Delusions, false notions.
Demon, fiend, devil.
Designated, told, pointed out.
erogates, takes away.

Dexterity, skill.

Diagnosis, examination, as by a physician.

Dialect, language of a particular region or class.

Diana, Roman goddess of hunting.

Discernible, capable of being seen.

Discriminating, particular, noting differences.

Disembogues, empties.

Disparagement, disgrace, expression of an unfavorable judgment.

Disquietudes, disturbances.

Dissipated, scattered.

Distempers, diseases.

Divers, several.

Divertissements, amusements, tricks.

Divest, rid.

Dolce (dōl-che), comfort, peace.

Domesticated, having made a home.

Domestic Economy, household management.

Dominique, a character in *Paul and Virginia*.

Dooms Day Book, book of judgments.

Dorimant, a character in an old play. The man of mode, a brilliant, witty person of low character.

Doublets, coats.

Dubric, archbishop, Primate of England.

Dulcet, pleasing.

Dulcified, sweetened.

Dutch courage, gin.

Ebb, low tide.

Ecstasy, intense feeling.

Eerie, wild, weird.

Effulgence, brilliancy, glory.

Egypt's wave, the Nile River, which in the Bible story parted to allow the children of Israel to pass.

Elapsed, passed.

Elegy, a poem in praise of the dead.

Eligible, desirable.

Elysian gates, gates to Elysium and the "Abode of the Blessed" in Greek mythology.

Emergency, immediate need.

Encompassed, surrounded.

Enow, enough.

Entrée, right to enter.

Epicurean, follower of an ancient philosophy advocating happiness as the aim of life.

Equable, even.

Ethereal, airy.

Euphony, musical sound.

Exaggeration, over-statement.

Exalting, lifting.

Excalibur, the sword of King Arthur.

Excelsior, higher.

Exclusive, shutting others out, sole, only.

Exemplarily, setting a good example.

Expedient, plan, device.

Expiated, paid, atoned for.

Expostulation, prayerful protest.

Extempore (ex-tem'-po-ré), offhand.

Extremity, very great peril.

Evinced, showed.

Eydent, diligent.

Eyed, looked upon with suspicion.

Fairy changeling, a babe changed in its cradle for another, by fairies.

Falstaff, a famous fat man in several of Shakespeare's plays.

Fantasies, fancies.

Fantastic, fanciful, unreal.

Fardel, pack, bundle.

Faubourg St. Germain, a famous aristocratic street in Paris.

Felicity, happiness.

Fell, gloomy, cruel.

Fellowship, companions.

Female Eld, old womanhood.

Feudal, belonging to a state of society in which a few lords owned all the land, while the rest served these lords in various ways, especially in war, and were defended and supported by them.

Fire Draught, drink of fire water, alcoholic liquor.

Flankered, having fortified defenses on the sides, or flanks.

Flichterin, fluttering, birdlike (Scotch).

Flood, high tide.

Forest crypt, a dark, gloomy place, formed by the forest trees, resembling a crypt, or deep cell.

Frenzied, mad.

Fretted, ornamented with fretwork.

Furbished, put in order.

Furies, in the Roman mythology, deities who punished evil-doers. They are represented as having snakes for hair.

Fusillade, many shots together.

Gaberdines, frocks.

Galligaskins, breeches.

Gars, makes (Scotch).

Genii, mythical beings supposed to control many natural forces.

Gibberish, unmeaning talk.

Gilead, a town in Judea. The phrase "balm of Gilead" is used in the Bible for relief from sin and suffering.

Glacis, a bank of earth, a fortification.

Glaive, sword (Scotch).

Gleeman, minstrel.

Goede vrouw, good wife (Dutch)

Gout, a painful disease supposed to be commonly caused by high living, especially by drinking inflaming liquors.

Grape, shot.

Greaves, armor for the legs.

Groined his arches, constructed them in a regular way.

Grotesque, absurdly odd.

Guise, dress, fashion, appearance.

Gyrating, whirling.

Gyratory, whirling.

Ha, hall (Scotch).

Habituated, having acquired the habit.

Haffets, temples (Scotch)

Haffins, half (Scotch).

Hallan, wall (Scotch).

Haman, a character in the Book of Esther.

Hardkoppig, hard headed (Dutch).

Harlequin, a clown.

Harness, armor.

Hawkie (Dutch).

Hebe, a Grecian goddess, the cupbearer of Jove.

Heraldry, noble rank, "blue blood."

Herod, the King of Jews in the time of Jesus.

Hesiod, a Greek poet.

Hippocrates, a famous physician of Greece.

Hollands, gin.

Help, helped.

Holy Elders, the "Three Wise Men" who visited the Infant Jesus.

Hoyden, rude, noisy.

Humblebee, more commonly called "bumblebee."

Husbandry, farming.

Ignominious, disgraceful.

Illumine, light.

Immemorial, beyond memory.

Impetuosity, violent force.

Implicit, complete.

Import, meaning.

Impregnable, too strong to be taken.

Impressment, taking Americans by force and compelling them to serve on British ships; one of the causes of the War of 1812.

Incarnate, in the flesh, embodied.

Incongruous, badly assorted.

Inconsiderable, small.

Incontestable, beyond question.

Incorporated, mingled with, as a part.

Indiscriminately, treating all alike, without difference.

Indubitable, not to be questioned.

Ingenuous, honest, simple.

Ingle, fire (Scotch).

In lieu, instead.

Innovators, those who start new things.

Innumerable, more than can be counted.

In perpetuity, for all time.

Inscrutable, beyond comprehension.

Insidious, secret, wily; tempting, deceptive.

- Instinctively**, naturally, without thinking.
Interim, meanwhile.
Interior, inner part.
Interposition, interference.
Intestine, inner; intestine shock, civil war.
Intruding, forcing oneself upon others.
Inundation, flood.
Invariable, unfailing.
Invariably, always.
Inviolable, uninjured.
Iris'd, tinted like the Iris.
Irretrievable, beyond remedy.
- Jack**, leather coat for defense.
Jamaica, rum.
Jargoning, making confused sounds like speech.
Jeopardy, danger.
Johannes, John.
Jove, the king of all the Roman gods.
Juno, queen of the Roman gods.
Jupiter, the king of the Roman gods, the same as Jove.
Just, also joust, a game or tilting match of two knights on horseback.
Justs, a meeting for justing.
- Kebbuck**, cheese (Scotch).
Kennel, gutter (Irish).
Kern, tramp (Irish).
- Labyrinths**, paths turning in many directions so as to be hard to follow.
Laithfu', bashful (Scotch).

Larboard, the left side of a boat.

Laudable, praiseworthy.

Lave, others (Scotch).

Lay to, turned, head toward the wind (of a boat).

Lazarus, a poor man named in Scripture.

Let, ordered, allowed.

Lethargic, dull, sleepy.

Lint, flax.

Livelihood, possessions, estates.

Locrian, a Grecian tribe.

Loose-locked, with hair flying loose.

Lost, missed.

Louis le Grand, French emperor, Louis XIV.

Lubricated, oiled.

Lyart, gray (Scotch).

Macaronies, fops.

Madrigals, songs.

Mage, magician.

Manifold, of many sorts.

Manito, an Indian deity.

Mare Tenebrarum (Mā'rē Ten-e-bra'-rum), the sea of shadows.

Maritime, of the sea.

Mars, god of war.

Mason and Dixon's Line, a boundary established during slavery times between slave territory and free territory.

Maugre, regardless of, in spite of.

Medicine man, a sort of wizard of great influence among the Indians.

Mediocrity, the state of being ordinary, or commonplace.

Meneaska, an Indian name for white people.

Mercenary, hired.

Merlin, the wizard (wise man) of the courts of King Uther and King Arthur. He was esteemed a mighty magician.

Metaphorically, using a figure of speech, not literal.

Methought, it seemed to me (an old form)

Metropolis, chief city.

Michal, Saul's daughter, David's wife.

Miscalculation, mistake.

Minerva, the Roman goddess of war and of wisdom.

Miniature, small.

Minster, church.

Miry, dirty (Scotch).

Miscellaneous, of all sorts.

Moi, disturbances.

Multifarious, numerous and varied.

Municipality, town or city

Muse, one of the several goddesses frequently addressed or prayed to by Roman writers, the goddess of poetry.

Mussulmans, Moslems, followers of Mohammed.

Mutual admiration, admiration of each other

Myriad handed, having ten thousand hands.

Myriads, tens of thousands.

Myrmidons, soldiers.

Nepenthe (ne-pen'-thē), a drug used by the ancient Egyptians to give relief from pain or sorrow.

Neutrality, indifference, neither very good nor very bad.

Nightmare, a bad dream accompanied by a feeling of pressure on the chest. "Mare" is an old word, meaning *incubus*. The nightmare was supposed to be a fiend.

Noblesse, nobility.

Nourished brother, step-brother, cared for by the same mother.

Obdurate, hard hearted, obstinate.

Obeissance, control, a low bow.

Oblivious, forgetful.

Obsequiousness, deference, extreme politeness.

Officiously, importantly, with unnecessary fussiness.

Offing, distance (a sailor's term).

Oligarchy, government by a few.

Omniscient, all knowing.

Opulent, rich.

Oracle, the wise speaker, spokesman for the gods.

Orgies, wild feasts.

Orifice, opening.

Osiers, willow.

Ostentatiously, noticeably, for the purpose of being noticed.

Ox-eyed, a title given Juno because of her beautiful eyes.

Pacific, peaceful.

Pæan, a war song of triumph.

Pageant, show.

Palisade, a defense made of upright stakes.

Palpitating, beating in pulses, like the heart.

Panorama, wide view.

Parian, marble from the isle of Paros.

Parting, departing.

Patois, an incorrect form of a language, used in some particular locality.

Patronizing, "talking down," as a superior.

Patroon, patron, proprietor.

Pavillions, tents.

Pericranium, skull.

Perpetual, continual.

Peruke, wig with a "pigtail."

Phantom, spirit, ghostly creature fancy.

Philanthropists, lovers of men.

Phoenix, a fabulous bird, said to destroy itself by fire and then to rise again from its ashes, — used as a symbol of immortality.

Pibroch, a tune played on the bagpipe, which was the national musical instrument of Scotland.

Piscataqua, a river in New Hampshire

Pittance, very small allowance.

Pleugh, pronounced “plooch,” plow (Scotch)

Plutonian shore, shore of Pluto, the Roman god of the underworld

Pomatumed, fastened down with grease.

Ponderous, heavy

Port, manner, presence

Posterity, coming generations, children, descendants

Powwow, an Indian conjurer, also a noisy gathering.

Precarious, dangerous

Precipitated, threw.

Precipitous, very steep.

Premises, conditions.

Pressed, compelled to serve, “drafted”

Preux Chevalier (preŭ she-val-i-ā), the especial champion.

Primeval, early.

Privy postern, private gate

Prodigious, very large, immense.

Proffered, offered.

Profound (as a noun), depth.

Profusion, great number.

Prognosticating, foretelling.

Prohibitive, preventive

Promulgating, making known.

Proportionate, at an equal rate.

Protruding, sticking out.

Provant, food, provender.

Providence, provision, instruction.

Pugnacity, disposition to fight.

Puissance, might.

Puncheons, casks.

Pungently aromatic, having a strong, pleasant fragrance.

Puppet, something moved and controlled by another.

Purvey, make provision, provide.

Pygmy, dwarf.

Queintise (quaint-ēse), quaintness, beauty

Queue (cue), a "pigtail."

Quotha, forsooth.

Rack, cloud substance.

Radiance, brightness.

Radical, complete.

Ravelin, embankment.

Recesses, depths.

Rede, counsel, lesson.

Redoubt, defense.

Reflection, thought.

Regenerated, born again, made over, new.

Régime, order, condition of life.

Relevancy, fitness.

Reminiscences, recollections.

Replenish, fill again.

Repugnance, dislike.

Respite (rēs-pit), relief.

Restrictive, limiting.

Retrospection, looking backward.

Reviewers, those who write criticisms of books.

Ribald, ill-mannered.

Rick, a long covered pile of hay or grain.

Riddling triplets, three-line stanzas containing a riddle.

Rubicund, ruddy, red-faced.

Ruminating, thinking quietly (literally, chewing the cud).

Sacerdotal stole, priestly vestments.

Sagamores, chiefs.

Salutary, healthful.

Samite, a thin gauze silk material often interwoven with gold.

Samuel, the religious head of the Jews.

Sanguine, bloody, red.

Saturn, a Roman god, who was supposed once to have ruled the world in great peace and happiness. This time the ancients called the "Golden Age."

Scimeters, short swords used by Arabs.

Sconce, head.

Scripture, writing.

Sea-maid, a sea nymph, a fabled creature, the lower part being that of a fish and the upper part that of a woman.

Semblance, likeness.

Seneschal, chief marshal, watchman.

Sequestered, separated, secluded.

Seraphim, angel of high rank, the plural of "seraph."

Serried, dense, crowded.

Shealing fires, cottage fires (Irish).

Sheer, perpendicular.

Shekel, a coin; a *golden* shekel weighed about one ounce.

Significance, importance.

Similitude, likeness.

Siren, a fabled evil being resembling a beautiful woman, who by her wonderful singing lured sailors to the island where she lived and then changed them to beasts.

Slashed, slit.

Smack, a boat.

Smallclothes, breeches.

Somnolent, sleepy.

Soupe, small portions of milk, sop (Scotch).

Spiers, inquires (Scotch).

Spinsters, unmarried women.

Spontaneous, natural, undirected.

Stacher, stagger, toddle (Scotch).

Starboard, the right side.

Stark, dead.

Status, fixed condition.

St. Cecelia, a Christian martyr of the third century, the patroness of music; in legend said to have invented the musical staff and to have developed music into a more exact science and nobler art.

Storied urn, the urn containing the ashes of the dead, "storied," or distinguished by tales of their greatness.

Struck, struck colors, surrendered.

Subsided, settled.

Substituted, put in place of.

Subversive, overturning.

Successively, in turn.

Surcease, relief from.

Surge, billows.

Table Round, the famous group of knights who gathered about King Arthur and fought his battles.

Tabrets, small drums.

Tacitly, without avowed consent.

Targe, shield.

Tartans, plaids (Scotch).

Teemed, brought forth abundantly.

Tener, course.

Tentie, heedful (Scotch).

Tenure, holding power

Terrestrial, earthly.

Themistocles, a noted Athenian general.

Timotheus, a famous musician.

Titans, fabled giants, enemies of Jupiter.

Titillation, tickling.

Tobit, a character in one of the books of the Bible, not regarded as authentic and not found in all editions.

Tophet, a place defiled by burning sacrifice to heathen gods.

Totem, guardian spirit, worshiped by certain Indian tribes, notably the Alaskans.

To Thee-ward (toward thee). The preposition "toward" was frequently in olden times divided, the second syllable, "ward," being placed after the object of the preposition.

Tournament, a war game in which knights are opposed to one another.

To wit, to find out.

Towmond, twelvemonth (Scotch).

Tranquillity, peace, quiet.

Transcended, gone beyond, exceeded.

Transformation, complete change.

Translucent, clear, allowing light to pass through.

Travail, suffering.

Traversed, passed over.

Trenchant, cutting.

Triton, a sea god of Roman mythology. He is usually represented as blowing a horn.

Trojan war, a famous war of antiquity, the subject of Homer's great epic, the *Iliad*.

Troubadours, a school or body of poets and singers of France in early days.

Trucking, exchanging, bargaining.

Tumultuous, noisy.

Turbulency, confusion, discord.

Ultimate, final.

Uncontaminated, unspoiled.

Uncos, news (Scotch).

Unobstructed, with nothing in the way, clear.

Urim, supposed to have been a very brilliant stone set in the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

Usurpation, unlawful seizure of power.

Vantageless, without advantage.

Varlet, rascal.

Vassalage, dependent position.

Venus, the Roman goddess of love.

Vert, green.

Vermilion, bright red.

Via, by way of.

Vicinity, neighborhood.

Visage, face.

Voltigeurs (vōl-ti-jurs'), leapers.

Vortices, whirling masses of water.

Vulcan, the smith of the Roman gods who made their armor. He is said to have been lame.

Wake lights, lights for the dead.

Wales, chooses (Scotch).

Warded, guarded.

Whilom, formerly.

Widowed, deprived.

Without day, a term used in courts, meaning finally, not to be again assembled.

Wrack, ruin, wreck.

Yeoman, rustic, farmer.

Yeomanry, body of farmers.

Yule log, log for the Christmas fire

